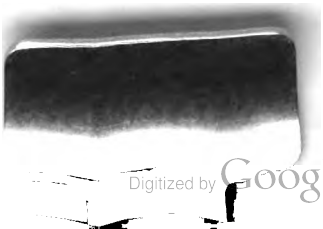
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THE MYSTERY OF NEWMAN

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THE MYSTERY OF NEWMAN

BY

HENRI BREMOND

TRANSLATED BY

H. C. CORRANCE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. GEORGE TYRRELL

LONDON
WILLIAMS AND NORGATE
14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
1907

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Ed io a lui : Li dolci detti vostri
Che, quanto durera l'uso moderno
Faranno cari ancora i loro inchiostri.

PURGATORIO, ch. XXVI.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

EXCEPT for one chapter of pure literary criticism, I have no other object, in the present book, than to sketch the portrait and describe the inner life of Newman. The study of his doctrine is relegated to a sort of appendix at the end of the volume, which I should like to have made still shorter. This is not because I take no interest in that doctrine, but because I should fear to deprive it of its true character, if I were to detach it from the moral and religious experiences which it strives to express. Although, as a matter of fact, the personal pronoun is relatively but little used in the books of Newman—preacher, novelist, controversialist, philosopher, and poet—he is always disclosing himself and telling his own story. Nor does he conceal it from himself, but formally recognises that he is unable to act otherwise. He has only the right, he says, in the final work in which he claims to sum up his teaching, to add his personal experiences to the general collection of psychological facts,[1] and, if it were necessary that he should make excuses for being so absorbed in self-contemplation, he would apply to his own case what Mme. du Deffand said of Montaigne: "The 'I' and the 'me' are in every line; but how can we know anything except the 'I' and the 'me'?"

Thus Newman himself fixes the method which imposes itself not only on his biographer, but also, and especially, on the critic of his thought. There is no question either of constructing or of discussing a theory, but of sounding a mind. The enterprise demands a free and respectful curiosity. From the moment that I ventured on this study my first duty was to retain or resume my independence. I feel sure that no one will reproach me with forgetfulness of this watchword, and I hope that none will censure me for having observed it.

[1] *Cf.* "Psychologie de la Foi," p. 37.

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I venture to ask those faithful followers of Newman, whom certain of the opening pages might alarm, to be so good as to exercise patience. The portrait which I have lovingly traced in the fourth part corrects and completes these first sketches, which I was obliged to retain in order to be quite sincere. The further they advance in the reading of the book, the better will they understand why I have felt it necessary to insist on what, for lack of a really French word, I have been forced to call the autocentrism of Newman. Besides, I am not afraid that the perusal of so personal a biography will scandalise any of those who have had sometimes the curiosity to look into their own hearts.

But, if there be some who find this characterisation of a Christian philosopher somewhat disconcerting, I can do nothing in the matter. We must take Newman just as he is, with his sceptical intelligence and profoundly believing soul, on pain of misunderstanding the originality, and of sacrificing the opportunities, of his "message." And then, whatever may be the difficulties of interpreting certain details of his life and work, we shall see clearly that faith always has the victory. A good Italian Father, somewhat frightened by the novelties of the "Essay on Development," said, nevertheless, with reassurance, as he closed the book: "I do not know how it is, but so it is that all these startling things, Mr. Newman brings them round at the end to a good conclusion [*sic*]."

I hope that the reader, who is good enough to follow me to the last page, will close the book with a similar impression, and will echo this saying of Father Mazio.[1]

PARIS: *December* 1905.

[1] This saying of Father Mazio's occurs in a letter of Cardinal Newman's addressed to Father Coleridge, and printed in *The Month* for March 1903.—TRANSLATOR.

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INTRODUCTION

THAT a man's worst enemies are those of his own household is true in more senses than one. It may be taken to mean that a hero should dread none so much as his worshippers, that a prophet should tremble for the day when the descendants of his persecutors shall build up his sepulchre. Certainly it is while the saints are among us in all the limitations of their mortality that virtue goes forth from them more abundantly for our healing. In the measure that popular worship lifts them high above our criticism and clothes them with the whole uniform of attributes common to their class, the saving influence that flows from a living human individuality is at an end. Equally does this hold for the mental stimulation afforded by the great teachers of humanity.

Their words are a ferment in the general mind, a power of transformation and progress until the day on which they are canonised and declared to be authorities; until, instead of their spirit and method, the very substance and letter of their doctrine is imposed on the world as a rigid rule of correct judgment. Thus it will happen that one who in some remote century has earned the repute of an *esprit fort* by a courageous synthesis of the old learning and the new may, through the very reverence accorded to him by a grateful posterity, be the one hindrance to the possibility of such a conciliation to-day. His synthesis, now obsolete, has been canonised at the expense of his synthetic spirit.

We are far, then, from anything like an unqualified sympathy with those more ardent disciples who would fain see John Henry Newman declared a Doctor of the Church to the confusion of his opponents. Doubtless such official patronage might silence the prejudiced, might secure a reverent and careful study of his teaching. But is not such reverence fraught with danger as well as advantage? We

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admit that the tardy honour done to him in the late evening of life may have contributed to his immediate prestige and have secured a certain extrinsic honour and authority to teachings previously looked at askance; but for many reasons we could wish that Dr. Newman had chosen to remain Dr. Newman, and that his sun had quietly set behind the cloud rather than gone down in a blaze of scarlet. We feel not merely that such an ending would have been in closer harmony with that life of mental and moral suffering which lends so much spiritual strength and dignity to his character, but that the eminence of his position may perhaps distract a certain amount of attention from the eminence of his personality, and may hasten that process of petrifaction whereby the vitality of his teaching must be imperilled at last. The robe that fits one is too long for another, too short for a third, and to a lesser man such an honour had been all gain. But we have never wished that Shakespeare had received a peerage, or had come down to us as Lord Shakespeare; and if Bacon is not less to us on account of his title, he is certainly not more. It is the man, not the Cardinal, that we would fain preserve in our midst; the living Newman, not the poor "Clothes-Screen" in marble, senile and decrepit, that solicits our tears on the Brompton Road. The function of Devil's advocate, were the advocacy a little more earnest and less ceremonial, would be of immense service to truth and religion, not merely in preventing undeserved or premature canonisations, but in helping towards the formation of a far more attractive and morally stimulating estimate of the saint than is attainable by a monotonous rehearsal of untempered perfections. And so, whatever their spirit and intention, we cannot but be grateful to those like Dr. E. Abbott, who, at a time when the apotheosis of Newman was about to be carried by popular acclaim, broke in with a strident "No" upon the tumultuous chorus of "Ayes." Certainly the adverse bias or prepossession of such men is as unfavourable to a clear and untroubled judgment as is the hot sectarian enthusiasm of professed Newmanites. For disciple and opponent alike, the "methodic" detachment needed for an objective view is so difficult as to be morally impossible. The ideal critic would be one who, having passed from the ardour of discipleship to the stage of

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cool-headed comprehension, could unite the advantages of the inside and the outside standpoint. It is because the disciple is not greater than his master that his criticism is so worthless. But men of Newman's attitude are not so often overtopped by their scholars as readily to find such giant critics, but must abide a judgment slowly elaborated by the collective labour of inferior minds. To this end the one-sided verdicts of both friends and foes are preliminary. They raise a question, they prepare a problem, for those whose attitude towards the person and cause in debate is one of unaffected detachment. Not that a lack of all interest in the issue of an inquiry is either thinkable or desirable. Even the cold sceptic would not take the trouble to show us that both sides were wrong and the truth unattainable, were he not interested in that melancholy conclusion, and sluggishly zealous for its maintenance. But after all there is still such a thing as an attachment to the objective interests of truth and of just judgment, whose motive, though more universal and spiritual, may not be less potent than those that drive the partisan combatants against one another with so rude a shock and such blinding clouds of dust. Besides a sceptical contempt, there may be a catholic sympathy towards both sides; a conviction that both are right as well as a conviction that both are wrong; a belief in the attainableness of a higher standpoint from which the way to conciliation will be apparent.

With M. Bremond's psychological biography the study of Newman, both as a man and as a teacher, seems to have entered into its critical and synthetic phase. The main interest which guides his pen is an artistic interest—the same precisely which has made him choose the portraiture of personalities as the almost invariable theme of his literary production for so many years. His interest is neither that of a Newmanite nor an anti-Newmanite; but it is none the less keen for being in some loose sense disinterested and objective. Like every interest, it entails some bias of its own; but it is free from party bias. He brings to his work not only a wide and sympathetic study of his subject, extending over many years, but a peculiar gift of psychological intuition without which centuries of laborious research and inferential construction were useless. For those who have eyes, the spirit of man

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betrays itself as fully in six hundred words as in sixty thousand. Such a faculty of divination is far from infallible. The guess or hypothesis must stand the test of verification; the sixty thousand words must bear the same testimony as the six hundred. M. Bremond's work is neither infallible nor final. It must be judged as the first essay in a new line. Not only will each contending faction forget what he concedes to it in its annoyance at what he concedes to its opponent, but his fellow psychologists and artists may grip the subject very differently, whether for better or for worse. Perhaps ten years hence even his own apprehension and expression of the same theme might be somewhat different.

There are artists whose special power lies in the expression of their hates and aversions, and whose subjects are chosen accordingly. M. Bremond's gift is of the more genial sort which invites to praise and admiration. Yet he is no blind eulogist. His praise is judicious, his admiration critical. It is because he profoundly admires Newman, and wishes him to be admired, that he attempts to portray him at all. Yet he knows well that the interest and grandeur of the "twice-born" type of personality lies ever in a balance of opposite tendencies; in limitations overcome; in weaknesses made strong; in possibilities of evil counteracted. He knows that our reverence for such men is greater and not less when, instead of a portrait of flawless excellence, taken at some rare and favourable moment, we are shown the whole process of conflict by which such occasional instants of transfiguration are made possible. It is no detraction from the glory of Newman, as the enthusiastic partisan might think, to recognise in him that profound egotism, the source at once of so much weakness and strength, which is the rude raw material out of which the greatest and only real triumphs of selflessness have been shaped. For a strange spiritual temperament like Spinoza's ("Jener Gott-getrunkene Mann") Self and the World were easily obliterated; God was at once the centre and circumference of all reality, God Whom none could love rightly who wished to be loved in return—that is, who clung to any degree of distinct selfhood. For Newman, he and his God were the only two, almost co-ordinate, self-luminous realities, the two fixed foci of the ellipse round which

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revolved the world with its burden of suffering humanity, as so much nebula, dream-stuff, phantasmagoria; "Myself; and God, my End; and all things else on the face of the earth, mere means to help *me* to that end." If for Spinoza this ellipse had been destroyed by the absorption of Self into God, it is the inverse process—the absorption of God into Self—that more commonly threatens it with destruction; and the personality of a man like Newman is created and developed by the struggle to maintain each member of this unstable system in its due place and relation, and to intensify the spiritual self by subjecting all the forces of conquered egotism to its service. It is therefore to increase rather than diminish our estimate of such an one to let us see him as he is in moments when distraction, sickness, weariness, or age have relaxed the habitual vigilance and effort of his free and self-determined states, and so reveal to us the nature and measure of those lawless forces escaped momentarily from the control of that will which has brought them into order and subjection. Thus when we read Newman's reply to Kingsley or his satires on Anglicanism we know better what his habitual generosity, dignity, and fairness must have cost him, and how little they were the negative excellences of an easy and amiable disposition. It is, then, only in the light of his limitations that we can form an intelligent and adequate estimate of the spiritual greatness of such a man, or that he can retain for us the warmth and flexibility that distinguish living flesh from monumental marble.

And a like liberty of criticism is necessary for the continued vitality of his teaching. A sacred book kept under ward and sealed with seven seals is usually more venerable than stimulating. It is only by the repeated emphasis of its insufficiencies and inconsistencies that its deadly sacredness can be destroyed and its fruitful vitality restored.

Theologians of every colour, black, white, and grey, have tried to appropriate Newman, and to forbid any interpretation of his teaching but their own. If his theological colour is ever to be critically ascertained we may be quite sure it will not be by a partisan of any of these factions, but by some one whose interest in the subject is, like M. Bremond's, in no wise theological. We do not pretend to say that he has solved the

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problem, but only that he has gone the right way about it, which is the way of "methodic" detachment.

So far as the whites or even the greys claim Newman on the strength of his theory of and essay on doctrinal development, that claim may be firmly dismissed. Antecedently it is not very likely that the line of thought which carried him over from the Church of England to that of Rome was, at least in his own intention, of a liberalising or minimising character. And closer study confirms this presumption. As Mr. Wilfrid Ward has recently pointed out,[1] the sole originality of the celebrated essay consists not in the theory, but in its treatment: "With this process Newman has dealt with a new genius. He has familiarised us with a new expression. But the broad facts stand on the face of the history of dogmatic theology." Newman neither says there nor wishes to say anything that he has not found in the Fathers. To consider the "Deposit of Faith" otherwise than the Fathers considered it, namely, as a "form of sound words," a body of inspired writings and utterances, never crossed his mind for a moment. He may have insisted more explicitly than other theologians on what is universally allowed as to the inexact and analogous character of inspired utterance, whose form is literary and imaginative rather than scientific; he may have felt more distinctly the fallacy of making such loose utterances the premises of deductive arguments; he may have recognised more fully that while and because the "Deposit of Faith" is the subject-matter of dogmatic theology it can in no sense be itself a theology or a constitutive part of that theology; but he would have cordially anathematised those conclusions which the author of "Literature and Dogma" endeavours to draw from such admissions, and which seem to punish the aggressions of theology by a wholesale denial of its rights. The contrary impression as to the theological colour of the essay is due partly to the modernity of the mere term "development," and its indistinct associations with Hegel and Darwin and evolutionary philosophy in general, partly to the very timidity and caution with which Newman urged what was only the under-side of a most ancient principle—a side so long for-

[1] *The Tablet*, July 21, 1906.

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gotten in the need of insisting on doctrinal unchangeableness as to present an appearance of freshness on being turned up to the light again. What makes such a misinterpretation of the essay more excusable is the curious fact that he whose whole career was a combat with latitudinarian tendencies forged one or two weapons against them which have since (whether fairly or unfairly) been actually turned to their service. Many to-day justly call Martin Luther "father" whom Luther would have burnt. Newman's incontestable abhorrence of doctrinal liberalism does not at once prove that he may not be the progenitor of it. Of his personal sympathies there can be no doubt. He had no quarrel but every sympathy with the dogmatic intransigence of scholastic theologians. What he questioned was the apologetic efficacy of their dialectical method, the prudence of accepting direct combat with rationalistic assailants on their own terms, instead of attacking their first principles and their whole theory of assent.

The rationalising spirit which he fought against was different from, and in many ways opposed to, that which governs the historico-critical methods of to-day, in whose name Catholic tradition is now assailed. Following in the wake of Bishop Butler, he continued the same war as his teacher against the intellectual survivals of the eighteenth century. He proved to the rationalist by a *tu quoque* argument that faiths and assumptions are the presuppositions of all thought, that we are practically forced to treat probabilities as certainties. As Mr. Balfour, in the same field, shows that we cannot escape scepticism or accept science, with its belief in matter, unless we also accept God and theology; as Butler has shown that we cannot consistently accept the latter and deny revelation; so Newman shows, first, that to accept the Bible is to accept ecclesiastical Christianity, and then that to accept Anglicanism is to accept Rome—the conclusion of the whole school and its method being that, between scepticism and Roman Catholicism there is no logical resting-place. If not convinced, the rationalist is at least silenced; though the fact that his own structure rests on a non-rational basis will not necessarily increase his confidence in other more elaborate structures whose foundations are of somewhat the same

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character. Moreover, the argument intended to drive him forward may just as well drive him back. To show that a consistent deist ought to accept the Bible might be taken as an argument against deism as well as in favour of revelation. Excellent as methods of defence, the argument *ad hominem*, the *tu quoque* argument, and in general those founded on the weaknesses and inconsistencies of our opponents, are of little constructive value. The mere feebleness of rationalism does not advance the cause of faith one whit. Were this all it could accomplish, the services of such an evasive apologetic would be merely to raise religion out of reach of the clutches of rationalism, and to render impossible those collisions which were inevitable while the combatants stood on the same plane and wielded the same weapons.

But in the very "knowledge-theory" and "Grammar of Assent" through which Newman managed to baffle his rationalistic assailants by a sudden shifting of ground, he was only the sagacious herald of a revolution in epistemology which has ended in the "bankruptcy of science"—so far, that is, as science, intoxicated with its success in the realm of phenomena, vaunted itself as competent also in that of philosophy and religion. The function of faith and choice in all our assents, even in our simplest sense-perceptions; the subordination of all our mental processes to the ends and interests of life; the genesis of practical certainty through theoretical probability; the distinction between the grounds of belief and the causes of belief—all these and kindred ideas have resulted in a philosophy which has put the eighteenth-century rationalism and its progeny the nineteenth-century naturalism out of court; a philosophy which betakes itself, together with all the historico-critical and inductive sciences, to that higher plane whither Newman had led religious apologetic out of harm's way. Now we have philosophy and science accepting Newman's weapons and repudiating those of the scholastic method. But at the same time philosophy busies itself about their precise fashion and legitimate use; it allows faiths and assumptions as the basis of all knowledge, but only those that are critically inevitable; it allows serviceableness as a test of truth, but it lays down scientific conditions for the validity of the test; it admits probability as the guide of life, but not any sort of

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probability. Hence the direct conflict between apologetic and philosophy or reason is reopened on this new plane. If philosophy can no longer despise an apologetic that rests on faith and that appeals to the verification of practical results, religious apologetic can no longer afford to ignore scientific conclusions reached by its own methods and canons of credibility.

Hence the paradoxical result that just those Catholics for whom Newman would have felt the utmost antipathy—those, namely, who, in spite of the Syllabus, entertain sanguine dreams of "coming to terms" with the modern mind—have learnt to look to him and to his methods as the sole hope of their cause. Yet beyond their common theory of knowledge and their common sense of the practical insufficiency of the scholastico-rationalistic apologetic there is no spiritual bond between them, but rather an impassable gulf.

It is just because he is writing "a biography without a purpose," just because his interest is purely psychological and in no degree theological, that M. Bremond is more likely to see clearly what theological competitors for Newman's patronage are loth to see. For the intransigents will not readily admit that the progressives have good right to appeal to his principles; nor the progressives that his sympathies were entirely opposed to them; nor the twilight moderates that he had nothing whatever in common with them either in one respect or the other.

But be this as it may, were it merely in upsetting the type so as to prevent a premature stereotyping and perpetuation of a certain presentment of Newman and his teaching, past all hope of further consideration and revision, M. Bremond has deserved well of all honest and intelligent believers in Newman and Newmanism, even of those who may be least inclined to accept his amendments and rearrangements.

G. TYRRELL.

VINON: *October* 3, 1906.

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INTRODUCTION

THE SECRET OF NEWMAN

> Let a man consider . . . how difficult it is to define things, how impracticable it is to convey to another any complicated or any deep or refined feeling, how inconsistent and self-contradictory his own feelings seem when put into words, how he subjects himself in consequence to misunderstanding, or ridicule, or triumphant criticism.[1]

THESE words of Newman are applicable to every living soul. It seems, however, that some, such as an Erasmus or a Fénelon, are even more difficult to follow than the ordinary run of men, and he will spare himself many false steps in the study of Newman who from the first resigns himself to walking in an atmosphere of contradiction and mystery. He must take his courage in both hands, be contented with broken gleams, must be prepared to find that different soundings, executed albeit with the desired prudence, lead us to results which seem irreconcilable. Those who are in a hurry, minds which consider their object from one aspect only, will do well not to make the attempt, but continue to believe in the legendary Newman. As for the others, I would ask them to be so good as to take this chapter in the light of an exercise to adapt and train us for the difficulties we have to meet. I wish to show them how a merely superficial view assures us, at the outset, of the extreme difficulty of the subject.

To commence, in orthodox fashion, with the question of heredity, could there be a more baffling genealogy than his? England, France, Holland, the whole mixed with a Semitic element! Who can find his way in such a strange tangle! Newman's father, a London banker, was descended from a Jewish family, which settled in Holland shortly after the death of Spinoza. Formerly the name was written "Newmann." His mother, Jemima Fourdrinier, belonged to a French family

[1] "Parochial and Plain Sermons," iv. sermon xix. 291.

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who crossed the Channel at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Thus two at least of the "prophets" of modern England, Martineau and Cardinal Newman, were grandsons of our Huguenots. A fierce article in the *Edinburgh Review* taunts Newman with having such a compromising origin.

> A character derived . . . through his mother, a French woman, from foreign types of thought and being. Hence imagination predominated over reason; romanticism . . . tinged every thought and aspiration.

The whole argument is directed to the conclusion that it is quite natural that the "enchantment of a logically coherent dogmatic system soon began to lay its spell upon his fancy." [1]

This fanatic is not worth refuting. Newman, whose knowledge of French was limited, belongs to us by a certain lucidity of temperament not very common in England. In other respects, including imagination, he was English to the backbone, and not without a touch of insularity. One of his biographers, Dr. Barry, always somewhat obsessed by Semitism, attributes more importance to the paternal ancestry of his hero. A musician, a good arithmetician, an excellent man of business and versed in legal subtleties, and, lastly, impatient of all metaphysical curiosity, John Henry owed much to his Jewish ancestors. According to the same writer, only to look at the portraits of Newman, especially the later ones, is enough to prove this debt.

Since we are on the subject, we may assign to this source, though with some hesitation, one of the most characteristic features of this elusive nature. I mean the extraordinary ease with which Newman identifies himself with the thought and mind of some one else. I know no one who possessed in a greater degree than he the gift of these metamorphoses. In regard to this matter, it is surprising that it has hardly been suspected up to now what a rich vein is opened up to us by some words of Isaac Williams, one of Newman's intimates during his Oxford life—Williams, a good soul if ever there was one, at intervals a poet, a writer whose somewhat too

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, July 1893, p. 250.

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fruitful mediocrity still remains almost tolerable to-day. This is how he expresses himself in his autobiography :

> Newman had a peculiar power of seizing intellectually the ἤθος and principles of another and making them his own, as it were, on trial. I was struck with this afterwards in a remarkable manner by the way in which he learned through me the γνωμαι, as he called them, of Thomas Keble, of Bisley, his character and principles; so that at one time, when I walked daily with him and we conversed on these subjects, I found the same views drawn out and expressed in his own way in his sermon at St. Mary's on the following Sunday.[1]

It should be understood that we are here concerned with something quite different from a simple appropriation of the ideas of another. Newman, like Molière and everybody else, was quite right in making use of good things wherever he found them.

> You did them honour, Lord,
> In making them your own.

The curious and only important point is this necessity, this taste for entering as deeply as possible into the ἤθος of some one else, for adopting not only his ideas, but, still more, the interior and living principles from which these ideas arose. Newman excelled in this at least as much as Sainte-Beuve of adaptable memory. Humble, distrustful of self, hungering after righteousness, much given to admiration and respect, he became successively, if one may say so, the models that he sought to imitate, in turn Whately, Butler, Keble, and Hurrell Froude.[2] At a certain period of the Tractarian controversy he made himself a High Anglican of the style of Laud, of Hooker, and of others also. On the morrow of his conversion the transformation became heroic. He made himself as Italian as possible. He tried to appropriate and to live the spirit, and even the letter, of those little books of devotion which, on the eve of his conversion, had still inspired him, more English as he was than Anglican,

[1] Williams' autobiography, p. 49. I have not the book at hand, and I take the quotation from Dr. Abbott, who has not been slow in seizing on this important passage, and, I think, he has somewhat changed the meaning (Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 406).

[2] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 160–166—how Froude led Newman on.

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with an intolerable disgust. It is known that several of the first converts pushed this willingness to "become thoroughly Catholic" to the confines of the ridiculous. Newman, wiser than they, did not follow them all the way. When the crisis was over, he always retained something of this active submission. His book of "Devotions," the meditations excepted, differs little from the "Raccolta." St. Philip Neri has replaced Hooker. Newman can be seen trying to fashion himself on this new model. Notice also how quickly he takes up the attitude, far-off, compassionate, and even tender, of a recluse and of an old man. "I am an old man"; he seems to relish these words and, I should say, the new and somewhat premature part of which they remind him.

Like the pen of Sainte-Beuve, his pen adapts itself without apparent effort to these divers transformations. Who could imagine that the same hand wrote the parochial sermons and the two volumes of Catholic sermons? Where, then, is the real Newman? I think, for my part, that in this last work he is still, to some extent, doing himself violence—that he has not yet absolutely mastered the new spirit which he is seeking to assimilate. And if, in spite of the contrary opinion of excellent judges, I place these two volumes, sonorous and brilliant as they are, with a brilliancy that is perhaps a little forced, far below the Oxford sermons taken as a whole, it is because the fundamental originality of the author must necessarily be seen more clearly in the course of the latter series, which includes the work of many years. For it is well to remember that, in spite of all these transformations, Newman always retains the marks of his own individuality.

It has been said of him, not without justice, that "he was not naturally inventive. But what others originated he could at once take up, and could see in it more than was seen by the authors themselves, and could develop it to the utmost."[1] That is true not only of his intellectual work, of which it is quite easy to trace the originals, but also of his moral life. At any time of his life, it is always easy to tell what saint he wishes to be like. He is ever changing, and always remains the same. The highest effort of his genius, "The Dream of Gerontius," carries on the meditations of the Oxford

[1] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 294.

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sermons, and, on the other hand, we ask wonderingly if it can be really the same man who, resembling by turns Pascal of the "Provinciales" and St. Philip Neri, put his name to the first parts of the answer to Kingsley and the tender peroration of this book. He borrows largely—that is understood; but he borrows in a masterly manner. He chooses instinctively in each of his models that which the normal development of his own nature imperiously demands. He is original after the manner of La Fontaine: God forbid that I should forget it. But it is precisely in that fact that one of the difficulties of our study has its rise: Where is the real Newman? What internal principle regulates the adaptability of his mind and of his thoughts?

There is another reason for hesitating before coming to a final judgment on any of his books. A wise "economy" tempers and shades every part of his work. "Economy" is one of the words of the Newmanian lexicon. The word and thing were, as is known, brought into vogue by the fathers of the Alexandrine school. A wise economist, instead of at once handing over all his stores for seizure, distributes them piecemeal according to daily requirements. The case of the master is similar, who must proportion his lessons to the actual knowledge of the pupils, keep to himself, hide, "economise" part of the truth. Being for a long time the leader of a religious party, of which the enemy watched for the slightest trip, a conductor of souls fully conscious of the responsibilities of his mission, a teacher by instinct and taste, feeling also an artist's pleasure in the handling of implications and allusions—these, and other causes as well, made Newman, in other respects so loyal, so straightforward, and even sometimes so opinionated, an "economist" of the first order. After all, the question put by the good canon, when at bay, was not so foolish: "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?"[1] The folly consisted in casting a doubt on the honour of a gentleman, in confusing "economy" with "lying." In truth, almost always, and even in the works which followed his conversion, it is as well to consider whether Newman is not keeping something back, whether the play of adverbs or of adjectives does

[1] It will be remembered that this is the title of one of Kingsley's pamphlets against Newman.

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not cover some reserve or contain some innuendo, whether there is nothing to be read between the lines, whether the printed text, retouched, repolished twenty times, is anything else than a passage of discovery or a temporary expedient. In this delicate art of saying a thing without appearing to say it he is a past-master. He fell so much into the habit of it that his friends reproached him with thus doctoring his thoughts even in indifferent matters, and simply in order to keep his hand in.[1] I would advise somebody to read Newman from one end to the other, for the sole purpose of extracting from his works a literary and religious manual of "economy." We should thus have a delightful book, a commentary on the text "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" applied to teaching, to the popularising of knowledge, and to controversy. Christian literature would gain much by a revival of those too much neglected methods which, in other fields, have made Jouberts and Sainte-Beuves; and, besides, we should learn gradually to familiarise the simple-minded with those necessary revelations which would often frighten them less if they were not presented to them with a sort of masterful brutality. Let it be understood, then, that I am very far from reproaching Newman with his prowess in "economy." I only remember that the author of the "Grammar of Assent" is less easy to understand than the author of the "Instructions Pastorales" against the novelties of Richard Simon.

I must mention another difficulty, the very opposite of the last, which comes to us from a superabundance of light. Newman is, if I may say so, the most autobiographical of men. The least of his books tells us about himself. The "I" —which, however, he does not express without reluctance— invades and even, in a certain sense, absorbs everything. How are we to criticise, to arrange this confidential treasury? How are we to choose between the different portraits of a man who has been painting his own portrait all his life?

These portraits are of two sorts, both equally precious, equally like. Some, painted in sombre colours, show us how Newman regards himself, how he judges and despises himself at certain times; others tell us what he wished to be; both, in my humble opinion, help us to know him as he was.

[1] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 49.

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Take first the most painful passage of his correspondence. Those who are anxious for the truth will not blame me for quoting it. It is a sort of examination of conscience made by Newman at the time of his Sicilian fever, with an unhealthy insight that delirium sometimes confuses and sometimes renders more acute.

> I seemed to see more and more my utter hollowness. I began to think of all my professed principles, and felt they were mere intellectual deductions from one or two admitted truths. I compared myself with Keble, and felt that I was merely developing his, not my convictions. I know I had very clear thoughts about this then, and I believe, in the main, true ones. Indeed, this is how I look on myself; very much (as the illustration goes) as a pane of glass, which transmits heat, being cold itself. I have a vivid perception of the consequences of certain admitted principles, have a considerable intellectual capacity for drawing them out, have the refinement to admire them, and a rhetorical or histrionic power to represent them; and having no great (*i.e.*, no vivid) love of this world, whether riches, honours, or anything else, and some firmness and natural dignity of character, take the profession of them upon me as I might sing a tune which I liked—loving the truth, but not possessing it; for I believe myself at heart to be nearly hollow—*i.e.*, with little love, little self-denial. I believe I have some faith, that is all.[1]

I pity the psychologist in whom this marvellous self-analysis would not excite enthusiasm, and I pity still more the pharasaic prudery which would suppress such a passage. It is Newman himself who gives it us to read, and this extravagance of frankness is not that of a man whom his admirers need blush to know just as he is. There is no need to remind me of the abnormal circumstances in which this cruel image was presented to the eyes of Newman. I could show without difficulty that he had long brooded over these truths, which

[1] "Letters," i. 416; *cf. id.* ii. 155: "Since I am conscious I have got all my best things from Keble and you . . ." (H. Froude); and the famous sentence: "You and Keble are the philosophers, and I am the rhetorician" (*id.* ii. 155).

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became suddenly clear in an access of delirium, and, in any case, he recognised and confirmed them himself by reproducing them a year later in his private diary. "I know," he wrote at that time, "I had very clear thoughts about this then, and I believe in the main true ones." I will say boldly what I think. This is not a fanciful portrait, the wild confession of an innocent man who drinks the cup of shame to its dregs in order to be more certain of at last finding contrition. All and each of these ruthlessly traced features correspond to those of the model; all, down to that "rhetorical or histrionic power" that my pen can hardly transcribe without rebelling. The reader who will kindly follow me to the end of this book will see in what manner and with what reservations it can be positively said that this severe portrait which Newman has drawn of himself is not without a certain likeness.

Yes, that indeed is the way he could and was obliged to judge himself if he wished to be sincere. And who, then, if he dared to look himself in the face, would not think that he was "hollow"?[1] What honest man, making profession of Christianity, is not driven to self-contempt? What writer does not see in the shame of this "histrionic power" the very tribute to his genius?

> I made up a very clear balance-sheet of my knowledge—that is to say, my acquirements and my gifts—I compared what was factitious with what was natural, I weighed that which belonged to every man and the little that I had of my own. The result of this criticism was that I was both distinguished and mediocre.

"Refined," "hollow"! Did not the hero of Fromentin see himself as did Newman? and, if there is no more beautiful work of art than the translation of the Gospel into action, might not Newman himself also have been able, even more than "Dominique," to lament "the inevitable prose of all natures which are inferior to productions admitting of no vulgar element"? By all means, but the prose which recognises itself as such is already poetry, and the most superficial of Christians ceases to be despicable so soon as he despises him-

[1] *Cf.* "Letters," ii. 269: "That state of disgust which the steady contemplation of his own doings is sure to create in any serious man."

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self. People are always superficial, and Newman like the rest, but in a way which is peculiar to himself, and which we must define. To pass by this magnificent avowal of his inward wretchedness is to suppress the pathetic drama of his whole life. For, more courageous than Dominique, he never ceased his endeavours to falsify this portrait, which he felt to be cruelly true. I will attempt to show shortly with what persistency of will he tried to fill the empty spaces of his inner life, and the reader will admire the valiant and mystical confidence which he drew from his own avowal of his wretchedness.

Once more, this first portrait is not wanting in a certain truth; but others, apparently quite opposite, are none the less like; and here again is one of the antinomies which the biographer of Newman must resolve, if he does not intend to shirk the difficulties of his task.

I cannot, in detail, do the honours of this new gallery of portraits. I will therefore be content with recalling the fact that Newman, whether consciously or otherwise, has himself in view whenever he represents to us the heroes of his choice—the patriarch Jacob, St. Paul, St. John Chrysostom, St. Athanasius, Theodoret, St. Philip Neri.[1] He does not admire or love himself in them. We have already seen how he criticises, how he despises his own personality; but he describes himself in them, because he finds in them either what he is, what he wishes to be, or what he is on the point of becoming. Very often these sketches sum up years of aspiration and effort, or reveal the slow growth which has taken place in the sub-conscious depths of the mind. Read carefully the exquisite definition of a "gentleman." We may say with full assurance that twenty years earlier, in the flood-tide of the Tractarian controversy, no one would have thought of applying this panegyric of tolerance to the impassioned, always sincere, but, I think, unjust, author of the pamphlet against Hampden. This famous page, an involuntary criticism on the incumbent of St. Mary's, gives us the portrait of the Rector of the University

[1] I will cite particularly, in the "Sermons on Various Occasions," the two sermons on St. Paul and the panegyric of St. Philip, and almost all the second volume of the "Historical Sketches." It is as well also to pause in the "Parochial Sermons" at every mention of the patriarch Jacob.

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of Dublin, of the better, of the true Newman.[1] Can we be surprised after this that the final biographer of Newman is slow in coming?

How many among his contemporaries themselves, among his familiars and intimates, can flatter themselves that they knew him? He disconcerts, he discourages, he baffles not only candid friends like Pusey, but men of the political world such as Manning, scholars like Dr. Abbott. It can be declared with confidence that Gladstone quite misunderstood him. Nearly all the books which have been written on him swarm with misunderstandings. A misleading literature which conducts us from the most stupid calumnies to the vaguest apotheoses, from caricature to legend! We must always come back to the admirable Dean Church, in whom Newman found his Sainte-Beuve—a disciple, a friend without doubt, but one who loves his model too much to disfigure under the pretence of embellishing it.

Newman being one of the heroes of the nineteenth century, there was a natural temptation to discover, among the great men of the past and present, those whom he approaches most nearly. This little entertainment has often no more value than a school essay. Nevertheless, I can recall several of these "parallels" which were either really informing or works of pure fantasy. If some of them increase the feeling of confusion in which we are already plunged, the balance would be of good value for a chapter devoted to the mystery of Newman.

Dr. Barry compares him to Savonarola. It is an opinion hazarded by a distinguished man. The Doctor is diverting himself. But at last M. Josse peeps in and says: "Newman's 'Apologia' is a literary monument to which nothing written by Savonarola can be paralleled." Ink, just heaven, that is what it really comes to![2]

Rosmini, thinks Lord Acton, "had much of Newman" in him.[3] In fact, the physical resemblance between the two is sufficiently striking, and, as for the moral, they have some common features. But as regards the temperament of these

[1] *Cf.* "Idea of a University," pp. 208–211.
[2] Barry, "Newman," pp. 53–54.
[3] Acton, "Letters to Mary Gladstone," p. 171.

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two brains, they are as night and day, Newman having quarrelled with metaphysics from his cradle.

He had a strong partiality for our great French Liberals, as delineated in their biographies, and I think one might find much of the legendary Lacordaire in the legend of Newman. Perhaps, to finish with his contemporaries, it would be a better inspiration to think of Neander or of Rothe. J. Anthony Froude, an imaginative man, but often clear-sighted,[1] and who has the advantage of us in having known Newman, thinks that his face recalls that of Julius Cæsar:

> The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believe that it extended to the temperament.[2]

Dr. Barry (I have purposely left a slight interval between this idea and the former), after having clearly pronounced that "there is nothing French in Newman,"[3] sketches with his accustomed boldness a new parallel, less startling, and perhaps better founded, than the one mentioned above.

> We are put in mind of Fénelon, whom the Tractarian resembles in his fortunes, his natural disposition, his quality as a writer, and his spiritual affinities. Under a winning smile both are severe; affectionate, and not afraid to show their affection, they stand inwardly aloof; they are continually portraying themselves, yet do not cease to be modest; they have the energy of genius, and are described as feminine because they meet blows with

[1] *Cf.* The memoir of Lord Balcarres at the beginning of the "Critical Studies and Fragments by the late A. Strong," p. 12. It is doubtless unnecessary to recall that J. A. Froude was the brother of Hurrell and William Froude, two intimate friends of Newman.

[2] Not having Froude's article by me, I quote after Dr. Barry, p. 73. Whoever may wish to work out this parallel should study the head of Newman, very happily reproduced on the frontispiece of the second volume of his correspondence.

[3] Barry, p. 227. This remark is the more unfortunate inasmuch as the author, making a strong attack upon him, wishes here to correct an observation of Church. The latter, a born man of letters, says that Newman's prose reminds him of French prose. This annoys Dr. Barry.

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arguments, rudeness with pathos, and possess the divine gift of tears (it is perhaps the contrary that should be said).[1] They charm strangers, but leave in minds unsympathetic a suspicion that these sentiments are too beautiful to be true. They feel and express great changes in the world's tides; they move in advance of their contemporaries; they denote, were it even by reaction, the breaking up of an ancient order, and they, in turn, are marked out as heralds of revolution. They write not according to rule, abundantly, as they talk persuasively; without show, but like men who have known the best books, and not *ex cathedra*, however assured that when they open their lips others must listen. They never quite succeed with persons in high places, for they carry with them a sovereign rank. They give up, or do not value, the prizes of ambition; their habits are simple; in seclusion or in exile they hold, as it were, a court to which pilgrims make their way; and their friends worship them, public fame canonises them.

All this is rather too much from an outside point of view, and the number of ideas almost blurs the impression of the whole. And Dr. Barry will write another nice page whenever his active pen seeks to bring out the differences between Fénelon and Newman! So, let him bring Madame Guyon to the parlour at Birmingham, and place "Moyen Court" in the hands of the translator of Bishop Andrewes' devotions. If, for the delectation of makers of parallels, it is necessary at any price that Newman should be like one or the other, a more attentive observer will perhaps find him less different from Bossuet than from Fénelon.[2] But he resembles nobody; this is what I wish to come to. Biographers will have enough trouble to show how he is like himself, enough trouble to recognise him amid the surprises and contradictions which await them both in his thought and his life.

[1] *Cf.* "Letters," ii. 172: "He . . . lamented with tears (not a common thing for him)."

[2] As much must be said of the parallel between Pascal and Newman. *Cf.* an extremely suggestive passage in which Dr. Abbott compares Newman to Hamlet ("Anglican Career," i. 30). I have purposely avoided mentioning the name of Renan here. The comparison of these two persons would lead to endless developments. Some of the main lines of the parallel have been fixed by Mr. Wilfrid Ward ("Problems and Persons," pp. 283–301).

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On one side there is a feminine tenderness, a real thirst for affection; on the other the dry and repelling hardness of the man who can and will remain alone. Here the cold stiffness of a nervous man, the bitterness of an irritable susceptibility; there all the graces of style, all the self-abandonment of an enchanting phrase. Liberal in the most noble sense of the word, he is the chief for all of us who dream of a Church with widely opened arms; yet none amongst his English contemporaries lavished more sarcasms upon Anglicanism or showed greater disdain for the Non-conformists, that moiety of England.[1] He is as cultured as Joubert or as Doudan, and he takes pleasure in denouncing the danger of accomplishments; he almost envies the simple mind of the superstitious, and he has fits of fanaticism. A born historian, he nevertheless signed his name to that venture against history, the "Essay on Miracles." Of a clear, ingenious, and subtle intelligence, he took pleasure in abasing reason. If he were not of the most robust faith, he would be the most formidable of the professors of scepticism. In fine, to sum up all in one word, I do not know which of the three parties who are to-day struggling for the direction of Christian thought—the irreconcilables, the advanced, and those who seek a compromise between the extreme tendencies—can logically claim to possess Newman.

Contrasts, surprises, contradictions! Look, rather, at this extraordinary head, the anxious, far-off sweetness, the pensive abstraction of his gaze; the imperious disdain, the clear-cut fineness of the nose, the Roman massiveness of the chin. It is easy to see that those lips, when they deign to smile, will be seduction itself; but, whatever the legend may say, they do not always smile. Every face has depths which cannot be sounded; but still, although the element of imagination must enter largely into observations of this class, the sight of a portrait of Bossuet does not too rudely dispel the impressions which have been left upon us by the "Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle"; yet, on the other hand, unless the force of habit had blunted

[1] Dean Lake, "Memorials," pp. 51–53. Newman was a long time before he did justice to Thomas Arnold. *Cf.* Hort ("Life and Letters," i. 105), hurt, and with reason, by the railleries of the author of "Loss and Gain" on the Prayer-book.

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in him all possibility of surprise, an assiduous reader of Fénelon would find himself, if I may say so, on strange ground before the Sphinx-like face. For my part, I admire, though without envying, the miraculous divination of those who cannot look at Newman's portrait without immediately hearing again the plaintive melody of his last Anglican sermon or the lays of Gerontius. Froude is right. The antiquarians who, two thousand years hence, will be superintending the excavation of London, will place, without hesitation, this strong Roman head, austere and delicate, beside the bust of Cicero or of Cæsar.

And now we must be on our guard against a presupposition, natural enough in itself, which has led astray some of the best minds. Many, in fact, regard the memorable conversion of Newman as the capital, supreme, and final event of his long life. In 1845, one dull autumn evening, the Newman of the legend casts a last look upon the towers of Oxford, abjures Anglicanism, and—falls asleep quietly in the arms of his biographers. Twenty years after some one rouses him and asks him to tell the story of his conversion. And that is all; like some rare plant, having come to flower, he has only to die. They do not consider that, by isolating this event and by thus rendering it inexplicable and, as it were, miraculous, they are doing their best to take away its importance. That conversion is much more and much better than a dramatic story. In the years in which he has as yet no thought of such conversion he is already Newman; and, in the same way, he is still and always Newman during the forty-five last years of his life. We will set no limits to our rebellion against a preconception which mutilates at will the inner history of this life, and we will recognise the presence of the stream even though we hear not the roar of the torrent.

Others who are more clear-sighted and understand better the complexity of religious psychology, and who, I hope, agree with me in thinking the Oxford sermons and Gerontius much more precious than the Tracts or than the Catholic works of anti-Anglican controversy, and the first conversion of Newman of infinitely more importance than the last—others, I say, the victims of a different illusion, are, nevertheless, led to declare or suppose that the fruitful life of our hero is finished with the autumn of 1845.

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Passing and repassing before the ordinary-looking front of the Birmingham Oratory, they are always expecting that the door will open and that the great recluse will enter into the fray shouting, as of old, on his return from Sicily, the Homeric war-cry: "Now that I am here they will see the difference." As the door remains obstinately shut, hypnotised by so much passivity and silence, they think but of avenging the noble sufferer. They denounce the pitiful manœuvres which bring him to nought; they lament the destruction of this great force; in the Catholic Newman they see nothing more than the victim of Ultramontanism and of Manning.

But, frankly, what kind of activity do you desire for a Newman? What official favours, what titles do you suppose he requires? What! would you see him at the side of Manning, haranguing the London strikers, or do you wish him to be Bishop of Shrewsbury or of Salford?

Had he been made Cardinal twenty years earlier, would he have had, do you think, more influence over souls, would he have written one book the more? For, indeed, what with private correspondence or parcels of printer's proofs, the post was hardly ever idle between Edgbaston and all quarters of the United Kingdom. Have you never heard of this fabulous correspondence, nor of the crowd of visitors who came to see this recluse? Have you never turned over the leaves of the "Grammar of Assent," of the "Letters" to Gladstone and Pusey?

He did suffer, and that cruelly, it is clear enough, but I regret it less for him than for those who made him suffer. In any case, I do not see that this trial paralysed him. I cannot tell whether to speak as you do exalts Newman, but I am sure that it is due to a misconception of him. It is not in the power of Manning nor of any one else to stay the flow of this great river. There may be some roughening and flurry on the surface of its waters, a little foam on its banks, but its depths will remain untroubled.

Between the rather ruffled young leader of the little Tractarian war, who multiplies his feverish pamphlets with the eagerness of a journalist, and the recluse of Birmingham who writes the "Dream of Gerontius," the better Newman is not he whom you seem to suppose. The man who was never

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tired of repeating, "There are for me but two beings who count, God and myself," that man, I say, could live and die alone. At least, that is the man to whom I wish to conduct the reader, and that is why the whole of the present book converges towards the chapter which is devoted to the inner life of Newman. It has even needed an effort of method thus to isolate this one chapter, for which the others are not only preparing, but which they already suppose and implicitly contain. All the history of Newman, emotional, intellectual, and literary, is, in fact, nothing else than the history of his personal relations with God. He who has realised this truth is not far from holding the secret of this great man, the key to those contradictions which, at the outset, render so impenetrable the mystery of his books and of his life.

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PART I

THE EMOTIONAL LIFE

CHAPTER I

THE SOLITARY BY CHOICE

There strayed awhile, amid the woods of Dart,
 One who could love them, but who durst not love.
A vow had bound him ne'er to give his heart
 To streamlet bright, or soft, secluded grove.
 'Twas a hard, humbling task, onwards to move
His easy-captured eyes from each fair spot,
 With unattached and lonely step to rove
O'er lonely meads which soon its print forgot;
Yet kept he safe his pledge, prizing his pilgrim lot.[1]

A HEART which "could love but durst not love," the heart of the pilgrim turned towards the new Jerusalem, open, no doubt, to the slightest wayside attractions, but, in spite of this, faithful to the end to the vow he had made not to give himself to any creature, perhaps we may have the right to sum up in this melancholy and noble symbol the emotional life of Newman. I say "perhaps," to remind the reader that we are plunging into a dark forest, and to prepare him for the movements, to and fro, of a curiosity at once unfettered and persevering which, attracted by this magnificent subject for analysis, would like to reduce the element of mystery to a minimum. Let us stop one moment on the surface of the subject and ask ourselves how his contemporaries regarded Newman in his everyday life. The common impression was said to be that of graciousness, simplicity, a reserve somewhat chilling, and, occasionally, alarming.

[1] The verses are of 1831. See "Verses on Various Occasions," p. 57.

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> Nothing more characterised Newman than his unconscious refinement. [Thus speaks a good judge, the poet Aubrey de Vere.] It would have been impossible for him to tolerate coarse society, or coarse books, or manners seriously deficient in self-respect and respect for others. There was also in him a tenderness marked by a smile of magical sweetness, but a sweetness that had nothing in it of softness. On the contrary, there was a decided severity in his face.[1]

The same writer said again in a letter to a friend :

> There is, as you say, occasionally an iron hardness in J. Newman ; but in him, as in Dante, there is also an exquisite and surpassing sweetness, which makes me regard the hardness as but that tribute of strength and hardihood which accompanies the heroic mind.[2]

Something rather feminine in his deportment diminished, doubtless, still further this Dantean severity. Let us hear Aubrey de Vere tell us of his first meeting with the tutor of Oriel, still young, but whom the whole of Oxford already pointed out as a notable.

> Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged either to a youthful ascetic of the Middle Ages, or to a graceful, high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation, swift of pace, but, when not walking, intensely still, with a voice sweet and pathetic, and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. When touching on subjects that interested him much he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehement.

Fifty years later the old man revived, down to the very images, this letter of his youth :

> The emotion of seeing him for the first time was one of the greatest in my life. I shall never forget his appearance. I had been waiting some time, and then the door opened, and Newman, in cap and gown, entered very swiftly and

[1] Aubrey de Vere, "Recollections," p. 277.
[2] Wilfrid Ward, "Aubrey de Vere," pp. 182, 183.

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quietly, with a kind of balance of the figure, like a very great lady sweeping into the room. That was my first impression; the second was of a high-bred young monk of the Middle Ages, whose asceticism cannot quite conceal his distinguished elegance.[1]

This is a vivid description. But the reader, carried away by this undulating gait of a great lady, must not be in a hurry to form too feminine an image of Newman. Let him not forget these rapid gestures, and more especially that "intense stillness," which, in my humble opinion, is one of the most correctly descriptive phrases which have been applied to him.

Notice also that he came in without any noise. Not only does he never make a sound, but, further, when he is not with his intimates he assumes, without affectation but not without pleasure, the innocent air of a man fallen from the moon who follows politely a conversation of which he understands nothing.[2] For all that, he is the least pompous and the most simple of men. The Oxford dons have sometimes too much consciousness of the glory of their colleges and of their own merit. They doubtless think that the best way to impress them on the youth is to take oneself very seriously. Newman was just the opposite.

Any one [wrote one of his most intimate friends, just after the death of the Cardinal] who has watched at all carefully the Cardinal's career, whether in old days or later, must have been struck with this feature of his character, his naturalness, the freshness and freedom with which he addressed a friend or expressed an opinion, the absence of all mannerism and formality; and, where he had to keep his dignity, both his loyal obedience to the authority which enjoined it and the half-amused, half-bored impatience that he should be the person round whom all these grand doings centred. It made the greatest difference in his friendships whether his friends met him on equal terms, or whether they brought with them too great conventional deference or

[1] Wilfrid Ward, "Aubrey de Vere," pp. 31 and 392.

[2] "Letters," ii. 441—a very amusing account of a meeting with Arnold at Oriel.

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solemnity of manner. "So-and-so is a very good fellow, but he is not a man to talk to in your shirt-sleeves," was his phrase about an over-logical and over-literal friend . . . for all that bordered on the unreal, for all that was pompous, conceited, affected, he had little patience; but almost beyond all these was his disgust at being made the object of foolish admiration. He protested with whimsical fierceness against being made a hero or a sage.[1]

A lady with whom he had exchanged several letters had come to Oxford to see him, and did not find what she expected. In the midst of her efforts to patch up the tatters of her dream she told Newman of this illusion. His answer was not long in coming:

As to myself, be quite sure that, if you saw me again, you would just feel as you did when you saw me before. I am *not* venerable, and nothing can make me so. I am what I am. I am very much like other people, and do not think it necessary to abstain from the feelings and thoughts, not intrinsically sinful, which other people have. I cannot speak words of wisdom: to some it comes naturally. Do not suffer any illusive notion about me to spring up in your mind. No one ever treats me with deference and respect who knows me, and from my heart I trust and pray that no one ever may. I have never been in office or station, people have never bowed down to me, and I could not endure it. I tell you frankly, my infirmity, I believe, is always to be rude to persons who are deferential in manner to me.[2]

Along with this he was distant, reserved, and even, when it suited him, somewhat icy. "I felt quite small before him," said the daughter of one of Newman's best friends, in summing up to me her childish recollections.

His youngest sister, Mary, a bright and charming child whose joyous freedom from constraint contrasts so favourably with the precocious gravity of the other Newmans, always trembled before her great brother.

My dear John, how extremely kind you are. Oh, I wish I could write as fast as I think! I cannot tell why, but

[1] Dean Church, "Occasional Papers," ii. 480, 481.
[2] "Letters," ii. 313.

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whatever I write to you I am always ashamed of. I think it must be vanity; and yet I do not feel so to most others. And now all I have written I should like to burn.[1]

What a pretty bit of penmanship she is already capable of, and how well she expresses what so many others have experienced in the presence of her brother—that fear of being paralysed at the outset, if one does not tell him at once what nevertheless one really wants to tell him: "I wish I could write as fast as I think." The familiar friends of Newman who have never felt in his presence some degree of fear are, I should think, very rare.

The reason is that, even when he is in repose, there is always the feeling that this lion can be terrible when aroused. If you think that I am exaggerating, ask Henry Wilberforce what he thinks. His story, amusing and in places pathetic, should be told from beginning to end.

This good fellow thought of marrying. What am I saying—"he thought of it"? The affair was already as good as settled, and was already the secret of the whole of Oxford. Thereupon Newman writes to Rogers:

> By-the-bye, talking of H. W., do not believe a silly report that is in circulation, that he is engaged to be married. Not that such an event is not likely, but I am sure it cannot be true as a matter of fact; because he has been staying here, and though we often talked on the subject, he said nothing about it, which I am sure he would have done were it a fact, for the report goes on to say he has told other people. For myself, I am spreading my incredulity, and contradicting it in every direction, and will not believe it, though I saw the event announced in the papers, till he tells me.

And he concludes with this sentence, which cuts short the by-play of comedy and brings us back to the main action of the piece:

> Nay, I doubt whether I ought then to believe it, if he were to say he had really told others and not me.

[1] "Letters," i. 133; *cf. id.* p. 135, the pretty note of Jemima: Mary wanted to know what was the use of reading the Fathers.

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Whether it were drama or comedy, Rogers, the confidant of the two persons, became the shuttle between one and the other. Having informed Wilberforce of Newman's disbelief, he received this answer :

> I have no wish to deny the report in question. Indeed, though I did not tell Neander[1] (as who would ?), yet I did tell his sister, and gave her leave to tell him. . . . Whether Neander will cut me I don't know. I hope my other Oxford friends will continue my friends still. . . . I suppose, however, he will cut me. I cannot help it. At any rate, you must not.

Neander considered, in fact, that a good Tractarian had more pressing business than to think of marriage. Knowing this, the poor fellow Wilberforce felt himself already excommunicated. As the intimate friend of the two intimates, Rogers writes to Newman, who does not abandon his incredulity.

> Many thanks for your letter, in which, however, I must say, you do not use your judgment. How can you possibly suppose that, after your way of treating *perditam ovem* H. Wilberforce, you would be his first confidant? The fact obviously is that he came to Oxford with the intention of breaking the matter to you ; but when he came near and saw how fierce you looked his heart failed him, and he retreated ἄπρακτος. And now at this moment he is hesitating about the best way of breaking it, and hoping that some one else will save him the pain. As for me, I cannot consent to join you in your unbelief ; particularly as I have heard it from a person who professed to have been told it as a great secret by Mrs. H. M., with divers circumstances, the satisfaction of Mrs. Sargent in it, with sundry other particulars. If I could think, as you seem to do, that any incredulity on my part could avert, or even retard, the catastrophe, perhaps that might alter my way of going on. As it is, I have just fired off a letter of condolence, which I was engaged on when your letter reached me.

[1] It is thus that his intimates at that time delighted to Hellenise Newman's name.

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The man to whom people could talk like this had certainly some excuse for finding the distrustful timidity of his friends particularly cruel. Let us keep this incident in mind when we presently hear Newman bewailing or taking pride in the fact that he was condemned to live alone. Assuredly he can do himself this justice, that whoever knew him well—as did Rogers, for example—would not tremble before him. There are those, however, who do tremble; even he who, having at length decided to write, will soon be telling him, "I have always loved you like a brother."

This letter of Wilberforce is piteous. He is a long time before he can make up his mind to write. To give himself courage he reads again the old letters of Newman, "the kindness of which prompted me almost irresistibly to write." He delays, nevertheless, and, if Newman had not taken the initiative, this ridiculous story would have put an end to their friendship.[1]

We are touching the heart of the problem, and we begin to realise how difficult it is to define Newman's affection. This man seems to become self-absorbed, to keep others at a distance, to renounce close friendships, I will not say lightly, but with a resignation that might be called easy—"I suppose he will cut me"—and, on the other hand, he doubtless possesses a burning need for affection and trust. Perhaps this reserve is part of a programme of inward sacrifice; he may be afraid of giving himself too much to earthly affection, and so of forgetting the one thing necessary.

> One who could love them, but who durst not love.

Perhaps, also, this expression of feeling was an involuntary betrayal of some unfortunate impotence. He seems to be trying to persuade himself that it was possible for him to love—"One who could love"—and, in some way, to make a virtue of a certain dryness which he feels at the bottom of his own heart, which he exaggerates to himself, and which causes him cruel

[1] "Letters," ii. 20, 21, 42. On p. 48 we find several sentences, also very dry, addressed on this subject to H. Froude, with this amusing conclusion: "Even when marriage is a crime it is criminal to repent of it." Miss Sargent, who married Wilberforce, was the sister of the future Mrs. Manning. Newman was godfather of Wilberforce's first son.

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suffering. Doubtless I surprise some readers, accustomed to accredit Newman with an almost feminine gentleness. The question forces itself on us none the less. It must be approached without shirking.

Let us have a clear understanding. It is not charity that is in question here which is considered an essential virtue of a Christian, and *a fortiori* of a priest. Francis Newman tells us that his brother gave with the generosity of a prince, that he was "financially noble." During the cholera at Oxford in 1831 a worthy ecclesiastic, having judged it prudent to leave the place, gave his parishioners a list of clergy to whom they could resort while the scourge continued. Newman, although unacquainted with this person, came the first on the list, and he remained at the post of danger almost alone until the peril was past. The official order was to burn all infected bedding. Newman's parishioners buried their beds instead of burning them.

"Is not this," he writes, "the very spirit of Whiggery—opposition for its own sake, striving against the truth because it happens to be commanded us: as if wisdom were less wise because it is powerful!" Commenting on this, Mr. Abbott is pleased to remark that Newman does not forget to show his contempt for the masses, even at the very time when he is manifesting such noble devotion on their behalf. This is really rather a pointless criticism. Democrat or not, a man always shows to advantage when so calmly philosophical in the face of danger.[1] However that may be, both as Anglican and Catholic Newman always proves himself simply and admirably a priest. There is no question of that.

But I think I see, here and there, some traces of coldness in his letters to his mother, dating from the time when their theological views ceased to harmonise. I find, moreover, in that regrettable book of Francis Newman, this testimony of one of their sisters:

> John can be the most amiable, the most generous of men; he can make people passionately devoted to him. But to become his friend the condition *sine quâ non* is to see everything with his eyes and to accept him as guide.[2]

[1] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 241, 242.

[2] F. Newman, "The Early Life of Charles Newman," p. 72.

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It is the saying of a sister, and it is disagreeable to see it put in circulation by a brother. But since we are fulfilling, for the moment, the office of devil's advocate, we cannot afford to put this testimony altogether on one side. Let us use it without taking it too literally and without exaggerating its importance.

Besides, religious psychology offers us many analogous examples. M. Eugène Veuillot has told me how some mutual friends several times tried to reconcile Lacordaire and Louis Veuillot. The latter—and who will doubt it, so far as we know anything about it at all?—the latter was quite ready to do his part. The former, although so good and noble, always refused. The historian of Newman ought to describe and examine several quarrels of this sort, and try to divine the only really interesting point—which is, the attitude of Newman's mind at the moment when he separates for ever from an old friend. In 1845, a deserter from Anglicanism, he owed it to himself to act as though he were dead, to release, in some sort, from their allegiance the old friends whom he abandoned, and to await positive overtures from them before seeing them again or writing to them as if nothing had happened.[1]

To-day, and largely thanks to Newman, things are different. A convert can remain on the best of terms with his co-religionists of yesterday; but in the middle of the last century there were good reasons on both sides for not seeing each other. It would be necessary, then, to select for a detailed discussion the *quarrels* which took place before and after the conversion. I regretfully make use of this word for the sake of brevity, and simply to indicate, as a whole, the facts themselves, without prejudice in any way to the sentiments which accompanied them. Before the conversion we could choose, as typical of these facts, the rupture with Whately; after, the disputes with Faber, Ward, Manning, or any other.

Whately was much attached to Newman. He had given him a start in the university world and in literary life, he had "made him come out of his shell," and, in a certain sense,

[1] *Cf.* in "Ames Religieuses," chap. i., "Un Saint Anglican," the account of the meeting between Keble, Pusey, and Newman. It was so long after the "catastrophe," and they had grown so old, that at first they did not know each other.

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at least as much as Butler, he had taught him to think. In short, in every way Newman owed him much. He recognised it himself with his accustomed loyalty. One fine day the two friends no longer meet. What has happened? According to the "Apologia," it is Whately who first retires and withdraws himself. "From the year 1834 he made himself dead to me. He had practically, indeed, given me up from the time that he became Archbishop [of Dublin] in 1831."[1] The cause of this rupture is no mystery. Whately could not approve the evolution of his young friend. The Tractarian novelties disquieted him, and he did not conceal it. The question is to know which of the two "cut" the other, and I am quite certain that it was not Whately who did so first.[2] The documents published by Newman himself in a later edition of the "Apologia," and the letters which have appeared in the "Correspondence" leave no doubt on this point. "As to poor Whately, it is melancholy. Of course, to know him now is quite impossible."[3] These sentences belong to the month of August 1833. A criticism very hard, and, I think, too severe, accompanies them. About this time,

> A friend, looking back to the time when Whately, then Archbishop of Dublin, was in Oxford, remembers accusing Mr. Newman to his face of being able to cast aside his friends without a thought, when they fairly took part against what he considered the truth. And he said, "Ah, Rogers, you don't understand what anguish it was to me to pass Whately in the street coldly the other day."[4]

It would seem, then, that the initative—"melancholy," let us retain the word, but, in fact, deliberately intended—comes from Newman.

Whately having come to pay his devotions in the chapel of Oriel, the report spread that Newman absented himself that very day so as not to receive the Communion by the side of the Archbishop. This was not true. Newman was obliged to be

[1] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 303.

[2] It is perfectly clear that for once Newman's memory fails him. He himself helps us to rectify his error, and his absolute good faith is out of the question.

[3] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 304.

[4] "Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman," i. 142.

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absent in any case. But he was very well satisfied at this coincidence giving him a reason for not being there, and he says so frankly :

> On honest reflection, I cannot conceal from myself that it was generally a relief to me to see so little of your Grace when you were at Oxford ; and it is a greater relief now to have an opportunity of saying so to yourself.[1]

That is good, but the answer of the Archbishop is fine in another way. It recalls the old time when they did nothing without " taking sweet counsel together," and he adds :

> If you had freely and calmly remonstrated with me on any point where you thought me going wrong, I should have listened to you with that readiness, candour, and deference which, as you well know, I always showed.

It is very necessary to remember that the Newman of 1834 was no more than a member of the University, while Whately, his elder, occupied one of the highest positions in the Anglican hierarchy. The latter continues :

> I, for my part, could not bring myself to find relief in escaping the society of an old friend—with whom I had been accustomed to frank discussion—on account of my differing from him as to certain principles, whether through a change of his views, or (much more) of my own—till I had made full trial of private and affectionate remonstrance and free discussion. . . . But though your regard for me does not show itself such as I think mine would have been under similar circumstances, I will not therefore reject what remains of it.

And the excellent man encloses two pamphlets in his letter. He fears much that Newman will read them with a " jaundiced eye," " yet, for auld lang syne," this will remind them both of the good old time.[2] There seems no doubt that in the whole of this unfortunate affair Whately played the better part. Newman, who judged himself more severely than the most pitiless of his critics, would have been the first to assent to this. On the other hand, it would be very unjust to forget that these

[1] Abbott, " Anglican Career," i. 306. [2] *Id.* i. 307.

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events took place in the height of the Tractarian campaign, which the most gentle of men, such as Keble and Pusey, themselves regarded as a holy war. Whately was for them a heretic, and in the heat of battle it often happens that men manifest towards the person of the heretic feelings which should be exclusively reserved for the heresy. However this may be, we want to know what were the feelings of Newman at this occurrence. We may outline the following hypothesis as fairly probable.

The intelligence first recognises the profound disagreement, and goes to war. Equally quick in detaching itself, the heart delays not to follow. Then, at intervals, the past comes back; and it is at such times that Newman suffers vainly from the breach, which he nevertheless continues to regard as irrevocable. We have his word for it, doubly assured because it is from him and because it is addressed to Rogers. To brush past Whately in the street and not to shake hands as usual—that was very hard. Then, rather quickly, I think, this impression fades; the past is effaced; Whately is no longer of importance.[1]

Unimportant is perhaps not a strong enough expression. Sometimes at least a certain amount of hostility is mixed with this indifference. It seems to me difficult to explain otherwise the animus evident in omitting all mention from the "Apologia" of W. G. Ward, who, plainly enough, took a leading part in the Oxford Movement, and whose intervention at a given moment was decisive. Newman, who could not be silent about events of such importance, found, however, the means of referring everything to the influence of Oakley, a simple supernumerary, who did not deserve so much honour. The passage in the "Apologia," managed with consummate ability, is one of the things which gives me most pain in the whole of Newman's work. It always makes me think of that well-known mental reservation to which true worshippers of Pascal will not resign themselves. We know, besides, how Ward remained affectionately, tenderly faithful to the man in whom the mischievous genius of Liberalism was for him incarnate. Rome would have fulfilled his wishes had she

[1] Newman says later that, "in memory," there are few men whom he loves so much as Whately, but we shall soon see what "in memory" means ("Letters," i. 141).

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placed Newman on the Index, but he would have suffered more from this absurd triumph than would Newman himself.[1]

I pass over other friends whom Newman left on the road.[2] As long as his correspondence remains unpublished we are reduced in this matter to conjectures. Besides, as regards all these incidents an almost insoluble question supervenes. Were these men with whom he broke off relations—Whately, Ward, Faber, Manning, and the rest—properly speaking his friends? Was not the ease with which he parted from them due, in short, to the fact that even before the separation they had no hold on his affections? It is quite certain that none of those who have just been named were ever for him that which Hurrell Froude had been, that which Church and Rogers must always have been, that which, later on, was Ambrose St. John. There is no denying this; but does it not seem as if Newman himself had done his best to deprive us of this excuse, to give himself the appearance of a man who buries himself alive in the solitude of his own heart?

He returns incessantly to the idea that every individual soul is a closed world, and that the most intimate friendship does not succeed in penetrating the solid wall behind which each of us, in spite of himself, is hiding. That is one of the commonest subjects of Newman's eloquence. Judging by the persistence with which he returns to that same thought, it is easy to see that he is speaking from experience.

> What should they do especially, who are cast among persons unable to enter into their feelings, and thus strangers to them, though by long custom ever so much friends! or who have perplexities of mind they cannot explain to themselves, much less remove, and no one to help them; or who have affections and aspirations pent up within them, because they have not met with objects to which to devote them; or who are misunderstood by those around them, and find they have no words to set themselves right with them, or no principles in common by way of appeal; or who seem to themselves to be without place or purpose in the world, or

[1] I have spoken at length about Ward in "L'Inquiétude Religieuse."

[2] On the relations between Manning and Newman *cf.* "L'Inquiétude Religieuse." I should like very much to see an explanation given once and for all of the difficulties between Faber and Newman.

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to be in the way of others, or who have to follow their own sense of duty without advisers or supporters, nay, to resist the wishes of relatives or superiors; or who have the burden of some painful secret, or of some incommunicable, solitary grief![1]

The heroes of his two novels, Agellius and Charles Reding, are also solitaries.

"I can't convey it to you; you won't understand me [says this latter]; but the words of the Psalm, 'I am a stranger upon earth,' describe what I always feel."[2]

The same idea is constantly recurring in his letters. In 1836 the friend of Keble, of Hurrell Froude, the young leader around whom there is grouped quite a crowd of ardent youths, writes:

Now I have not explained to you why I have said all this: for this reason, that you might not think me lonely. I am not more lonely than I have been for a long while. God intends me to be lonely; He has so framed my mind that I am in a great measure beyond the sympathies of other people and thrown upon Himself. . . . God, I trust will support me in following whither he leads.[3]

Such avowals throw light upon the emotional life of Newman, the intense realisation of his own individuality, the strange isolation to which he resigns or condemns himself, the somewhat haughty suffering of an affection which renounces the idea of finding in others a corresponding affection; finally, and, perhaps, especially, the harmless but imperious autocentrism,[4] which misleads him as to the very definition of friendship

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon ix. 124.
[2] "Loss and Gain," pt. ii. chap. xii. 196.
[3] "Letters," ii. 197.
[4] This autocentrism is Newman all over. We have an amusing proof of it—and a deliciously innocent one—in his journal: "In the afternoon service yesterday the second Psalm [for singing] was Ps. 121, Merrick's version. Now I cannot think that the organist chose it on purpose, yet chosen on purpose it must have been by some one or other. So it seems like an omen or a promise." Thereupon Mr. Abbott is annoyed: "And why not chosen by the organist, who might have applied the Psalm to himself or his children, or chosen by God for the organist?" And he tramples on the passage during a whole page, destroying, by dint of insistence, the effect of a remark that in itself is true enough (Abbott, i. 250).

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and love. Here are the facts: he complains, but of what? Of not seeing others come to him. It is his unmoving attitude of expectancy that is disappointed, not any search that he has made. He appeals, but does he, on his side, make a single advance towards this friendship of which he dreams, of which he feels the need?

He does not seem to wish for these friendships except for his own sake: "Because it was he, because it was I." He suppresses unconsciously the first term. And I do not need to be told that this heart possessed real treasures of sympathy. Newman is good, he is compassionate. Newman is a priest. He takes an interest in every trouble, in every suffering which comes to him. His letters show us that he is a spiritual director of the first order, the nearer, perhaps, to perfection that the sympathy which he manifests to those who seek his guidance is the more detached—I had almost said the more distant.

Every one of his meetings with the souls that come to him is an episode of his official life, an opportunity of fulfilling his whole duty, of extending the Kingdom of God. But this stirs only at rare intervals the depths of his inner life; even when he thus yields himself to others he remains alone.

I have spoken of his being self-centred. This word must recur on each page of a study of Newman.

In that marvellous correspondence, which would make every one who knows how to read it a psychologist, we come across a very curious letter of his, written under the influence of the very vivid impressions which Newman had felt on seeing again one of the homes of his youth. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Newman. This detail has its importance, because it shows us that the unaffected autocentrism of Newman is not laid aside even in the presence of his mother.

> As I got near the place [Alton] I many times wished I had not come. I found it so very trying. So many strong feelings, distinct from each other, were awakened. The very length of time since I was here was a serious thought, almost half my life; and I so different from what a boy, as I then was, could be: not, indeed, in my having any strong stimulus of worldly hope then which I have not now—for, strange though it may seem, never, even as a boy, had I any vision

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of success, fortune or worldly comfort, to bound my prospect of the future—but because, after fifteen years, I felt, after all, that I was hardly the same person as to all external relations, and as regards the particular tempering and colouring of my mind.

And then the number of painful events, and pleasant too, which have gone between my past and present self. And, further, the particular season at which we lived here, when I was just entered at Oxford; so that this place is, as it were, the record, as it was the scene, of my undergraduate studies and opinions. . . .

There are many little incidents stored in my memory which now waken into life. Especially I remember that first evening of my return from Oxford in 1818, after gaining the scholarship at Trinity, and my father saying, "What a happy meeting this!" Often and often such sayings of his come into my mind, and almost overpower me; for I consider he did do very much for me at a painful sacrifice to himself, and was so generous and kind. . . .

Here several sentences have been effaced by Newman. Did they contain the mention of an intimate remembrance that only his mother and himself should know? I should wish it, for his sake; I should like to think he recalled that she to whom he was writing had also shared the burdens of Alton. But the letter continues:

All these various thoughts so troubled me as I came along, and the prospect opened clearer and clearer, that I felt quite sick at heart. There was something so mysterious, too, in seeing old sights, half recollecting them and doubting. It is like seeing the ghosts of friends. Perhaps it is the impression it makes upon one of God's upholding power which is so awful; but it seemed to me so very strange that everything was in its place after so long a time. As we came near, and I saw Monkswood, the church and the hollow on the other side of the town, it was as fearful as if I was standing on the grave of some one I knew, and saw him gradually recover life and rise again. Quite a lifetime seems to divide me from the time I was here. I wished myself away from the pain of it; and then the excitement caused a reaction, and I got quite

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insensible and callous; and then again got disgusted with myself and thought I had made a great fool of myself in coming here at all, and wondered what I should do with myself now that I was here.[1]

I shall be told that no one has talked of friendship so well as he. Ah! I know it well. When the impossible happens, and I shall have forgotten all about him, I shall still have his two lines on my lips:

Blessings of friends which to my door
Unasked, unhoped, have come.[2]

Who, in reading the last paragraphs of the "Apologia" —that profession of friendship unique in literary history—who, then, has not looked with envy in the direction of that favoured house, that sweet Oratory where they loved each other so much?[3] But I know also that this man is a magician. His pen adorns, transforms everything it touches. It is like the atmosphere of Athens and of Provence at that one hour when it is nothing but pure light. In cloudy countries the setting sun creates thousands of new and dazzling shapes. You do not recognise the view that was before you a moment ago. The scenery is completely changed. With us, on the contrary, the sun's disappearance is not accompanied by any startling effects. Nothing attracts, diverts, or distracts the gaze. Only, trees, rocks, low bushy thickets are all bathed in an opalescent light which lends the meanest things softness, distinction, meaning, and beauty. So with Newman's prose. It never gives false impressions; and, in another way, it may be said that it always does so. It does not, like Ruskin's, light up earth and heaven with conflagrations; it does not vie with the thunder, as Carlyle's; it does not distort or exaggerate what it touches; it simply delineates everyday realities just as they are at the unique moment, at the fugitive instant in which—half desire of that which might be, half regret of that which is not—the vision of the poet transfigures them.

To be brief, in spite of the fine peroration of the

[1] "Letters," ii. 63–65.

[2] "Verses on Various Occasions," xiv., "A Thanksgiving." Notice, however, the two epithets, so strange and enlightening. You will not find them in La Fontaine.

[3] It is known how much G. Eliot admired this passage.

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"Apologia," I have some reason for thinking that Newman, at the Oratory, as in the common-room of Oriel, felt himself alone and, as it were, a stranger. And who has ever sung, with the same transport as he, the austere pleasure of solitude?

> Thrice bless'd are they who feel their loneliness;
> To whom nor voice of friends nor pleasant scene
> Brings aught on which the saddened heart can lean;
> Yea, the rich earth, garbed in her daintiest dress
> Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
> Claiming responsive smiles and rapture high;
> Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
> Seeking His presence Who alone can bless.[1]

If you read carefully, you will notice that the "Dream of Gerontius" continues and prolongs this idea of his youth. In the terrors of the final struggle Gerontius doubtless depends upon the prayers of the friends who surround him.

> So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

But how soon, freed from its body, this soul learnt to be detached from all earthly friendships! How quickly did it become resigned to hearing no more these loving voices which already no longer reach it!

> But thin and low,
> And fainter and more faint the accents come,
> As at an ever-widening interval.[2]

Let us enter further into this heart: we do not know it yet. Newman is affectionate, not with that tenderness of imagination of which the expression often charms us in his books but with another tenderness, I do not say intense, but real profound, and more exacting than he thought himself.

Call to mind, in one of those numerous autobiographies, an extraordinary passage that the author of "Jocelyn" might have signed:

[1] "Verses on Various Occasions," liv., "Melchisedec." These verses were written at Corfu in 1833. It is curious to compare this poem with the "Moïse" of Vigny.

[2] Mr. Hutton himself ("Modern Guides," p. 70, 71) recognised that the friends of Newman had more tender sympathy for him than he had for them: "Others were more attracted towards the mind which had its own highest attraction in the invisible world than he towards them."

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> [Charles] turned back. What thoughts came upon him! for the last time! There was no one to see him; he threw his arms round the willows so dear to him, and kissed them.[1]

Hardly was he convalescent from his memorable fever in Sicily when an access of affection was very nearly endangering his life. He had just received a letter from home.

> I pored over it, small writing, without my glasses, with great avidity, hoping to see the news of the Oriel election, but it was not there.

It concerned the election of Rogers, his bosom friend, who had offered himself as a candidate for a vacant post at Oriel. Newman continues:

> As to the Oriel election, I first saw the news of it in a *Galignani* at Palermo, and, on seeing that Rogers was elected, I kissed the paper rapturously.[2]

At the moment of leaving Sicily he does not wish to part with an old blue cloak which his nurse asked of him.

> A little thing for him to set his services at—at the same time a great thing for me to give, for I had an affection for it. It had nursed me all through my illness; had ever been put on my bed, put on me when I rose to have my bed made, &c. I had nearly lost it at Corfu—it was stolen by a soldier, but recovered. I have it still. I have brought it up here to Littlemore, and on some cold nights I have had it on my bed. I have so few things to sympathise with me that I take to cloaks.[3]

"So few things"! You hear this complaint. It is no longer the pilgrim who, for fear of losing the one thing necessary, dare not abandon himself to love; it is that of a heart, greedy of affection and always disappointed, which hardens itself against hope. Weigh well all the words of this illuminating sentence: "So few things to sympathise with me." Perhaps we shall

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. iii. chap. vi. 289.
[2] "Letters," i. 425.
[3] *Id.* i. 429. The Sicilian journey is in 1833.

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soon reach the point of making him confess a certain lack of power to love, which is, I think, the most melancholy secret of his heart; but in his colloquy with the blue cloak he betrays one of his dominant impressions—the pain of feeling that no one sympathises with him. He really has no right to complain, you will say. What of that? He does complain, and that makes us reflect.

We can understand better now why and how a man such as he can exult in the sense of solitude. Solitary by choice in the sense of being resigned to not living for others, he finds greater difficulty in accepting the idea that others should not live for him. To be exact, he could do without loving, nevertheless he wishes to be loved. He wishes it not like a hero of romance, with an ardent desire, but with that equable and unconscious force of will which obliges some natures to draw everything to themselves. To what strange pre-established harmony is it due that this involuntary egotism often makes more conquests than pure devotion or disinterested love? Few men have been more loved than Newman. Several have lived only for him; several have carried with them to their death the painful remembrance of his friendship lost. He, however, exacting, like all imaginative persons, has difficulty in persuading himself that he is really loved—"I cannot ever realise to myself that anyone loves me."[1] Would he not feel greater conviction if he himself were to yield himself, to abandon himself more? Thrice happy these charmers of souls, if they could for one moment forget themselves! That is perhaps the penalty of those who become leaders of men. They love less than they are loved, and, in consequence, they cannot realise what passes in all the good hearts which they have fascinated. To those whose affection they desire they impart, without knowing it, their own unhappiness, and, by a sad reciprocity, being unable to respond to these affections of which they are ignorant, they torment themselves by making their best friends suffer.[2]

Not that with him the powers of affection are, properly speaking, mediocre, but to those who are gifted with more imagi-

[1] "Letters," ii. 242.

[2] *Cf.* the saying of his mother, "Letters," i. 58: "Your fault is a want of self-confidence and a dissatisfaction with yourself."

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nation than tenderness their own heart seems always unhappy. In the intellectual, emotional, and inner life I am sure that, with Newman, imagination occupies the first place. It was from this faculty that he sought the definition of love, and he judged his neighbour's heart and his own by that image. This is the explanation of the fact that his affection, always wounded and deceived by the present, distrustful of the future, takes refuge, and, I was going to say, hides itself in the recollections of the past. That saying of his on the feelings he retains for Whately, at once so curious, so true and so false, comes to mind. He no longer loves him—the matter is clear; and, nevertheless, "in memory,"[1] in the past, he loves him still. He remembers that he loved him.

But why talk of those whom he has "sown" by the wayside. I fear I shall be accused of "Marivaudage," but how can I help it? Marivaux himself would lose his time and trouble over it. Be it strange conceit, paradox, or, as I think, naked truth, let us say, if you like, that the very friends whom he retains in the present Newman loves in the past. Yes, all his friends—I mean the best, the only ones whom in his heart of hearts he calls such. All his friends, even that one who blots out from the eyes of Newman the rest of the world—I mean the God of his first conversion, the Christ of the Oxford sermons, the Judge of the "Dream of Gerontius," the Christ manifested in remembrance.

It might be said even of Newman's religion, the all-in-all of his life, that his powerlessness to realise it in the present makes him resolve to throw it back, to found it upon the past. "One day, at least," he seems to say, "once—it is a very old story, but anyway I recollect it,—I most surely experienced both the love of God for me and the reality of my own love." We shall again come across this perplexing mystery. Let it suffice for the moment to recall a feature which confirms the exactness of this analysis. I allude to the "feeling for places," the fervent, scrupulous devotion with which Newman cherishes the remembrance of all the places at which he has lived.[2]

[1] "Letters," i. 141.

[2] This feeling has, perhaps, also some connection with the sympathetic exactness with which he minutely delineates the surroundings of the lives of the great men who interest him. *Cf.* in "Historical Sketches," vol. ii., the chapters on St. Chrysostom and on Theodoret.

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In order that no complication may be wanting, I remember it is said that Newman, like so many genuine Englishmen, suffers from nervous bashfulness. He is one of those who always wait till it is time to say good-bye and their friend is standing on the carriage-step in order to manifest their affection in a last look, in a very warm grip of the hand, which speaks, if I may say so, of confidences suppressed and of vain regrets. Then, only in a "fond, adoring gaze" the "yearning heart" dare show itself; but too late—the friend goes away, and perhaps meets with his death.

> And when thine eye surveys
> With fond, adoring gaze,
> And yearning heart, thy friend,
> Love to its grave doth tend.[1]

No matter, there is no one but himself can speak like this; and it can be confidently affirmed that the extravagant expressions of his friendship are never unreal words. Had we pushed our soundings farther we should find our psychology at fault: a sentence or a word from him is enough to make us jealous of those whom he calls in his letters "dearest" or "carissime." As the rich unity of his interior life resolves the antinomies that we shall soon meet with in his intellectual life, so the magic sweetness of his smile resolves the apparent contradictions of his emotional life. *Cor ad cor loquitur*, and our heart is not mistaken.

Have faith in this passage of "Loss and Gain," which fixes, by a sort of instantaneous process, the bashful ardour, the invincible seduction of that serious tenderness:

> Willis's face still glowed, and he looked as youthful and radiant as he had been two years before. There was nothing ungentle in his impetuosity; a smile, almost a laugh, was on his face, as if he was half ashamed of his own warmth; but this took nothing from its evident sincerity. He seized Bateman's two hands, before the latter knew where he was, lifted him up out of his seat, and, raising his own mouth close to his ear, said in a low voice, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all who hear me this day,

[1] "Letters," i. 273—an allusion to his adieus to Hurrell Froude.

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were both in little and in much such as I am, except these chains." [1]

And as, even when he borrows the words of a martyr, even when he tries to laugh in order to hide his emotion, he dare not express to his most intimate friends the feelings that sometimes burn his lips, you divine what Newman had to say to the willows of the Isis, and the melancholy reflections which he confided to his blue cloak.

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. ii. chap. xx. 253-4.

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CHAPTER II

THE SUSPECT

THE time has come to study an aspect of Newman's sensibility which we touched upon just now. In spite of his Roman chin, Newman is not hard, as has been often said with some appearance of truth, but he is very easily wounded, and the wound is often lasting. Extremely susceptible, he has a way of his own of passing suddenly from the liveliest friendship to an icy indifference, more cruel than paroxysms of anger. Simple divergences of view were sometimes enough to unloose muttering tempests. With intimate friends, who were not more immune than others, the ice melted sooner or later. A frank explanation dissipated the misunderstanding, and affection, painfully suppressed, sprang at once from the rock as a torrent which carries all before it.[1] But when, knowing him less, any one dared not face him, or when the offence had passed certain limits, there was danger of losing his friendship for good.

It is too well known that this irritability was never idle during the second half of Newman's life. "To be sure," wrote Church to his friend Copeland, "the world has not been grateful among our Roman brethren any more than among ourselves." And, in a postcript added to the fourth edition of the letter to the Duke of Norfolk, Newman declares that he has undergone, in the course of his Catholic life, still more trials and mortifications than when he was an Anglican.[2] In private, he who knew the value of words talked freely of "his enemies";[3] and this word hardly seems unjust when it is remembered in

[1] The remarks and images are from Rogers, his bosom friend. *Cf.* "Letters," ii. 270–271, where he describes vividly the passage from friendship to flintiness, and from this again to tenderness, to an "overpowering" tenderness. He shows how the trouble that Newman had, on these great occasions, to maintain coldness towards his friends was also "overpowering."

[2] Church, "Letters," p. 158 (Macmillan, 1895).

[3] Fletcher, "C. Newman," p. 206.

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what terms the head of the Catholic hierarchy in England denounced him to the Vatican.

The scheme that I have set before me absolves me from stirring up the sad details of this history. One thing only is of interest here. We would like to know what was the interior attitude of the great suspect in the course of an interminable trial. The bungling tenacity of his executors does not permit us to make this examination. Ever since the day that he became a Catholic Newman's correspondence has been sealed. We did not need these transparent indications to know that he must have written to his intimates all that was in his heart. But by dint of delaying the publication of these letters they have succeeded in finally convincing the public that frightful secrets of revolt, the reiterated confession of a bitter regret, were contained in them. If the letters are at length published, and the lovers of scandal meet with nothing that answers to their hopes, many will now think that a prudent manipulation has banished the compromising pages. The only thing to be done is to publish everything, and that as quickly as possible. I am perfectly convinced that, with every reader of right feeling, the result will be edifying. Let us put the worst case possible. Suppose there is an angry letter, one of those caustic sayings that people sometimes write to those to whom they can speak their mind. Candidly, what would this freak matter, compared with the admirable resignation of so many other letters, compared with the real, tangible, persevering testimony of a whole life? The searchers for scandal have nothing to expect from Newman's letters.

How do I know it? I know it, as I know that you will not find love-letters among the papers of Lacordaire. Besides, I have had the privilege of running through a very important series of these letters, which had escaped by a miracle from Father Neville's lock and key. In these letters, which have been of great assistance to me, Newman certainly says all he thinks, and with complete freedom, but I have not perceived a single sentence which might not figure in the correspondence of a saint. I renounce, then, not without regret, the study of Newman's sensibility at close quarters with the difficulties of a new order. But since, until the complete publication of the correspondence, it is not possible to enter upon the story of the

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persecution of Newman, it will not be superfluous to clip the wings of the legend.

In the first place, since people seem to forget it, let us remember that Newman belongs in no sense to the group of English Liberal Catholics. Lord Acton, one of the most prominent personages of this group, had no more sympathy for Newman than for Manning himself. Ultramontanes and Liberals, both sides, mistrusted him. These extreme parties could not even understand the new *via media* which he traced. He was challenged to choose between submission and independence—he who, in his inmost consciousness, found no difficulty whatever in remaining at once wholly and loyally subject and bravely independent. As far as he was concerned, he was unable to ally himself either with the Right or with the Left. Uneasy at the freedom of thought, at the cavalier tone, at the factious humour of the Liberals, he condemned with no less repugnance the ideas and language of the Ultramontanes. As devoted as any one to the *Cathedra sempiterna*, which he celebrated in some splendid pages; pushing his devotion to the See of Peter so far as to make barefoot, Englishman though he was, the pilgrimage of the *confession*; a convinced believer in Papal infallibility, he felt himself very sure of the completeness of his faith when he denounced in words of fire the plots of "an insolent and aggressive faction," the dangers of a doctrinal agitation in the Church, the fearful importance of all new definition. Suspected by both parties who were fighting for the victory, he was remembered, like those great citizens of antiquity, at the moment when the country was in danger. Newman alone, on the morrow of the Council, could make England, once more aroused against the Catholics, listen to reason. His magnficent letter to the Duke of Norfolk put an end to the dispute. This masterpiece of submission and of independence shows us what were always the doctrine and policy of Newman, before as after the Council.[1]

Besides, it is evident enough that even in the Ultramon-

[1] I am not speaking here of the famous letter to Mgr. Ullathorne. This letter must remain confidential. An indiscretion put it in the hands of the public, who, naturally, misunderstood it. Newman, while much regretting this indiscretion, affirms very stoutly that he has not a word to retract in this letter. It will be found reproduced in the "Collectio Lacencis." *Cf.* Fletcher, "Newman," pp. 121–153.

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tane camp the majority of those who then guided the Catholic conscience always took care not to confound Newman with those who were Liberals properly speaking. It is clear that they pursue him with a real mistrust, but it is touching to see how this sentiment almost always shades off into sympathy and respect. There will be found some interesting revelations on this subject in the recent articles in *The Month* on the relations between Newman and the Jesuits, the editors of this review. The Oratorian of Edgbaston had no more than an intellectual affection for the Jesuits. But he could count some excellent friends among the Order, and he remarks himself that in any case he had much to be pleased with in the attitude of the Fathers. He delights to mark the difference between the English Jesuits and their fellows of the *Civiltà*, of which the articles exasperated him. He even said that he was happy to accept, on trust, the current report according to which the editors of the celebrated review were embroiled with the superiors of their Order. Here is a little note, very English, which will give an idea of this correspondence. Father Coleridge, then editor-in-chief of *The Month*, and one of Newman's best friends, had confided to him the anxieties which his review caused him. Newman answers:

> I do not know that I altogether and unconditionally sympathise with the misfortunes of those who are nearest and dearest to you, but I can, and ever do, think of you with great tenderness and sympathy in your own person and your own work. You, as a loyal soldier of a great chief, will not thank me for thus speaking, but you must take me for what I am.[1]

Another capricious form taken by the legend makes out that the persecution which he had to suffer completely paralysed Newman's activities. I have already done justice to this lofty flight of fancy, and have shown in few words how untrue it is to history. It is worse; it disfigures the true likeness of Newman. Equally ready for the labours of a man of action or for the fruitful meditations of solitude, he did not retire into his tent until he was forced to it by circumstances stronger than his will, and even then he did not waste his energies in feminine complaints. He feels, even to exaggeration,

[1] "*The Month* and J. H. Newman"—*The Month*, April 1903.

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each new wound; he complains, but does not abandon his purpose. Too sensitive to be an accomplished administrator, he had at least the taste for large undertakings, and rare faculties for organisation.[1] He founded the school at Edgbaston on a new plan—a *via media*, again, between Stonyhurst and the public schools. He does not lay down his arms either in the face of war in the open or in the presence of that low-muttering, anonymous, skulking opposition with which he had sometimes to reckon. It cost him prodigies of endurance not to abandon sooner what he calls his "campaign in Ireland." Charged, as the first Rector, with setting on foot, enlisting confidence in, and ruling the Catholic University of Dublin, he was very nearly suceeeding in this almost chimerical enterprise. Good-humoured and confident, at least in appearance, persevering and zealous, it is a pleasure to see him at his work. He employs by turns, and without relaxing his efforts, every means of promoting the scheme—Press campaigns and personal visits to obtain support, sympathy, and the necesssary funds. He very soon felt that the ground was shaky, and that several even of those who had summoned him to the work did not see him take it up without a vague disquiet. Far from appearing wounded, he multiplies the tokens of his consideration. He addresses to the episcopal patrons minutely detailed reports. In the choice of professors he shows a constant anxiety not to wound in any respect the susceptibilities of a people who, besides, perhaps still had, in the middle of the last century, some reasons for "fearing the Greeks and their presents." He flatters, he disarms, he captivates Ireland. Meanwhile he returns continually to his Oratory at Birmingham. There again it was necessary to commence everything *de novo;* there again, as one day we shall know well, he encountered obstacles and disappointments of more than one sort. Nothing stops him. This man of fifty years, who is represented to us as buried alive in his cell, with his folios and his violin, still preserves, less feverish

[1] I am certain that he, marvellous psychologist as he was, had no knowledge of men. He says himself, "I am a bad hand at characters," and I think he was right. Let it be remembered that he thought some time of taking Manning for coadjutor in the foundation of the Catholic University. He offered to take him as Vice-Rector! It was Manning who refused. *Cf.* "My Campaign in Ireland," pp. xxiii, xxiv. He wished also to entrust a chair to Ward, to be chosen by him (*id.* xxv).

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but equally productive, the zeal which he displayed in the best days of the Tractarian movement, as little like the tearful dreamer, the feeble little old woman of the legend, as is possible.[1]

But it was decreed that a Catholic Oxford should not arise at Dublin, and that the first Catholic college grafted on the one and only Oxford should not bear the name of Newman.[2] He, in his youth, fearing to see the movement which he had started become fossilised in the forms of an official organisation, was fond of repeating that it is only individuals who do great things. He spoke for himself, as he always did. He was, in fact, not one of those who identify themselves with the work that they establish to such an extent as to lose themselves in it, and to blend, so to speak, its immortality with their own. Undoubtedly the congregation of the Oratory which Newman planted in England remains to this day a very active centre of religious life. Yet a something, very difficult to define, invites the historian, I do not say to separate, but to distinguish very clearly between this great work and him who first gave it a start. To one, whose chief concern is Newman, the Edgbaston Oratory is interesting much less as a creation of his activity than as the setting of the second half of his life. Perhaps we dimly feel that no external work, however important, really absorbs a thought which is so easily detached from all created things.

Many comments have been made upon the numerous disappointments which crossed the projects and hopes of Newman. But they who have made them seem to forget a feature of his character which gave him the power to undergo, on the whole, almost with impunity, trials which would have been enough to discourage for good and all natures less elastic and less vigorous. Often irritated, sometimes embittered, Newman

[1] After the death of Newman Father Neville published the first part of a volume devoted to the history of this foundation at Dublin, "My Campaign in Ireland." There are to be found in this book a crowd of documents which bear witness to the versatile activity of the Rector. The very thorny introduction is full of important indications. This book has not been put on the market. Father Neville distributed it among certain friends. Whoever should wish to write a chapter or a volume on Newman as a promoter of education would have, I think, no difficulty, especially at the present time, in procuring this book.

[2] Founded by the English Jesuits, and admitted to share, within certain limits, in the University life, this house bears the name of the Father who is now at the head of it.

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recovered himself, on the whole, very quickly. In 1839 he wrote thus :

> Poor Rose, or happy, that he is taken off just as the battle begins ! You seem somewhat discouraged, but, depend on it, Apostolicity is nothing till it is tried, and less than nothing if it cannot bear a puff. I do not know how I should feel were I in the world, but here I cannot realise things enough either to hope or fear. It sometimes comes on me as an alarming thing, almost a sin, that I doubt whether I should grieve though all that had been done melted away like an ice-palace. I do not mean, of course, that I should not grieve in the case of individuals I knew, or should not be annoyed about opponents, whom I knew, triumphing ; but I speak of the whole as *a work*. I wish I lived as much in the unseen world as I think I do not live in this. The fear is lest one lives in a world between the two, a selfish heart.[1]

What injustice he does himself, and yet how well he knows himself ! Do we not see here the very man, so quickly detached from all things, who exclaimed to himself, amid the delights of his journey in Greece :

> Does it not seem a strange paradox to say that, though I am so much pleased, I am not interested ? That is, I don't think I should care—rather I should be very glad—to find myself suddenly transported to my rooms at Oriel, with my oak sported, and I lying at full length on my sofa.

And he continues his pitiless dissection :

> After all, every kind of exertion is to me an effort : whether or not my mind has been strained and wearied with the necessity of constant activity, I know not ; or whether, having had many disappointments, and suffered much from the rudeness and slights of persons I have been cast with, I shrink involuntarily from the contact of the world, and whether or not natural disposition assists this feeling, and a perception almost morbid of my deficiencies and absurdities —anyhow, neither the kindest attentions nor the most sub-

[1] "Letters," ii. 279.

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lime sights have over me influence enough to draw me out of the way, and, deliberately as I have set about my present wanderings, yet I heartily wish they were over, and I only endure the sights, and had much rather *have* seen them than *see* them, though the while I am extremely astonished and almost enchanted at them.[1]

His analysis, wonderfully exact, sins only by omission. He forgets for a moment that experience of his early youth which, by confining his universe to two beings, his Creator and himself, made for ever that void at the very bottom of his heart. Both nature and grace had early fashioned him to carry lightly the disappointments with which his life was to be filled. Let us, then, not waste time in cursing Newman's "enemies," and let us be careful not to make too mournful or prolonged an echo to his own complaints. No one can take away from him "his Creator," and it would need a greater than Manning to prevent Newman from remaining himself.

[1] "Letters," i. 321.

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CHAPTER III

THE CONTROVERSIALIST

THE study of Newman's sensibility would not be complete if I did not say at least some words about the fine fits of passion which enliven, sustain, and sometimes lead astray his controversial works. Legend, shaping the image of this great man according to the prompting of its own desires, has left in the shade this characteristic feature. It sees in Newman only the pacific and conciliatory defender of the Faith, respecting above all the liberty of souls, and who would look upon it as a crime to quench the smoking flax. After all, legend is right. If he never was, at any moment of his life, the dupe of what he thought the Liberal illusion, if the modern conception of tolerance never inspired in him anything but a holy horror, the true Newman is not a fanatic. Himself under suspicion during many years, he learnt at his own expense what bitter suffering precipitate anathemas can cause to men of goodwill. He followed with a great number of distressed believers the disastrous effects of religious polemics. He understood that the best way of leading men to a conquest of the whole truth was to disentangle, to respect, to encourage, to guide in short, that spirit of truth which the worst errors never choke in a sincere heart. It can be said, then, with one of the most eminent experts of the England of to-day, that Newman went against his true nature when he abandoned himself to the one-sided eagerness of controversy. "Many," wrote Hort, "of his sayings and doings I cannot but condemn most strongly. But they are not Newman."[1]

[1] "Life and Letters of F. J. A. Hort," i. 231 (Macmillan). The value of this admirable man is not sufficiently known amongst us. Yet there are several who consider—and it seems to me they are right—that in the famous trio, Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, it is the last who must be put in the first rank. These two volumes of letters make one of the best books I know.

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There are, then, several pages of Newman that the most devoted admiration would banish from his work.[1] The same writer remarks :

> He seemed to revel in religious warfare, and as a combatant he was bitter and scornful beyond all measure. . . . But the temptation to use his remarkable controversial powers unscrupulously must have been too strong for him ; and so towards opponents, or those whom he chose to consider such, it is sadly uncommon to find him showing gentleness, or forbearance, or even common fairness. It was so both at Oxford and in his early Roman Catholic days. Then came the collision with Kingsley—a tragic and shameful business. Kingsley was much to blame for his recklessly exaggerated epigram, though it had but too sad a foundation of truth. Newman's reply, however, was sickening to read, from the cruelty and insolence with which he trampled on his assailant. Kingsley's rejoinder was bad enough, but not so horribly un-Christian.[2]

These lines are those of an Anglican, wounded in his inmost feelings by the pitiless sarcasms which Newman lavished upon Anglicanism. Nevertheless, an impartial critic will not hesitate to recognise that, on the whole, these remarks are just. Full of nerves and irritability, not entirely master of his first impulses, impatient of all contradiction, Newman, in the early vigour of his Tractarian works and in the new-born zeal of a convert, is too often unjust and without pity for his adversary. Evidently he takes a singular pleasure in the battle ; terrible in the heat of his disdainful irony, still more terrible, perhaps, when, with timid hand, he seems to hesitate to deliver the blows. The lectures on " The Prophetical Office of the Church," directed equally against Rome and against extreme Protestantism, furnish us with a finished model of this second manner. I do not remember to have ever read anything more suavely treacherous, more specious, or, at bottom, more violent, against us.

To enable the reader to judge, I cull this specimen from the third lecture :

[1] Hort said, in the same place, " Him I all but worship."
[2] Hort, *id.* ii. 424.

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> We must take and deal with things as they are, not as they pretend to be. If we are induced to believe the professions of Rome, and make advances towards her as if a sister or a mother Church, which in theory she is, we shall find too late that we are in the arms of a pitiless and unnatural relative, who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach. No; dismissing the dreams which the romance of early Church history and the high theory of Catholicism will raise in the guileless and inexperienced mind, let us be sure that she is our enemy, and will do us a mischief when she can. In saying and acting on this conviction, we need not depart from Christian charity towards her. We must deal with her as we would towards a friend who is visited by derangement; in great affliction, with all affectionate, tender thoughts, with tearful regret and a broken heart, but still with a steady eye and a firm hand. For, in truth, she is a Church beside herself, abounding in noble gifts and rightful titles, but unable to use them religiously; crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are. Or, rather, she may be said to resemble a demoniac; possessed with principles, thoughts, and tendencies not her own, in outward form and in outward powers what God made her, but ruled within by an inexorable spirit, who is sovereign in his management over her, and most subtle and successful in the use of her gifts. Thus she is her real self only in name, and, till God vouchsafe to restore her, we must treat her as if she were that evil one which governs her.[1]

Long after, he reproached the author of the "Eirenicon" for using a catapult in offering Catholics the olive-branch of peace. Here, likewise, the "tearful regret" and the "broken heart" take away nothing from the force of the club-like blow. One would prefer less tears and more moderation in the attack. But the fact is that Newman is provoked to hear it whispered all round him that he is playing the game of the Roman Babylon, and, in spite of himself, he forces the note. Besides, we are only at the beginning. The rest of the discourse tramples light-heartedly on the victim who had been knocked down already by this first blow. Notice with what subtle facility, mixing

[1] "Prophetical Office," lecture iii. 100–101.

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the true and the false, he steals (*sit venia verbo*) a conclusion which goes far beyond his plain premisses. He mislikes the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church. After having shown, as his first point, that Rome, in claiming for herself infallibility, suppresses the idea even of mystery, he passes on to the moral consequences of this dogma :

> One more remark shall be made, though, as it is often urged in controversy, a few words on the subject will suffice. Romanism, by its pretence of infallibility, lowers the standard and quality of Gospel obedience as well as impairs its mysterious and sacred character ; and this in various ways. When religion is reduced in all its parts to a system, there is hazard of something earthly being made the chief object of our contemplation instead of our Maker. Now, Romanism classifies our duties and their rewards, the things to believe, the things to do, the modes of pleasing God, the penalties and the remedies of sin, with such exactness, that an individual knows (so to speak) just where he is upon his journey heavenward, how far he has got, how much he has to pass, and his duties become a matter of calculation. It provides us with a sort of graduated scale of devotion and obedience, and engrosses our thoughts with the details of a mere system, to a comparative forgetfulness of its professed Author. But it is evident that the purest religious services are those which are done, not by constraint, but voluntarily, as a free offering to Almighty God. There are certain duties which are indispensable in all Christians, but their limits are undefined, to try our faith and love. For instance, what portion of our worldly substance we should devote to charitable uses, or in what way we are to fast, or how we are to dress, or whether we should remain single, or what revenge we should take upon our sins, or what amusements are allowable, or how far we may go into society ; these and similar questions are left open by Inspiration. Some of them are determined by the Church, and suitably, with a view to public decency and order, or by way of recommendation and sanction to her members. A command from authority is to a certain point a protection to our modesty, though beyond this it would act as a burden. . . . But in most

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matters of the kind, certainly when questions of *degree* are concerned, the best rule seems to be to leave individuals free, lest what otherwise would be a spontaneous service in the more zealous, should become a compulsory enactment upon all. This is the true Christian liberty, not the prerogative of obeying God, or not, as we please, but the opportunity of obeying Him more strictly without formal commandment. In this way, too, the delicacy and generous simplicity of our obedience is consulted, as well as our love put to trial. Christ loves an open-hearted service, done without our contemplating or measuring what we do, from the fulness of affection and reverence, while the mind is fixed on its great Object without thought of itself. Now express commands lead us to reflect upon and estimate our advances towards perfection, whereas true faith will mainly contemplate its deficiencies, not its poor attainments, whatever they be. It does not like to realise to itself what it does; it throws off the thought of it; it is carried on and reaches forward towards perfection, not counting the steps it has ascended, but keeping the end steadily in its eye, knowing only that it is advancing, and glorying in each sacrifice or service which it is allowed to offer, as it occurs, not remembering it afterwards. But in Romanism there would seem to be little room for this unconscious devotion. Each deed has its price, every quarter of the land of promise is laid down and described. Roads are carefully marked out, and such as would attain to perfection are constrained to move in certain lines, as if there were a science of gaining Heaven. Thus the saints are cut off from the Christian multitude by certain fixed duties, not rising out of it by the continuous growth and flowing forth of services which, in their substance, pertain to all men. And Christian holiness, in consequence, loses its freshness, vigour, and comeliness, being frozen (as it were) into certain attitudes, which are not graceful except when unstudied.

Frequent qualifications, such as "almost," and "so to speak," show that the orator has, by flashes, a consciousness of his injustice. In 1837 he had already known this too long to express himself in this fashion without imperceptible remorse.

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But his own affirmations reassure him, and he concludes boldly that the dogma of infallibility no longer runs the risk of fostering, but does foster, "a formal or carnal view of Christian obedience."[1]

The lecture which follows is no less astonishing. There is always the same apparent moderation, which restrains its invectives only that they may carry further. He wishes to show that we hold cheap the witness of the Fathers and that we should be very glad to throw antiquity overboard.

> Of course, I speak only of hardened controversialists, not of Romanists in general, among whom, I doubt not, are many whose names are written in Heaven, minds as high, as pure, as reverential as any of those old Fathers, whose writings are in question; loyally attached to them, jealous of their honour, in that same noble English spirit, as it may be called, which we have already seen exemplified in Bishop Bull. I am but speaking of the Papist as found on the stage of life, and amid the excitement of controversy, stripped of those better parts of his system, which are our inheritance as well as his; and so contemplating him, surely I may assert without breach of charity, that he would, under circumstances, destroy the Fathers' writings, as he actually does disparage their authority.[2]

In the same spirit, a few pages higher, he denounces with blazing indignation the "crime," the "parricide" of Petau, guilty of having maintained that the antenicene Fathers had erred in respect to the doctrine of the Trinity.[3]

In those days of hesitation and of fever he did not show himself either more conciliatory or more fair towards his brother Anglicans. Of Thomas Arnold, of Maurice, he seems to have seen only the errors. I feel sure that in his famous controversy with Hampden he read the writings of his opponent very quickly, or else that he read them with the unconscious prepossession of finding them in error. I am not defending Hampden's orthodoxy; I only say that Newman's trenchant pamphlet betrays an evident prejudice. It belongs to party

[1] "Prophetical Office," lecture iii. 121–125.
[2] *Id.* lecture iv. 131.
[3] *Id.* lecture ii. 73–79.

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polemics, and we cannot flatter ourselves that we have the thought of the true Newman on this capital question.

This same impetuosity breaks out in a perhaps still more unfortunate manner in his admirable novel "Loss and Gain." People must be very prejudiced who are able to read this book without a feeling of painful surprise, and I am sorry for those admirers of Newman who are not grieved to see him so far forget himself. Often, in reading this book, one feels inclined to repeat with Lanoue, "It is our wars for religion which have made us forget what religion is."[1] As a Catholic he certainly had the right to show the inconsistencies of Anglicanism, but I shall never be persuaded that he was obeying the Spirit of God when he allowed himself to ridicule the religion of his mother, of Keble, of Pusey, and of so many beautiful souls. "It is very painful," writes Hort of "Loss and Gain," "in the early part, from the sneers at the Prayer-book, &c."[2] I add that the series of caricatures which so uselessly retard the unravelling of the plot are not one whit more pleasing. That irony, always out of place, seems to me twice as displeasing from the pen of a convert. And what poor irony sometimes! Charles, on the eve of his reception, a prey to that anguish which Newman could describe so fully, is just about to choose some books in a shop. The door opens. He turns his head:

> It was a young clergyman, with a very pretty girl on his arm, whom her dress pronounced to be a bride. Love was in their eyes, joy in their voice, and affluence in their gait and bearing. Charles had a faintish feeling come over him, somewhat such as might beset a man on hearing a call for pork chops when he was sea-sick. He retreated behind a pile of ledgers and other stationery, but they could not save him from the low thrilling tones which from time to time passed from one to the other.[3]

Did he really write this, and would he, who lived among the dead, have had the courage to read these lines to the

[1] *Cf.* Baudrillart, "Bodin et son Temps," p. 103.

[2] "Life and Letters of F. J. A. Hort," i. 105. [There do not seem to be any "sneers at the Prayer-book," as such, in "Loss and Gain."—TRANSLATOR.]

[3] "Loss and Gain," pt. iii. chap. ii. 270.

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charming phantoms of his young sister Mary and of the wife of Pusey?[1]

There came a day when Newman, at length quite himself, repulsed with warm eloquence the irreconcilables of Catholic controversy.

> What I felt deeply, and ever shall feel, while life lasts, is the violence and cruelty of journals and other publications, which, taking, as they professed to do, the Catholic side, employed themselves by their rash language (though, of course, they did not mean it so) in unsettling the weak in faith, throwing back inquirers, and shocking the Protestant mind. Nor do I speak of publications only; a feeling was too prevalent in many places that no one could be true to God and His Church who had any pity on troubled souls, or any scruple of "scandalising those little ones who believe in" Christ, and of "despising and destroying him for whom He died."[2]

He returns to the subject a little further on:

> Still the fact remains, that there has been of late years a fierce and intolerant temper abroad, which scorns and virtually tramples on the little ones of Christ.[3]

He was no longer, and, at the bottom of his heart, he had never been, one of those who speak and act "as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds."[4]

After the "Apologia," I do not think there will be found a single page of his which confirms Hort's severe criticism. His exquisite irony became more tender, and he no longer approaches souls except to gently win their secrets and to yield his own to them. To all he seems to say what Gerontius said to the guardian angel:

> I would have nothing but to speak with thee
> For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
> Conscious communion.

This last phrase ought to serve as a motto for all Christian

[1] *Cf.* "L'Inquiétude Religieuse

[2] Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, reprinted in "Certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans," ii. 300.

[3] "Certain Difficulties," ii. 339

[4] *Id.* ii. 176.

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controversy. Is it not a repetition of the words which Newman had engraved above his cardinal's coat-of-arms—*Cor ad cor loquitur*? I am unable to give long examples of this cordial style of controversy. It must suffice to detach the conclusion of the answer of Newman to Pusey's "Eirenicon." That excellent man, in his invitation to Catholics to discuss proposals for peace, had spoken with an irritating want of tact about the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. After having discussed each of his allegations, Newman concludes his answer with these gentle and firm words:

> And now, after having said so much as this, bear with me, my dear friend, if I end with an expostulation. Have you not been touching us on a very tender point in a very rude way? Is it not the effect of what you have said to expose her to scorn and obloquy, who is dearer to us than any other creature? Have you even hinted that our love for her is anything else than an abuse? Have you thrown her one kind word yourself all through your book? I trust so, but I have not lighted upon one. And yet I know you love her well. Can you wonder, then—can I complain much, much as I grieve—that men should utterly misconceive of you, and are blind to the fact that you have put the whole argument between you and us on a new footing? . . . They have not done you justice here; because in truth, the honour of our Lady is dearer to them than the conversion of England.[1]

And there you have the elements of an incomparable swayer of hearts. If I have brought to light some of the characteristic traits of Newman's feeling, there will be less trouble, I do not say to define, but to explain, the extraordinary attraction which he exercised over the majority of those who came near him. He is at once so near and so far from us. So near, as has just been seen. There is nothing heroic in his affection, nothing which surpasses the proportions of everyday humanity. When, with that piercing insight, of which so few men are capable, he makes the inspection of his whole heart, he inspects ours as well, and, like another, handing over his own secret to us, he tells us the secret of the whole world. Like Fénelon, he is one

[1] "Certain Difficulties," ii. 115, 116.

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of those men to whom we can tell everything, because we feel that no revelation will surprise him. Besides, how are we to doubt the infinite forbearance of a Christian, of a priest, who we know despises himself? Does it not seem also that a man who refuses to impose upon us is really always imposing upon us? We are always so quick to conceal our own wretchedness with some cloak that we come to regard him, who makes the simple avowal that he is a man, as no ordinary mortal. We place him against his will on the pedestal from which he persists in descending. If he lets us see him to be such as we are, it is because he is greater than we. On the other hand, it can also be said, without too much refining, that a Newman less distant, less detached, of a more simple and lively affection, would have less hold upon us. Sufficiently affectionate to desire to have our heart, he is not sufficiently so to place himself at our mercy. He yields and shields himself at the same time. He attracts us and avoids us. Is not the same law always observable in the humblest as in the most exalted forms of love? And might it not be said that, for a heart truly to attract us, it is necessary that it should hardly find any difficulty in living without us? A saint absolutely detached from every creature provokes my wonder rather than my love. I admire him, I venerate him, I invoke him. He is already no longer of this world. "When he opens his arms," I "fall at his feet." On the contrary, a heart, which I feel is too like mine, deserves only love. Newman (he sometimes recognised it himself) has a foot in both worlds. Solitude is grievous to him, and yet I know that he can live alone. The most simple of men, and one with the least affectation of solemnity, he humbles himself, without knowing it, when he comes to me, and this condescension, which he never makes me feel, gives to the slightest tokens of his affection an infinite price. He thirsts for love, and yet the better part of his life is passed in a desert where he meets only with God. Like Fénelon, like Lacordaire (I choose on purpose enchanters who are quite unlike each other), Newman is altogether both my brother and my hero.[1]

[1] He tried to define this charm in speaking of St. Chrysostom. It would not be very difficult to show that the "discriminating affectionateness," which, for him, explains the indescribable attraction of St. Chrysostom, bears a very close resemblance to the description which I have just outlined. *Cf.* "Historical Sketches," ii. 284–289.

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PART II

INTELLECTUAL LIFE

CHAPTER I

THE POET[1]

I CRAVE the reader's kind indulgence for the slowness of the plan which I invite him to follow with me. To make a frontal, direct, and sudden attack upon the religious philosophy of Newman seems to me a mistaken method. That mind, albeit vigorous, firm, and virile, is often elusive with a feminine pliancy. It is neither artifice nor trifling, but only the evasive, indefinable complexity, the apparent contradictions, the never-ceasing surprises of reality and life. To study him book by book would be but another way to miss the mark and deepen the mystery. I prefer to multiply and push forward my entrenchments, study my objective from different points of view, listen patiently to the hostile critics who make Newman out to be a sophist and a kind of seducer, and to observe him himself in his different works. Insensibly we shall see the grand outlines of his religious doctrine beginning to limn themselves, becoming distinct not in one or two systematic works, but in his writings as a whole. But, when we have finished, we shall very soon have to repeat that we have not grasped him yet, and that, as long as we do not know his inner life, we know nothing of the intellectual life of Newman.

One of the greatest and most remarkable proofs of the force exerted by imaginations, the one over the other, is

[1] Or, as M. E. Dimnet said, "The Seer." *Cf.* "La Pensée Catholique dans l'Angleterre Contemporaine."

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the power possessed by certain authors to persuade without any reasons. For instance, the word-play of Tertullian, of Seneca, of Montaigne, and of some others, has so much charm and brilliancy that it dazzles the mind of most people, though it may be but a feeble representation and, as it were, the shadow of the imagination of those authors. Their words, all dead as they are, have more vigour than the reason of some people. They enter, they penetrate, they dominate the mind in so imperious a manner that they make themselves obeyed without speech, and that men perform their behests without knowing it. We have the will-to-believe, but know not what to believe; for when we would know precisely what we do believe, or what we wish to believe, and draw near, so to speak, to these phantoms so as to recognise them, they often vanish in smoke with all their bravery and brilliancy.[1]

"Tertullian, Seneca, Montaigne, ... some others." It is a question, seemingly, of knowing whether posterity will add the name of Newman to the names of these masters of error. According to several critics, who are severe but cannot be despised, in Newman's case imagination often "does duty for reason."[2] He always brings himself to believe what he wishes; he neglects, ignores, suppresses every difficulty which troubles his faith. Far from controlling his dreams, his intelligence seconds them, transforming them insensibly into proofs and doctrines. A sophist twice over, or, rather, sophist and orator, his style, all clearness and candour, adds to the seduction; so much so, that, in short, Malebranche would not have been able to choose a better example of "the contagious communication of strong imaginations"; that is to say, "of the power which certain minds exert over others to involve them in their errors."[3]

Taine would have seen, I think, in this "strong imagination" Newman's master quality. Strong, confined, profound, and resisting new impressions, rather than vast, easily moved, or curious, the imagination is the only one of his faculties which,

[1] Malebranche, "Recherche," livre ii., iii^e. partie, chap. iii.
[2] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 61.
[3] Malebranche, *id.* chap. i.

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if it be compared with others, seems to a certain extent lacking in pliancy. With him the powers of feeling and comprehension, active, restless, undulating, are ever in motion and in the process of adapting themselves with surprising flexibility to delicate shades of meaning; and it is for this reason that we have so much trouble to comprehend him. But this rich activity radiates round a nucleus of images, on the whole very limited.

Certain images, distinct and well defined, always the same, yet living and continually revived, feed his emotional and quicken his intellectual life: a handful of recollections of childhood; the clear vision of God present in the conscience; the idea of the Church of the Fathers; Oxford, or, rather, his own particular conception of Oxford, through which pass the shade of Plato and of the founder of the Oratory; the kingdom of Christ upon earth, the angels, the saints, and "the satisfied egoists"; the spectacle of the soul at the solemn moment when it quits the earth; splendid commonplaces which a persistent and passionate contemplation transforms into arresting realities. This powerful faculty does not open itself to all the phantoms which seek a share of its attention, but, when once it has let an image enter, does not wish to part with it again.[1]

The imagination of this poet, of this great poet, is not like a lake with changing waves; it resembles the Roman mortar, which is as wax in the hands of those who use it, and soon, when the wall has been built, is harder than stone.[2]

The problem before us, then, is to know what is, in Newman's intellectual life, the true place of this imagination and the exact part which it plays. Is it, as has been insinuated, the sovereign and mistress, or must we see in it but the submissive handmaid, of reason? We cannot give an answer until we have observed the habits of this mind. Let it be well understood that I am not here concerned with Newman's objective teaching, but, whatever that teaching may be, with

[1] He tells us himself that up to the age of forty-two years his imagination was "sullied" by the Protestant hallucination which sees in Rome the capital of Antichrist.

[2] I summarise the comparison of Mr. Abbott, i. 19, 20.

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his method and accustomed procedure. If all thinkers do not take the trouble to write their *discours sur la méthode*, all at least, either unconsciously or in obedience to a studied discipline, follow a method, which, in a certain sense, is peculiar to themselves, and in which the greater part of their originality frequently consists. Is Newman's method sound, exact, productive, or must we say that "the strength and consistency of his imagination . . . constitute the strength and consistency of *his* errors"—that it is "the seal which ratifies all *his* prejudices and all *his* false opinions, and protects them from the force of reason"?[1] Mr. Abbott pronounces unhesitatingly for this second alternative. It is time to introduce this personage.

He is a survivor of the age of Titans, who waged war by hurling mountains. In truth, the first boulder that he threw at Newman, the Philomythus, directed against the "Essay on Miracles," did not exceed the ordinary weight. This was only to gain the necessary impetus. Two years after the death of his enemy, in 1893, he suddenly produced and flung at him two huge octavo volumes—"The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman,"[2] the heaviest, most finical, most merciless, and most irritating of cases for the prosecution. But it would be a great mistake to see in it nothing but that terrible thing, a bulky volume. This "rude stone monument" is a masterpiece in its way. It stands by its own weight. The cement of frenzied rage does not always hold, but the master mason has chosen good stones. Scrape away the cement, change the place of some of the materials, the work will remain.

"Hullo! What's this!" says the author, to paraphrase the words of his preface. "Here is a man whose very name seems to be a challenge to Anglicans. On all sides, and even amongst ourselves, men praise highly the good faith, the sincerity, the critical value, in a word the perfection, of Newman's works. If he deserves so much praise, and as

[1] Malebranche, *l.c.* ii^e. partie, chap. i. Really it is a pity that Dr. Abbott, before taking up his pen, did not think of re-reading Malebranche. He would have seen that his book was already written several centuries back, and he would, perhaps, have found a useful subject of personal examination in the chapters on the *préoccupation des commentateurs* and on the errors of *personnes d'étude*.

[2] Published by Macmillan.

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on the other hand we know whither these eminent qualities have led him, we ought all to be converted as he was." That is not such very bad reasoning. If we do not wish to follow Newman, we must put him in the wrong, administer pin-pricks to his good passages, and lay our finger on the fundamental sophism which vitiates all his work. Put Newman in the wrong! A grand idea! You can count on me, Edwin A. Abbott. I know the secret of this beguiler.

He flatters himself, but not wholly. As long as only details are in question his critical method seems to me perfect in its rigour—I had almost said in its subtlety. As philologist and historian, Dr. Abbott has written several works of recognised merit. To cite only one, his inquiry into the miracles of St. Thomas of Canterbury is a marvel of penetration, of good sense, and of fidelity to truth. He treats Newman like an old title-deed. He weighs each thought, each word, in accurate scales. His minute and patient analysis gnaws scientifically at this important work. By the time he has finished, the books and life of Newman resemble a very old printed volume ravaged by generations of insects. Whether important or not, all the inconsequences are brought out, all the inexactitudes tracked down, all the anecdotes are made the most of, exhausted until there is nothing more to get out of them. One after the other, every sentence of Newman, his letters especially, his letters of which he desired and superintended the publication, are brought in as witnesses against him. Even for an indifferent spectator it must be a grevious spectacle to see this fine oak which death so basely torments. We ask ourselves what would become of the purest geniuses if they were submitted to a like torture. But the impassible white ant continues his work of ruin. Impassible?—no, the author frankly avows, parades his joy. And yet, he adds, the fanatical admirers of the pseudo-great man will have no right to accuse him of injustice. Impartial?—no, but "tolerably just."[1] Facts, nothing but facts, and drawn from the best sources. I am prejudiced without doubt. Of a surety, it is not enthusiasm for my object that has made me take up the pen. But, once at the task, I pay attention

[1] Abbott, i. ix.

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to no feelings save that of an intense curiosity. I ply honestly my trade of critic. With rigour and exactness I interpret the documents.

As a matter of fact, his good faith is beyond question, his impartiality as a critic stands every test. "Tolerably just," we have no right to accuse him of injustice; and as, moreover, he has not convinced us, we will try to show in detail how his analyses, for the most part exact, yet lead him astray when he seeks to generalise upon them, when he sets himself to limn upon this dust the image of the true Newman. Mr. Abbott criticises as one whole the Christian and the thinker. He reproaches the spiritual doctrine of the Christian with ignoring the law of love, with extinguishing hope, with reducing the whole of Christianity to the fear of hell.

We shall examine this first head of accusation in the chapter specially devoted to the inner life of Newman. We are only concerned for the moment with his intellectual life, summing up the remarks of Dr. Abbott and checking them by our personal observations.

Huxley guaranteed that he would extract from the books of the Cardinal a little manual of scepticism.[1] Now to write such a book it would not be necessary to condense the anti-intellectualist theses of the author of the "Grammar of Assent";[2] it would suffice to analyse and make evident the tricks—the word is just—of his illusive intelligence. If we could follow the activity of this mind as we follow the work of a hee-hive, and if, having had this experience, and forgetting that Newman is anything at all except a pure reasoner, we undertook to imitate point by point that intellectual method, we should come to doubt everything.

"I am not a metaphysician,"[3] he says himself, with

[1] Hutton himself says, "I admit that this might be accomplished" (p. 59).

[2] I have tried to do this in the "Psychologie de la Foi." Be it remembered, once for all, that Newman affirms, without a shadow of hesitation, that man is made for the truth, for certitude. But, according to him, the faculty which has the truth as its immediate object is not the pure reason, but the noetic faculty—in other words, the moral sense. *Cf.* "Stray Essays," p. 97.

[3] "My turn of mind has never led me towards metaphysics; rather it has been logical, ethical, practical" ("Stray Essays," p. 97).

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evident complacency, and he notes an analogous quality or defect in the patron of his choice, St. Philip Neri. "Anything exact and systematic was not to his taste."[1] To this low estimation of pure intelligence he constantly returns.[2] He regards it as a playful exercise, and he treats it as such. When it pleases him, he lets it bound at liberty. With its agility, grace, and suppleness, with its paw now fondling and now deadly, it then resembles a young wild beast.

> The intellectual power through words and things
> Went sounding on a dim and perilous way.[3]

Above all the paw! It is a supreme delight to watch this faculty spring upon its prey, seize the living principle of a question while tearing to pieces the wrappings of conventionality and verbiage in which so many other minds stick fast for ever. The terrible man, how well he knows, when he wishes it, the way to face the truth!

> We are apt to talk about our bodies as if we knew how or what they really were. . . . Again, we are apt to speak of soul and body as if we could distinguish between them and knew much about them; but, for the most part, we use words without meaning.[4]

> 'Friend, how camest thou in hither?' You may suppose he might have answered, 'I was forced in'; but our Saviour says, 'And he was speechless,' and pronounces his everlasting punishment. Surely there is something very awful and startling in the doctrine thus contained in the parable?[5]

See, again, how he speaks of the man who hides the talent —"a sort of uncontrollable destiny is represented as encompassing him."[6]

We as little choose our religion as we choose to be

[1] "Idea of a University," pp. 235, 236.

[2] I have given several proofs in "La Psychologie de la Foi." I remember, in addition to the "University Sermons" and the "Grammar," the "Parochial Sermons," i. sermons 16, 17; ii. 2, 16, 29, 30; iv. 19; v. 8; vi. 18, 23; viii. 18.

[3] Hutton (p. 6) applies to him these lines of Wordsworth.

[4] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon xxi. p. 273.

[5] *Id.* iv. sermon iv. p. 52.

[6] *Id.* iv. sermon iv. p. 53.

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born. . . . I can fancy a person saying, who had fallen into sin, "Oh that I had never been baptised! Oh that I did not incur this great risk! Oh that the one baptism once applied for the remission of sins were yet to come!"[1]

What, indeed, can be more mysterious than the baptism of an infant? How strange is it . . . at that moment it has a soul fully formed, as, on the one hand, indeed, to be a child of wrath, and, on the other (blessed be God), to be capable of a new birth through the Spirit![2]

How are we the better for being members of the Christian Church? . . . What reason have we for thinking that our lives are very different from what they would have been had we been heathens? . . . Supposing we had never heard of the Gospel, should we not do just what we do?[3]

I confine myself to this aspect, which does not seem to me to have been sufficiently thrown into relief by Newman's biographers.[4] Besides, everybody knows that this great despiser of reasoning is a logician of genius. When no scruple holds him back the course of his arguments is full of vigour and vivacity. It will suffice to recall, among so many other examples, the lectures at Dublin on the mission of Catholic universities.[5]

Newman seems to take pleasure in constraining, in checking, sometimes even in stopping short, this cunning instrument. At the height of its play the wild beast, hearing the voice of

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon iv. p. 58.

[2] *Id.* iii. sermon xii. p. 167.

[3] *Id.* i. sermon vi. pp. 72, 73, 76.

[4] To those who wish to study more closely this remarkable faculty of "facing the truth" I would recommend the reading of the "Prophetical Office," and the conferences on "Justification."

[5] Aubrey de Vere, a friend and enthusiastic admirer, finds the intelligence of Newman more active and deep than vast (Wilfrid Ward, "Aubrey de Vere," pp. 181, 182). The remark is not without justice. To be convinced, it is sufficient to compare Newman with some of his contemporaries—with Martineau, for example, with Hort, with Browning, or with Jowett. It remains to be known whether this is due to natural inferiority or whether it would not be more correct to explain this phenomenon by the very discipline which Newman made his thought undergo. *Cf.* an analogous judgment on Bossuet, first promulgated by Fr. Albert with some impertinence: "It does not take long to go through the cycle of Bossuet's ideas," then taken up and focussed by M. Rebelliau with a respectful sagacity.

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the tamer, suddenly falls again to the ground, shrinks into itself, and crouches trembling. Let us see the tamer at work, let us try to describe some of the essential habits of Newman's mind. In one word it can be said that, ordinarily, his conscious and intentional method takes exactly the opposite line to the "Discourse on Method."

The first thing to be remarked is an evident tendency to generalise, to "take things as a whole," and that, of course, on the very threshold of the problem which it is a question of solving. Mr. Abbott gives a characteristic example of this tendency to "take things as a whole."

Newman planned to write his "Via Media," an exposition of the veritable Anglican theology. He imagined this fine system *a priori* of the whole body of writings, and is *determined* to find it again in the great Anglican doctors of the orthodox period. He was not yet acquainted with these theologians. He assumes, then, the existence of an orthodox school and period; he assumes, further, that the masters of this school are the true founders of the "Via Media." [1]

> It would be a most useful thing [he writes to a friend who offered to make researches for him] to give a kind of summary of their opinions. Passages we constantly see quoted from them for this side and for that; but I do not desiderate the work of an advocate, but the result of an investigation—not to bring them to us, but to go to them. If, then, in a calm, candid, impartial manner, their views were sought out and developed, would not the effect be good in a variety of ways? I would advise taking them *as a whole*—a *corpus theolog.* and *ecclesiast.*; *the* English Church—stating, indeed, *how far* they differ among themselves, yet distinctly marking out the grand, bold, Scriptural features of that doctrine in which they all agree. They would then be a band of

[1] Naturally, I am only selecting here instances in which these generalisations seem a trifle hasty and suffer from some defect. As happy results of this same tendency I would cite, among several others, the grand general view of the three periods of Christian education, Benedictine, Dominican, and Jesuit—poetry, science, prudence, &c. *Cf.* "Historical Sketches," vol. ii., "The Mission of St. Benedict"; *cf.* also in the Catholic introduction to the "Via Media" the large views on the three offices of the Church ("The Via Media," vol. i.).

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witnesses for the truth, not opposed to each other (as they now are), but *one*.[1]

Dr. Abbott remarks upon this, and, apparently, with considerable justice, that we have here a very precise expression of certainty on the part of a man who had hardly any knowledge of this "army of witnesses." It is easy enough, he adds, to talk finely of "the grand, bold, Scriptural features of that doctrine in which they all agree," but, practically, who will make the selection? . . . And observe that Newman makes no distinction between periods, and confidently places on the same plane the theologians of the sixteenth century and those of the seventeenth, although they are so different from each other.

With much more hesitation I ask myself if the "Essay on Development" would not furnish occasion for an analogous criticism. It is this which explains in part the disappointment which this book causes to certain professional theologians, who consider it as they would a strictly scientific theological treatise.[2] It is a series of splendid frescoes; but, if the inquiry must be conducted with all scientific rigour, is it possible to proceed by dashing off frescoes? It is known in what irreverent terms Archdeacon Hare caricatured this work. "Take," he wrote, "a sentence or two here and there from this Father, and a couple of expressions from another, add half a canon of this council, a couple of incidents out of some ecclesiastical historian, an anecdote from a chronicler, two conjectures of some critic, and half a dozen drachms of a schoolman, mix them up in rhetoric *quant. suff.*, and shake them well together—and thus we get at a theological development."[3] He forgot only one thing—the idea of genius, the glorious hypothesis which dictated this noble book and opened a new world to science. Such as it is, however, this Anglican epigram, this severity of

[1] Abbott, i. 89, 90.

[2] *Cf.* Turmel (*Revue du Clergé F.*, t. xlii. No. 247): "Under their apparent precision they [the formulas of the laws of development] conceal too often metaphors as deceiving as brilliant, comparisons which escape one as soon as one wishes to seize them. The map of this new world must be begun from the beginning." For my part, though I make no claim to scientific accuracy, I have always been surprised that everybody did not judge in the same way of the famous "Essay."

[3] *Cf.* Abbott, ii. 380.

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a purblind mind, should be kept in view.[1] All is not prejudice in the observations of a prejudiced critic, and it is not useless to know how the purblind judge Newman.[2]

"There are two sorts of minds. The one notices quickly the differences between things, and these are the good minds. The others imagine and suppose resemblance between them, and these are the superficial minds."[3] With Malebranche's permission, the direct contrary of this proposition can be maintained with almost as much reason. Not to mention poets, who have sometimes "good minds," psychologists of the first rank would prove, I think, that genius often consists in "imagining," in divining, in recognising the resemblances of things. Nevertheless, when it is no longer the intuitions of genius that are in question, but more humble forms of intellectual activity, it is very true that the gift of imagining resemblances often enters into what may be called the category of "almost." In any case, the mind of Newman excels in discovering approximations of this kind.

It is another way of making a synthesis, of seeing things "as a whole." In this respect he has admirably appropriated the method of his master, Butler, the philosopher of the "Analogy." To properly understand both of them, it must be remembered that they have no intention of demonstrating anything whatever by means of resemblances. It is known, besides, how rare it is for Newman to claim to demonstrate anything at all. There are two ways of insinuating that a comparison is equal to a proof. The first consists in magnifying the comparison, the second in minimising the proof. Newman chooses the second.

The "Essay on Miracles" offers us an amusing example of this method, and, as no one will think of going to look for it in that book, I may be permitted to quote it at length.

[1] The *mot* of Renan may be recalled—another great lover of resemblances—on those critics who are "better qualified for the discoveries of the microscope than for large and sweeping views, and whose eyes are not adapted for seeing facts of "capital importance" ("Peuple d'Israel," t. ii. 235).

[2] This will lead us to consider the attitude of Newman in face of the criticism of facts. He has been reproached with only wishing for those which suited his cause. We devote a special chapter to the discussion of this reproach.

[3] Malebranche, "Recherche," ii., ii., viii.

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Newman wishes to demonstrate that no one has the right to reject a miraculous story for the simple reason that it seems strange or fantastic.

> To persons [he says] who have not commonly the opportunity of witnessing for themselves this great variety of the Divine works there is something very strange and startling —it may be even said unsettling—in the first view of nature as it is. To take, for instance, the case of animal nature, let us consider the effect produced upon the mind on seeing for the first time the many tribes of the animal world, as we find them brought together for the purposes of science or exhibition in our own country. We are accustomed, indeed, to see wild beasts more or less from our youth, or at least to read of them; but even with this partial preparation many persons will be moved in a very singular way on going for the first time, or, after some interval, to a menagerie. They have been accustomed insensibly to identify the wonder-working hand of God with the specimens of its exercise which they see about them; the forms of tame and domestic animals, which are necessary for us, and which surround us, are familiar to them, and they learn to take these as a sort of rule on which to frame their ideas of the animated works of the Creator generally. When an eye, thus habituated to certain forms, colours, motions, and habits in the inferior animals, is suddenly brought into the full assemblage of those mysterious beings with which it has pleased Almighty wisdom to people the earth, a sort of dizziness comes over it, from the impossibility of our reducing all at once the multitude of new ideas poured in upon us to the centre of view habitual to us; the mind loses its balance, and it is not too much to say that in some cases it even falls into a sort of scepticism. Nature seems to be too powerful and various, or at least too strange, to be the work of God, according to that Image which our imbecility has set up within us for the Infinite and Eternal, and as we have framed to ourselves our contracted notions of His attributes and His acts; and if we do not submit ourselves in awe to His great mysteriousness, and chasten our hearts and keep silence, we shall be in

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danger of losing our belief in His presence and providence altogether.[1]

Here is a good instance of the great surprises of genius! Who expected such an ending? We followed him quite off our guard, even making rather merry at the strange walk he made us take. But one never makes merry for very long with him. When he comes across such passages, the reader can explain to himself how a man who has read Newman is in no hurry to speak about him. He always hits the mark, with his richness of imagination, the strong faith of his heart, the fearful insight of his mind. What might not be written on that explosion of scepticism which breaks out before the cage where the wild beasts are growling! But we must not forget our purpose. I only wished to give a living example of one of the habitual processes of his mind. We shall see later how Newman utilises this line of thought. Let us return to our subject.

There is to be remarked also in Newman's case a super-abundant growth of what he himself calls "views," and what we should call, by turns, views, intuitions, inspirations, probabilities, glimmering lights, feelers, will-o'-the-wisps, or whatever else you like to call them.

Now that which is peculiar to Newman is manifestly not this picturesque fecundity, but rather the impartiality with which he takes these "views" as they occur to him, and uses them as the scaffolding of a system, a demonstration, a defence. When intellectual principles are in question, the provisional, usually, is sufficient for him. His real and solid building is elsewhere. But, if for a night or two you seek a shelter in the fields of the intelligence, these few dry branches will meet your requirements. If a gust of wind overturns this hut, we will make another close by. The "Sermons on Subjects of the Day" are strewn, if one may be allowed the expression, with these broken fragments of huts. The "Via Media," the "Essays Critical and Historical," are just the same. "Is not this an intelligible ground?" he asks somewhere,[2] as if he said,—"After all, sound or not, cannot this be defended? 'View' for

[1] "Two Essays on Scripture Miracles and on Ecclesiastical," 6th edition, pp. 148, 149.

[2] Abbott, ii. 195.

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'view,' mine is at least as good as another. Here is a theory. On the whole, it is not lamer than the rest. All have some value. Take mine while waiting for a better. If by chance any one showed you it was too ruinous, we would leave it to look elsewhere. There is not much harm done. My faith does not rest on theories, nor yours either, I hope.—Is not this an intelligible ground?" He repeats, more or less explicitly, the same question regarding all his doctrinal experiences.

As, however, the enemy sometimes presses him, and as his mind is extraordinarily fertile, he beats every bush in his search for something like proofs. "Might we not say that . . .?" The equivalents of this formula recur on almost every page. "It may be," "Why not?" Oh! these "Why nots?" how irritating and disconcerting they sometimes are! For instance, you find difficulty in understanding the existence of two parallel lives in the case of the God-Man; but, in your own case, who knows, after all, if at times you do not also live two lives, if in some way or other you are not in two places at once? Where, then, does your soul go to when you sleep: "Who knows where he is in visions of the night?"

> Who can say that all of us, or at least all who are living in the faith of Christ, have not some strange but unconscious life in God's presence all the while we are here, seeing what we do not know we see, impressed yet without power of reflection, and this without having a double self in consequence?[1]

Hence that habit, also very characteristic, of being content with what he himself frankly calls "expedients." In December 1838 he counted adversity among the notes of a true Church. Later on he changed his mind. He goes over to the opinion of Bellarmine, who gives, on the contrary, temporal prosperity as the sign of God's partiality to the Church of His choice. Such a notion openly contradicts the first principles of Newman's spirituality. Newman, however, accepts it as a weapon of controversy, as an "expedient." What then? He wishes to prove that Rome is not the Church

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon xii. p. 168. *Cf.*, in the "Psychologie de la Foi," the sermon on "L'Amour, Sauvegarde de la Foi."

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of God. Now, in the first half of the nineteenth century, Rome is far from being prosperous. You see plainly, then, that God is not with her! Do not cry out at the inconsequence. If Newman believes in Anglicanism and not in Rome, the "notes," the arguments, do not stand for nothing in his conviction.[1]

I hasten to come to another "expedient," a memorable one, and which holds such an important place in the work, if not, as several suppose (wrongly, as I think), in the very life of Newman. I speak of his theory of dogmatic development. The story of the book's origin is well known—how it was undertaken with the intention of demonstrating the divinity of the Roman Church, and was suddenly interrupted by the conversion of the author. If any one of Newman's doctrines should present the solidity, the invulnerability of an intellectual demonstration, it should assuredly be this. Whatever may be the case with so many uncertain "views," taken up for an instant by this living and plastic mind, and used for the construction of temporary defences, here at least we must rest on solid ground. People do not change their religion, do not break with their own past, in order to follow a mere "view." The most rigorous logical examination must have preceded and necessitated a decision so important in its results. Yes, doubtless, for a Thomas Aquinas, for a Descartes, but in this case we are seeking the truth by other methods. Listen to him rather. The theory of doctrinal development "is undoubtedly an hypothesis to account for a difficulty . . . a theory[2] is necessary. . . . Doubtless the theory of the secret and the theory of doctrinal development are expedients."[3]

[1] Abbott, ii. 202, 203. I have no need to be reminded that several of these examples show us Newman at bay. When one's boat upsets one clutches at straws. This does not weaken the force of our observations, but, on the contrary, corroborates them. A good Cartesian who is drowning should not accept any other buoy than the "Discourse of Method."

[2] If we were making a lexicon of Newman we should see at a glance that the word "theory" is with him habitually used in a low sense. Here, in any case, there can be no doubt. "Theory" is sandwiched between "hypothesis" and "expedient."

[3] The "Essay on Development," introduction, p. 30. I cite the edition of 1897, which is a reprint of the edition reviewed and corrected in 1878.

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"Hypothesis," "theory," "expedient": it is all the same to him. These different words designate in this passage any sort of intellectual construction which gives a passable account of the facts, or which furnishes a plausible solution of the difficulties of the moment. Does this mean that Newman renounces the verification, the legitimising, the defending of his hypothesis by rational and scientific proofs, after as exact a method as possible? Certainly not; but this initial reserve reminds us that if, by chance, philosophy and history ruined the theory of development from top to bottom, Newman's conviction on the subject of the Church's divinity would not be in the slightest degree shaken.

> I cannot remember when or how [writes T. Mozley, one of Newman's brothers-in-law] Newman told me what must have been in his own anticipations, indeed in his own theory of the spiritual work to be done, that, if ever I was to go over, it would be, and indeed ought to be, by a superior act of volition over-ruling and containing my own. The Almighty would give me the opportunity and the call, as well as the power and the mode of conversion.

Having still in his mind the recollection of this interview, Mozley at first was unable to explain to himself how Newman, before taking the decisive step, imposed upon himself two years more of critical studies. But his final conclusion is: "The fact was he did not intend to work out the problem at all, but to wait for further light from his Heavenly Guide."[1]

He is right. Nevertheless it must be understood that the true Newman does not ask the study to supply the light which is necessary for his decision. But, as long as the full light delays its coming, he wishes that all his faculties, and even the intelligence, should put themselves in the attitude of seeking, of invoking and awaiting it. Since the truth, once conquered, should satisfy the reasonable requirements of our mind, it is good, it is profitable, to show how far knowledge either har-

[1] T. Mozley, "Reminiscences," ii. 398; *cf.* Abbott, ii. 385. There is in the text a little mystery (*cf.* Abbott, ii. 473), but the general sense is clear. I do not often cite this very disagreeable book of Mozley. What a style, and what gossip! The *mémoires* of Port Royal, written by a reporter of the *Matin!*

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monises with, or at least is not contrary to, the truth of which we have caught a glimpse. The theory of development, whether correct or not, could not convert me. But, if I must one day be converted, it will serve to show me, and those who have taken me for guide, that the grace of God has not embroiled me with philosophy and history. All that, you will say, is very complicated. Newman will answer that reality is not less so.

See here, then, this great lady—that is, the intelligence—on the pavement; or, if you prefer it, look at this upstart obliged to forget the lessons of pride that her Descartes had taught her.

Certainly she has been well put in her place; and, as if humiliation were not enough, she is no longer allowed to satisfy her hunger. She must now be contented with "views," with probabilities, trifles which a little while back she left, disdainfully, to poets and ignoramuses. So has it been willed, with a will formal and unchanging, by the author of "University Sermons" and of the "Grammar of Assent."

I cannot think of proving in detail in this little book the correctness of the observations which we have just sketched. In truth the thing is evident enough. Whether the study of Newman be approached with the almost ferocious prejudices of Dr. Abbott, or, as in our case, with quite opposite sentiments, one and the same conclusion imposes itself. For the rest, Newman's doctrine of reason and faith can serve us here as the reversed image of his mind. This doctrine only magnifies the intellectual habits of its author. By his own admission the "Grammar" is a series of confidences. Descartes, as far as he is concerned, accepts and wishes to have for readers and for judges any one of "good sense." Newman intends to address himself only to minds like his own. If you were to press him he would avow that the Newmans are the rule, the Descartes the exception. If he doubted it, would he write books? But an undertone, incessant and distinct, prevents these books, which, in his opinion, are suitable for the majority of people, from being anything else, after all, than chapters of autobiography. "This is the way I am made. If your impressions resemble mine, my book will be true for you and for me. If you do not recognise yourself in the

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image that I trace of a believing soul, seek other masters and other mirrors." If any one, from this point of view, will compare Newman's doctrine with the description of it which Dr. Abbott and myself have just given, he will not find anything more than a difference of standpoint between the two. This representation of Newman's intelligence is nothing more than the view of the "Grammar of Assent" seen from within on the reverse side; or, to speak more exactly, the "Grammar of Assent" only translates into a learned theory the intellectual habits of Newman.

Also, this our hypothesis, if hypothesis it be, is the only one which accounts for another very singular phenomenon which the evolution of this restless and flexible genius presents to us. It is an odd thing that among his equals Newman's is the most detached, the least inquiring mind which the last century has known. When young, a few light fits of curiosity take hold of him. He promises himself one day to study, in a given time, conic sections, Hebrew, mineralogy, Persian, even German. He would like to know everything. It is not too high an ambition. His brother Francis, who is no better endowed than himself, fulfilled this vast programme.

Newman, however, soon lost this fine enthusiasm.[1] At bottom, all this "tells him nothing." He knows his Bible by heart. His little book on the Biblical question,[2] written from intuition, states, with prophetic clearness, the problems which from that time began to ferment in the German universities. But no, he was only an involuntary precursor. This same book suppresses with a stroke of the pen the whole Biblical question. He asked nothing of the sacred books but to nourish his inner life and enchant his imagination. *Relinque curiosa.* Did he not give a tangible proof of his contempt for knowledge? One fine morning he abruptly brings his book on development to a standstill, without any one knowing why, and without even taking the trouble to finish the page. Three lines of asterisks and the wonderful peroration which is so well known! *Pendent opera interrupta.* Over the un-

[1] He did, nevertheless, make an effort to learn Hebrew, but gave it up after having deciphered Genesis. *Cf.* Abbott, i. 57.

[2] I have given a summary of this really extraordinary book in "La Psychologie de la Foi," pp. 319–336.

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finished building, which he had taken two years to construct, there blossoms a flower of prayer.

For him these twenty lines are of more value than the whole book. Afterwards the idea does not occur to him to resume, to complete, to finish his work. Here again he showed himself a precursor—a small merit in his eyes. If, long afterwards, he is urged to publish the edition *ne varietur* of his books, the Catholic, jealous of his orthodoxy, the artist, enamoured of perfection, consents, but the man of learning is not invited to collaborate in this labour. Orthodoxy and literature apart, Newman is completely indifferent to his work.

He passed his life in the intimacy of the Fathers, and the history of patristical studies will hardly preserve his name. Dr. Abbott notes with very childish malice that Newman was, on the whole, a long time before embarking on this new ocean. His letters and private diaries are always announcing his imminent resolution to absorb himself in this work, and the oftener that resolution is repeated the clearer it becomes that its realisation is still delayed. That is of no consequence. Sooner or later he will apply himself to the task, and for good. But thirst for knowledge counts for nothing in this study. Augustine, the most imposing and most inquiring of the Fathers, is not the hero of Newman. The mere intellectual and almost anonymous witnesses of tradition do not attract him at all. The author of the "Essay" would never have written the history of dogmas, still less the history of a dogma. No more would Bossuet, without doubt, and yet Bossuet himself seems to us, in this case, more inquiring than Newman. The links of tradition interest Bossuet less than the chain, the testimony more than the witnesses. When he turns to them on their own account, it is to the philosopher, to the orator, to the creator of fine ideas whom he seeks in them. With Newman it is the opposite. If he appeals in them to tradition, it is for the necessities of controversy—that importunate necessity which he loves so little. When he is free to follow nothing but his own inclination, it is the man, it is the saint, whom he looks for above all in each of the Fathers. Before taking them for masters, he wishes to have them as friends. Their private letters have a greater attraction for him than their large works; and even in the purely doctrinal works he

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tries to find the soul of the author, the sound of his voice.[1] In the fine book which he had undertaken to write on the Fathers, he devotes as many chapters to St. Anthony as to St. Augustine, and of this last he celebrates only the conversion and the holy death.[2]

The only one, to whom he has devoted a study which can be properly called doctrinal, is St. Athanasius. But this last is the chosen friend, he is the model Christian. To examine thoroughly, to meditate upon, to translate him, are so many excuses for staying long in beloved company.[3]

To stay long, and why not? In truth, nothing presses him. The moderns affect him so little.

After careful consideration, he chooses not to know them. What is called "contemporary thought" interests him less than the history of ants.[4]

I refer to the details, for, as regards the grand lines, the tendencies as a whole, he makes them out, in his own fashion, on the strength of some vague indications which the papers or his friends convey to him. His ignorance of France was even greater than could be excused in an Englishman of the Victorian era. Lamennais, Auguste Nicholas, the biography of Lacordaire, a sympathetic confidence in our Liberal Catholics, represented nearly the whole of his knowledge and sentiment about us.[5] With the exception of Döllinger and some trans-

[1] He opposes, to some extent, this implicit biography to the "Lives of the Saints," in common currency, of modern days. *Cf.* the fifteen pages of his introduction to the charming articles on St. John Chrysostom, of whom I intend shortly to speak.

[2] "Historical Sketches," vol. ii.

[3] "Select Treatises of St. Athanasius in Controversy with the Arians" (two volumes). Nor do I forget the fine work on the "Theology of St. Ignatius" ("Essays Critical and Historical," vol. ii.), and other studies of the same kind, where the doctrinal study is undertaken, not for itself, but in view of the controversy between Catholics and Protestants.

[4] At the time of my first pilgrimage to Edgbaston, Newman's study was, they told me, in the condition in which he had left it. I was wrong not to take notice of the books which were to be found there. But I have a very clear recollection that it contained hardly any except insignificant works. Doubtless the public library was not far off; and, besides, a nonagenarian has certainly the right to have done with reading. But I was young then, and I could hardly restrain the keenness of my disappointment.

[5] He mentions Joseph de Maistre, and he cites the "Histoire de la Civilisation" of Guizot. Of our classics I think he knew well only Pascal,

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lated manuals, he seems to be unaware of the existence of Germany. Even in his own country he isolates himself, he seems to avoid all direct contact with his equals. It might be said that, after Butler and Hume, the book of English thought was closed to him. In his old age he affirms that he had never opened Coleridge. As a matter of fact, we know that he had at least turned over his pages; but such a lapse of memory is significant. He had, then, never suspected the importance of that original thinker. I do not speak of Carlyle and Ruskin; the prophets do not read each other. But from 1830 to 1880 England had nothing but prophets. If the great poets, always in advance of their age, are none the less always the reflection of their epoch, how can that generation be despised which saw the poems of Browning appear and which, by its labours, deserved to understand and appreciate them? The final history has not yet been written of the grand and magnificent development which English thought was then elaborating. The reason is that, doubtless, it is still at the present day a very difficult and delicate task to show the profound unity which bound together, without their knowing it, the guardians of tradition and the innovators. In the vanguard what noble geniuses, and in the obscure ranks what good workmen! Darwin, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Jowett, Meredith; in another camp, Maurice; a little further on that admirable Martineau; and then the inseparable phalanx, Lightfoot, Westcott, and, the greatest of the three, Hort, who can never be praised enough. And mark it, Liberals, almost to a man, some with enthusiasm, the others with a loyal and courageous resignation; all religious, sometimes in the teeth of their own systems.[1] Everything is alive, everything is

and also, perhaps, had only read him in English. The article on the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures (*Nineteenth Century*, February 1884), written in reference to an objection of Renan, does not show that Newman had come into direct contact with that author.

[1] Let any one measure, to take a concrete example, the road traversed from Jowett to Edward Caird. What would be far more interesting would be to follow step by step the evolution of the Anglican clergy, from "Essays and Reviews" to "Contentio Veritatis," passing through "Lux Mundi." On this point I must, to my great regret, part company with the noble French writer to whom we owe the history of the "Renaissance du Catholicisme en Angleterre." It seems to me, in spite of all, that Ritualism belongs to the past. [A very true judgment.—TRANSLATOR.]

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renewing itself. Philosophy, that was thought to have been ingulfed for ever in the analyses of Spencer, prepares slowly a sort of resurrection, which Newman helped without knowing it, which he did not have time to see and which he would never have foreseen. Still more slowly the critical spirit springs up in England. E. Hatch gives his famous lectures. Some honest workers are timidly acclimatising the critical methods. In short, ten years after the death of the Cardinal, a veritable revolution has been accomplished. He seems to take no interest in all this movement of thought.[1] Afar off and vaguely he follows it all as so many victories of the spirit of darkness. He does not divine that, amidst so many contradictions, the cause of the truth—I mean the truth of Athanasius and of Butler—is ever progressing.[2]

Whether it be due to indifference or disdain, his attitude is very much that of a man who attaches but middling importance to the manifestations of the life of the mind. The final reasons of this attitude escape us. Is this indifference intentional? Does this disdain cover the mournful renunciation of a timorous soul which fears "the danger of accomplishments," of a prophet who wishes to react against the rationalism of his age? It has been said so, without much proof. As far as I am concerned, I should be inclined to think that grace, as often happens, sanctified natural tendencies by unworldly aims and motives. Newman, a first-class dialectician, endowed with an understanding, subtle, quick, and penetrating, illuminates and renews all that he touches; but he does not seem possessed with the desire for knowledge. Curiosity—in the higher sense of the word—is far from equalling with him the power to know. "Without the Bible," wrote a good judge, "Bossuet would never have been more than a Cicero."[3] In this respect I am sure that Bossuet and Newman

[1] I know but one notable exception—the article which Newman wrote on the publication of "Ecce Homo." *Cf.* "Discussions and Arguments."

[2] He certainly had the presentiment at one time, when he was trying to persuade himself that England was on the eve of becoming converted to the "Via Media." "Consider the state of our universities; at Cambridge, Utilitarianism, Shelleyism, Coleridgism, edging forward and forward, no one knowing how, to a more Catholic theology . . ." (1839). *Cf.* "Essays Critical and Historical," i. 304.

[3] R. P. de la Broise, "Bossuet et la Bible." (I cite from memory.)

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are alike. Without the religious thought which absorbs them, they would neither of them be more than orators of genius.

The charming mask, which English rhetoric donned in its best days, is well known. Had he been indifferent to religious concerns, Newman would have edited, with an amused and fruitful nonchalance,[1] a new *Spectator*, more delightful than the old.

I beg to be excused for having overloaded with digressions Dr. Abbott's case for the prosecution. The opportunity seemed a good one to study Newman's habits of thought a little more thoroughly.

But it is time to return to our law-suit. Here is the sentence. It is Dr. Abbott who delivers it.

> The idols of the cave, says Bacon, are the idols of the individual. They are the false images or phantasmal shadows that substitute themselves for the solid realities, before the vision of those who sit captive, fast bound in the darkness of their own limited experience and eccentricities. . . . In one [a polite way of alluding to Newman]—in one (and this is the most common of all errors in an imaginative mind) the faculty of discerning likenesses may overbalance the power of seeing differences; some are so restless and impatient of doubt that they cannot bring themselves to suspend their judgment; some have no real thirst for knowledge, and no real trust in those faculties by which, in the course of nature, men seem to be intended to approximate to the highest truth. In others [Newman again] the sedate and equable mind is wanting; they value knowledge, even the highest knowledge of all, not so much for itself as for its results in confirming their hopes or freeing them from fears; and they do not so much hate imposture

[1] I advisedly insinuate this idea of "nonchalance." It is perhaps a track to follow. It is known that this is the pretty name which the poets have chosen to excuse their laziness, as if they needed pardon for that which is the condition *sine qua non* of their genius. In the solitude in which I am writing this book I am unable to find again a pamphlet of Mr. W. Hutton, who stayed for some time with Newman at Edgbaston. It contains a characteristic detail of the way in which Newman sometimes prepared (or, rather, did not prepare) his sermons at Birmingham. Yet, when once he had his pen in his hand, Newman was the most painstaking of writers.

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as they love and cling to safety. . . . Newman . . . takes up subjects of outside knowledge merely to touch and drop them. Hence we shall find him, in his own province, justly distrustful of his own knowledge, worried, as he tells us himself, and "fagged" and "fussed." Not having mastered anything thoroughly by the intellectual faculties, he will never feel sure of anything he has approached through them. He will be skilled, not in things, but in the aspects of things. Hence all knowledge with him will be a "view," or an "intelligible position," or a "controversial basis." He will "throw himself generously" into a "system"—that is to say, into other people's knowledge—rather because he distrusts the result of attempting to find knowledge for himself, than because he dislikes the labour. One thing he will know. His intellectual versatility and his knowledge of the weaknesses of educated humanity will teach him how to write with effect; how to say what will take with the refined; and how to persuade almost all who desire to be persuaded—except himself. On this very account he will distrust his own appearance of knowledge, because, while his followers lean on it, he knows it to be hollow: "These people say they know it. But do I know it myself? Is there really such a thing as knowledge?" Hence, while he will imagine excellently, he will always remain a very indifferent knower. What men do well they like to do; and they sometimes dislike and try to despise what they cannot do. Newman, therefore, will like to imagine; and we cannot be surprised if he dislikes, and perhaps despises, the attempt to know.

On the forehead of such a student as this there will be seen, not indistinctly, some of the very signs that Bacon has described as the marks of the idols of the cave. Permeating his life and thoughts there will be the predominating influence of the imagination. . . . He will be the servant of Antiquity . . . of synthesis against analysis . . . of dogma and authority. Further, he will be under the dominion of ever-haunting terrors springing from the sense of unlikeness between himself and an Almighty Superhuman Being, whose main attribute it is to punish with superhuman severity. These imaginative fears will constrain

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him to believe what it is safest to believe, and will make a single superstitious impression more powerful than a thousand facts. He will leap to his conclusions first, and then resort to reason afterwards. Thus the logical faculty will become no longer a motive power at all, but merely, as it were, the quicksilver which tells us how heavily the mental atmosphere is pressing. . . . Such a man . . . must not be trusted as a guide towards the highest truth . . . he must end by doing what, though honest for him, would not be honest for ordinary men; he must sacrifice regard for facts to regard for impressions. . . . It is not given to any but lunatics and lovers—and in some few instances, perhaps, to poets and prophets—to neglect facts and yet to remain honest and honourable men.[1]

The clumsy fellow! How badly he knows his trade of writer and critic! There we were, well away from polemics, taking pleasure in our analyses. His fanaticism spoils everything. And must he not be a bit of a fanatic to see no more in Newman than the deserter from Anglicanism, to reduce his whole history to this chapter of his conversion? Why not approach him with a calm mind, instead of letting himself in turn be made a fool of by the idols of the cave? Even if Dr. Abbott wished to make everything lead back to this conversion, still he ought not to forget the strange complexity of this event. According to him, it is the fear of hell which did all the mischief. It is true that these phantoms of terror hastened the final resolution. "The question is this: Shall I be saved if I remain an Anglican?" Newman said that.[2] He thought it, or believed he thought it. It is all one and the same thing. But he also said, "I love the Church of Rome too much"; and he said many other things which a cool-headed critic must weigh in the balance.

Why does he not say quietly in a few sentences: Here, then, is a magnificent intelligence which seems to cherish a passion for bondage. Infatuated by a new asceticism, she humbles herself, she mutilates herself at will. She despises all

[1] Abbott, i. 55–58.

[2] "The simple question is, Can *I* . . . be saved in the English Church? Am *I* in safety were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in *me* not joining another communion?" ("Apologia," p. 231).

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that constitutes the ambition, the reward and the joy of other minds; well-connected systems, strong doctrinal edifices, and fine ideas which are convincing or attractive.

Being no longer mistress of herself, and working no more on her own account, she takes no thought of enriching or of controlling her knowledge. By dint of yielding herself to the orders of this capricious mistress, she has lost the sense of her own nobility, of her force, and of her taste for free activity. As a child whose parents have taken hold of it, she distrusts herself, and dare not finish the phrases which she is bold enough to commence. In the spirit of a mercenary she performs her task, without interest and without love. Ever active, alive in spite of all, she finds, without difficulty, the arguments, the theories, and the answers which are demanded of her. Whether they be good or bad is a matter of indifference to her, so long as they are good enough for her mistress. Does the latter reason? has she not quarrelled with the critical spirit? has she ever read Descartes? does she at all understand the requirements of intellectual honesty, of logic, and of good sense? Such is the difficulty, somewhat tricked out with images, slightly toned down, but still very insolently stated. Such as it is, however, it does not fail to be serious. It cannot be suppressed by silence.

Dr. Barry wafts it aside with the end of his pen. "With Newman," he writes, "imagination was reason, as with Carlyle, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shakespeare."[1] We have here, perhaps, an inspiration of genius, or perhaps one of those fireworks which throw light on nothing, except, for an instant, on the face and hands of the manipulator who lights them. This detonation of "great guns" rather points to a firework. All four of them (and why not ten?) leave us once more plunged in darkness. Not to mention Carlyle, who would stamp his feet at the very notion of seeing his name on this page, or Wordsworth, who would carry us too far, can the sight of Newman's intellectual asceticism evoke the remembrance of Goethe or of Shakespeare?

This sentence, neverthless, either contains or suggests the commencement of an answer to the difficulty which confronts us. In the case of Newman the imagination dominates the

[1] Barry, "Newman," p. 21.

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reason, because the former sees better and further than the latter. The imagination of Newman is not solely [1] that mistress of error which Malebranche has roughly handled in some immortal pages; it is also, and especially, that clear, direct, and living intuition of realities which makes poets what they are. Between this and reason the contradictions are only apparent. They are never agreed on the road which should be taken to reach one and the same goal. The one desires to impose on all her grand highway, broad, toilful, never-ending. The other prefers the short cut which her piercing eyes divine. But no, it is not that. In reality the imagination does not trouble to follow a road at all. She sees first, she already touches, the goal, while the vanishing point of the next turning bars the view of the reason. The latter makes her own way step by step. In this her labour lies. She becomes absorbed in it, takes it seriously; it might sometimes be said that the joy and pride of doing this task well are sufficient for her. The imagination, which is sometimes said to be so easy to satisfy, in reality shows herself more exacting. In any case, she is more in a hurry. She thinks that life is short, that if it is necessary to pierce so many tunnels, to raise so many buttresses, throw out so many bridges, one will never reach the journey's end. As long as one reaches it, the road is indifferent.—Let any one raise what difficulties he pleases,—Newman would say, in connection with my book on "Development" and my "Grammar of Assent"; that matters to me very little, if already I hold in my hands the certainty, which my books support as they can, but which they did not give me. You say I take for true what I imagine. No, I imagine what is true, and when I possess it I try to prove it. "Exact thinkers like the truth quite pure; they do not wish to convince by impressing, but by evidence and light." [2] The exact thinkers are right, since their abstract truth is the conclusion of a syllogism. My own truth, the only one which interests

1 I say "is not solely" in order to insinuate that this solution does not meet all the difficulties which we enumerated just now. And who am I to talk like that? Oh! not much; but I should be worse still if I did not say frankly what appeared to me to be the truth.

2 Malebranche, "Recherche," vol. ix., Éclaircissement sur le iii^e. chap. de la iii^e. partie.

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me, is a fact, a sensible reality; it is God in my heart, and, outside of me, it is the Church of to-day, inheritor of the Church of the Fathers. Now the evidence of a fact consists a little (do you not think so?) in the impression which this fact gives us of itself. Out of the dust of old books a vision has appeared to me—the Church of the Fathers; hands have been stretched out to make signs to me, voices have called me. Call it an impression if you will, but a luminous, a convincing one. Later on, by dint of contemplating these apparitions, little by little it seemed to me that they were not dead; or, rather, their clearness spread itself over the men and things of to-day. Looking at them, I have seen, have seen with my eyes, the Church of Rome. In spite of myself I recognised it. She and they, in spite of difficulties, are always identical. *Sic ille manus, sic ora* . . . What! do you ask for so many arguments to recognise in the face of a child the features of its father? All your laboured proofs can add nothing to the clearness of my impressions.

If you like, we will read again together this Malebranche —to whom, between ourselves, it is strange that Dr. Barry, who finds that I resemble everybody, has forgotten to compare me.[1]—

"No one has the right to cover with ornaments a phantom without body and without reality [*the appearance is real*]; no one has the right to arouse empty emotions [*Gordon did not find the reading of Gerontius empty*[2]], and, if we wish to take pains in impressing conviction and certainty upon those who hear us, it is essential that this conviction should relate to something real and solid. [*His words are golden. He almost forgets Descartes. Notice that it is sufficient for him that conviction should relate to a reality; he does not require, here, at least, that the foundations of this conviction should be so many exact syllogisms.*] It is not right to convince or to let oneself be convinced without knowing plainly, distinctly, and precisely of what one convinces or is convinced. [*He does not say 'why,' but 'of what.'*

[1] They are near as regards intellectualism, of course, for it is quite clear that Descartes would not have agreed with either. The "interior master" to whom they both listen is not Cartesian, but, with Malebranche, the pupil puts many more questions. Apart from this, there are the same transparence and indefinable charm of style, the same reserves of irony. And then, as Dr. Barry would say, are they not both of them from the Oratory?

[2] It was perhaps the last thing Gordon read before his heroic death.

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'*For my part, I know it plainly, distinctly, and precisely.*'] It is necessary to know what one is saying, it is necessary to know what one believes. [*I know it:* '*I love the Church of Rome too well.*'] It is necessary to love only the truth and the light, and not to strike others with blindness after we have allowed ourselves to be stricken."[1]

It can now be seen that the little sentence of Dr. Barry is full of meaning: "Imagination with Newman was reason." Dr. Abbott is hard to please if he does not declare himself satisfied.

But then,—the latter will reply,—he must not undertake learned works or abuse his readers by employing rational methods.

It is no good his warning us that he writes as poet and as mystic, that he is telling his own story all the time. Having made the remark, he discusses, he argues like the first dogmatist at hand. By this means, while taking care to reserve for himself, in case of accident, a convenient outlet, he misleads the public who, in their simplicity, take his doctrines as doctrines and his reasons as reasons.—Let me say frankly what I think: the scope of this remark can and must be diminished, its severity must be tempered, but I see no reason for contesting its importance and justice.

Certainly, it is clear enough that everybody, more or less, acts like Newman. I meet everywhere with nothing but "demonstrations" and "demonstrators," whether for or against the Church. Each of them promises to conduct his inquiry according to the rules, each parades the logical outfit of his time. It is not he, miserable and passionate man—no, it is the pure reason which speaks, and it wishes to meet only with reason. All have the philosophic robe and shake its solemn sleeves. It can be hired for so little money! The "thens," the "therefores" cost still less. The most ignorant has his mouth full of them. But still the robe does not make the learned man, nor the preface the book. Plenty of syllogisms which announce certitudes often yield only probabilities. To the majority of those, who have taken in hand the examination of any question and who plume themselves on their exact and pure reasoning, the truth could say:—You do not know

[1] Malebranche, "Recherche," ix., Éclaircissement.

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how to demonstrate me, and, in any case, you would find it very difficult to do, if already you did not, very fortunately, possess me. As for those who read you and think that they are yielding to the evidence of your arguments, do not let your understanding be in such a hurry to claim them as its spoil. They would not have read you, they would not have understood you, they would not have yielded to your proofs if, already, in twenty ways, they had not thought as you do.—That is the actual course of things. Whether it is to be regretted or not, pure reason is not the queen of the world. Whoever wields a pen hoists the colours and publishes the proclamations of this eternal pretender and perpetual exile, and swears to bring her back to the throne. The ceremony over, we no longer trouble ourselves about the queen, except to reproach our adversaries with neglecting and betraying her.

Instead, then, of feeling indignation against him, we ought to admire the rare frankness of the writer who warns us himself not to attach too much importance to the logical equipment he brings into play.

Newman, were he less clear-sighted, less loyal to the truth, either would not perceive or would be very careful not to warn us that such an one of his doctrines does not exceed the value of an hypothesis, that such and such of his demonstrations is not a rigorous proof. A professional deceiver would proceed otherwise, and would not let us into the secret of his treachery with so much candour.

Nevertheless, the difficulty remains ; it will always remain. This complex genius plays at the same time too many parts—poet, mystic, and exact thinker. We never know with whom we are directly concerned. To complete our embarrassment, he excels in every one of these characters. As poet and seer, " the Church of the Fathers " is as present and familiar to him as his own friends of Oxford and of Birmingham ; as mystic, he has less difficulty in admitting the existence of God than the reality of the external world ; as exact thinker, and after the manner of Hume himself, he dismisses with a sweeping gesture the verbiage of controversies and poses straight questions, enough to make one tremble. I ask again, with whom of the three have we to do ?

As a matter of fact, these personages always support,

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complete, and harmonise with, each other. To isolate one from the other, to hear only one of these voices, is to misrepresent Newman.

At the moment when his intelligence, thus freed, runs lightly to scepticism, the depths of his being witness to the present reality of God, the felt efficacy of grace. It is all consistent. He is sceptical in the fine edge of his mind, and he can be so, calmly and with impunity, because he despises this fine edge of his mind. He despises it too much to fear it. He sometimes excites and sometimes humiliates this faculty, which could have wrought such havoc in his life, like a tamed wild beast, like a viper whose venom has been extracted. It is pleasant to see it then, and to put it through its paces, that it may suffer the same contempt, may play the same game. Only, take care! Before running the risk one must feel invulnerable as he did.

This is what gives us the opportunity of determining in what way and how far the example of Newman can be dangerous, in what respect we have the right to speak, without too much exaggeration, of Newman's victims. If any one is afraid of this last word, instead of quarrelling with it let him show with good proofs that the danger of which I speak is imaginary. I am very doubtful whether any one can do this without in some degree doing violence to logic, psychology, and history. And, again, why so many scruples? Would it be the first time that prudence has been recommended to those who wish to become the intimates of a saint or a great man? From St. Augustine or from Pascal, from St. Francis of Assisi or from Wesley, can any one mention to me a religious leader whose influence can be only for good, a master whose teaching brings perfect peace?

At the same time, do not let us hesitate to make the zone of infection (pray forgive me the word) as circumscribed as possible. The great majority of believers can place themselves unreservedly under Newman's teaching. If victims there are, his victims will be exceptional natures. Not only is every man more or less a poet, a mystic, an intellectual, but, further, with the general run of men, these different activities balance, regulate, and correct each other almost as they did with Newman. There is but a difference of degree and intensity. The normal man does not make a fetish of the ratiocinative reason any

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more than he did, and the author of the "Grammar of Assent" makes no mistake when, in describing his intellectual habits, he thinks he is describing the habits of the greater number of men. No more has the pure intellectual, if such exists, anything to fear from Newman. For such men he does not count. There remains a handful of minds, framed by nature to undergo the fascination of this enchanter, and nevertheless incapable of following him.

It is these, these only, whose possession one would like to be able to dispute with Newman and whom one would defend against him. They are not beings of reason. We know them well. We love them. Every generation counts in it some of these minds, which the arguments of Newman—these "kill or cure arguments"—will not make whole. "Accept Rome," he says to them in effect, "or doubt everything. Rally to the supernatural as a whole, or make up your minds loyally to believe nothing and no longer to call yourselves Christian."[1] A scholastic, if he likes, can say that: Newman cannot say it, with impunity, to everybody. The reasons of a scholastic are impersonal;[2] the faith of Newman rests, in the last analysis, upon a personal experience, direct, intimate, and profound, of supersensuous realities. He is obliged to appeal, in the case of others, to an analogous experience of the same realities. "Kill or cure." As a matter of fact, what happens? With the chief part of his readers, either he arouses, or revives, or makes easy, this personal experience on which all the edifice rests. To others he gives, so to speak, the illusion of it, and that is the best service he could render them. Others, again, hear him without understanding him fully, edified, moved, ravished, as are so many of the faithful by the dimly perceived meaning of the Latin hymns. But bring to Newman one of those men in

[1] These are the dangerous tactics of Tract 85, and of the greater part of his controversial works.

[2] I am far from saying that they will be so much the more convincing, and I am even very nearly certain that, most often, they would not convince "the victims of Newman." But, in discussion, with such minds, the check administered by a scholastic controversialist seems less fatal than that of Newman. If the arguments of the first remain ineffective, it can still be said that other arguments remain possible, and, in any case, there is nothing more in it than a conflict of intelligences. With Newman it is all or nothing, and the nothing, if it has to be accepted, is a desperate alternative.

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whom a one-sided development of the logical and imaginative faculties makes still plainer the deficiency of the religious sentiment.

I do not mean a man less religious than the majority of his kind, but one who, owing to this excess of imagination, longs for a religious life in which feeling is unduly prominent, and who, on the other hand, analyses his own lack of it with too much insight. Bring him to Newman—that is to say, to the enchanter who seems always to dwell in the invisible world, and who speaks of that promised land in such a way as to make it appear still more attractive to those whose whole aspiration is already directed towards it. What will happen? The very over-excitement of their longing will render them more disappointed and more discouraged when, the first fascination past, falling back upon their own hearts, they will ask themselves if they have the same reasons as Newman for being convinced of the reality of these great things. They may well search for these reasons, for they will not find them in themselves; and as, besides, their master will have shown them the uselessness of all impersonal demonstration, their faith, which will no longer know where it stands, will not be long before it collapses. "It is their own fault," will say the optimists in condemnation; "they had only to comply with the necessary conditions for experiencing the truth of religion." That is easily said. In the same way some comfortable folk, to stifle the complaint of the poor, go about repeating that there would be no more poverty if everybody worked. No, it is not given to every one to realise in his own inner life the strength of Christianity, nor to rest his own faith on an inward experience which is sufficiently convincing.

It is dangerous to repeat too loud that without this interior proof the other foundations of Christianity are a mere nothing.[1] Strong in this inward witness which transcends all evidence, a Newman can hold inferior certitudes cheap. But this magnificent act of faith conceals the germ of a lesson in scepticism. While the greater number of Newman's readers will let themselves be won by the contagious example of this act of faith,

[1] I have explained at length in the "Psychologie de la Foi" the manner, in itself perfectly orthodox, in which Newman understood this ineffectiveness of pure reason.

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some unfortunates, more to be pitied than blamed, will only learn to develop this lesson.[1]

[1] To give an illustration, I ought to describe the regrettable development of one of Newman's original followers, Mark Pattison. Every man who wishes to gauge the influence of Newman should read attentively the autobiography of this topsy-turvy disciple. I have thought also, in writing these pages, of the absolute ineffectiveness of Newman's works on men like Sir Leslie Stephen (*cf.* "An Agnostic's Apology"), and over others as well. *Cf.* Lord Acton's letters to Mary Gladstone, p. 206: "When he [Pattison] came to know in later years, his religious spirit was extinct. Newman had unfitted him for Rothe." There is a certain amount of truth in this remark, but it is not correct that the influence of Newman alone explains the religious exhaustion of Pattison. I am inclined to ask myself, further, if Rothe would not have had over Pattison the same kind of influence as Newman.

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CHAPTER II

THE HISTORIAN[1]

You think that you have finished with Dr. Abbott. Not at all. He will not leave us until he is gorged with blood. In fact, we have not yet discussed the most cruel of the reproaches which he hurled at Newman. You still hear that shaft whistle. The man who has listened too long to the sirens of the cavern, falling from one abyss to another, commits at length the unpardonable crime of embellishing, of suppressing facts, of falsifying history. He must be madman, lover, poet, or prophet, or else, if he has not in his favour one of these four excuses, a dishonest man. "He must end by doing what, though honest for him, would not be honest for ordinary men."[2] So we have only to choose between these four epithets. Our choice is made. Newman is poet; but, as this seer prides himself on his history, it remains to be seen what quality of incense he can well offer to that severe Muse. Dr. Abbott would, without mercy, drive him from her temple. Possibly, however, the goddess may reprimand her too zealous sacristan, and may offer the author of the "Historical Sketches" a pew among the workers or a stall in the choir.

At most she would allow that Newman has mistaken the door. The said temple, as every one knows, has two stages—a crypt, which hardly appears above the ground, and the church properly speaking. They are criticism and history. It can be shown, I think, that, without being in the strict sense of the word a critic, and, for that matter, without ever having either coveted or vilified this title, Newman is not, on the whole, a historian to be despised. In any case, he, whose whole work bears the traces of his personality, manifests it, if I may say so,

[1] Very interesting suggestions will be found in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book, "Problems and Persons," p. 377 *et seq.*

[2] Abbott, i. 60.

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still more strongly on this ground which he loves above all, and in following him there we shall reap a double advantage.

The critical spirit consists of intelligence, honesty, and method. Not belonging to the house, I speak of it as an outsider, after the observations I have made of its inhabitants. Now this temperament of natural gifts, of virtue, and of culture forms a whole so rare and produces results so marvellous, that an admirer of Newman will not resign himself without difficulty to the assertion that this great man entirely lacks the critical faculty. God forbid! I have already said that he could, had he wished, have been one of the creators of Biblical criticism. In that curious Tract 85 he throws out, *currente calamo*, several remarks of far-reaching import which would make the fortune of a professional scholar. And, further, I challenge any one to catch tripping his historical integrity.

We cannot insist upon it too much. Whatever he may think of the methods of reaching the truth, he will never admit that we have the right to do as we please with the truth itself. If he never approaches history without a certain preoccupation, it is because, for other reasons, his mind is made up and solidly established on principles which, for him, throw light on everything. He explains the facts in accordance with a philosophy which appears to him much clearer than the facts themselves, but he never dissembles or conceals them. In places he rebels against the "endemic perennial fidget," the strange mania which paralyses so many historians.

> [For fear of] giving scandal, facts are omitted in great histories, or glosses are put upon memorable acts, because they are thought not edifying, whereas of all scandals such omissions, such glosses, are the greatest.[1]

As far as method is concerned, if Newman is not an initiate in the fullest sense of the word, no one has the right to treat him as a simple amateur. I even think that professional critics, when they have passed through that crisis of regarding everything with disdain, in which young scholars sow their wild oats, will recognise in him very marked critical instincts.

[1] "Historical Sketches," ii. 231.

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At the very least, when he works for the love of the thing, and without any afterthought of controversy, he gives evidence of minute application and a rare anxiety for accuracy. In 1884, the more than octogenarian Cardinal having published in a well-known review a study on the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, an impertinent professor treated him as a theological novice, and summoned him to return to orthodoxy.

> It is a pity [answered Newman] that he did not take more than a month to prepare, write, and publish his article. If it had been less hurried, it would have been better. As far as I am concerned, I took a good twelve months to make mine.[1]

Besides, it is not a long road from the literary criticism of former days—now, alas! extinct—to that which is criticism properly so called. The old critics of Virgil prepare the way for Richard Simon, and if the good Erasmus, the father of all of us modern Christians who wield the pen, had not studied Latin and Greek, we should be able to-day to dispense with knowing German. At the time when young Newman arrived at Oxford, England was beginning to take a new interest in classical studies. Oriel, his college, had given the signal for this revival. Everything moves slowly in that country. Certainly Newman never knew Latin like Monro, the most rare of commentators, nor Greek like Mr. Jackson. He was a scholar of the transitional school, literary rather than learned, but literary with average erudition and infallible taste—in short, one of those humanist connoisseurs who would found, almost without effort, the larger criticism, if they bethought

[1] "Stray Essays," p. 41. ["Stray Essays" being out of print, I have not been able to procure it, and have therefore been obliged to content myself with translating M. Brémond's quotation. It is the only instance in which this has been necessary.—TRANSLATOR.] Newman's article had appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, February 1884. The answer of the "professor" appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* of the following month. As a proof—among a score of others—of this anxiety for accuracy, I note the care that he always takes to locate geographically, if I may say so, the personages of whom he treats. See, for instance, the itinerary of the exiled Chrysostom ("Historical Sketches," vol. ii.). I should like also to consult the learned Dom Leclercq, for whom Christian Africa has no secrets, on the geography of "Callista," to which, relatively, much research has been devoted.

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themselves one day of seeking something else than their pleasure in the old books.[1]

The bright idea occurred to some one to publish some fragments of Newman's correspondence with Father Coleridge, his old comrade and friend at Oxford. No one could be less pedantic than these two men. Nevertheless, when occasion arises, they speak Latin and Greek with an ease which gives rather a flattering notion of the ignorance of the good old times! Father Coleridge was for a long time editor of *The Month*, the review of the English Jesuits, and it is often on the subject of the work of the review that the two friends correspond. An article having appeared on the Athanasian Creed, Newman writes to Father Coleridge: "The drawback to me is his attempt to prove Athanasius the author of this creed. . . . The creed is Latin all over, and as unlike Athanasius as it can stare."[2] And thereupon he compares minutely the theological terminology of the Greeks with that of the Latins. No one will make me believe that the remark is that of an amateur. In saying this I have no intention of placing Newman's technical knowledge on the same level as that of a specialist, such as Dom Morin or Mr. Lejay; all I insist upon in his case is the taste, and, as it were, the presentiment of such knowledge.

And yet Newman, near to them as he was, so well prepared to understand them, so inimical, like they are, to compromises and to lies, would, I fear, have given but a cold reception to our modern critics.[3] As far as Biblical studies are concerned, this appears to me to admit of no dispute. Without doubt, he also has been taxed with conceding too much. It has been seen how a "professor" called him to

[1] It is known how much he loves St. Chrysostom. Notice, however, the way he qualifies his admiration: "Nor is his eloquence of a kind to carry one away who has ever so little knowledge of the oratory of Greece and Rome" ("Historical Sketches," ii. 285). "Not to be carried away" even by an author one esteems—is not this the very definition of taste?

[2] "*The Month* and J. H. Newman"—*The Month*, April 1903. It is to be regretted that the whole of this letter has not been given.

[3] This hypothesis evidently depends upon the resuscitation in 1905 of the Newman of 1880. He had, besides, such facility of assimilation, such quickness and correctness in rapid survey, that it is impossible to divine what, in these years so full of new thought, might have been the development of his mind.

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order in reference to his article on inspiration.[1] But the very people who then censured the timid reservations of Newman have made since many concessions that the Cardinal would have judged temerarious. Read the conclusions of Tract 85, to which Newman seems to have remained faithful to the end, and which no one nowadays would think of defending.

Would he regard with greater favour the work of the independent critics who have undertaken to rewrite the history of the Church? It may well be doubted. In January 1872, writing to Father Coleridge of the pleasure which the last numbers of *The Month* had given him, Newman added:

> I cannot include in this number the article on St. John Nepomucene, which did as much as any article could do, to make me doubt whether the lections in the Breviary on his day are not to be ranked or reckoned with those yesterday on the Feast of St. Sylvester. It never occurred to me to entertain the very idea till I read that article. And also, the tone of it was sad.[2]

These lines are most characteristic. *The Month*, at that time, was no more an adventurous pioneer than it is to-day. Father Coleridge, the editor of that review, fully approved the article on St. John Nepomucene. Newman, however, reproves it; his devotion is crossed by it. A doubt, a hesitation, will come to importune him when he recites this page of the Breviary. In short, you see in him the evidences of a spirit "supremely and contemptuously indifferent to facts."[3] These are the very words of Dr. Abbott.

Without doubt, but, as on other occasions, the judgment that we pass on Newman needs correction by another, very nearly its opposite. Would not these same letters to Father Coleridge show us sometimes a Newman very much freed from all routine, criticising freely the traditional opinions? And in this place, again, we see him throwing overboard the lessons

[1] A French review—*Le Contemporain*—also sounded the alarm. It does not appear that Newman had any knowledge of this article.

[2] *The Month*, April 1903.

[3] Abbott, "Philomythus," p. 7. This book appeared a long time before the publication of the letters to Father Coleridge.

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of St. Sylvester, at the very moment when he is trying hard to preserve the lessons of St. John Nepomucene. On what page of the Breviary shall we be sure of finding the true Newman?

It will perhaps be said that other recognised scholars show sometimes an analogous weakness, being uncompromising critics so long as they remain on their own ground, and irreconcilable conservatives on the points which are not within their competence. There is more than this here. Even when he confines himself to that portion of ecclesiastical history which he has made his own, Newman seems sometimes to value edification more highly than historical truth. He sometimes treats facts, as we saw him just now treat arguments and systems, with less anxiety to control their correctness than to utilise them, true or doubtful, for the necessities of his cause. Whoever has read, with an unprejudiced mind, his book on the miracles of ecclesiastical history, will not think this judgment too severe. It is a strange and fallacious book, which one would like to be able to erase from his works, if it did not also throw light, more perhaps than any other book of Newman's, upon the antinomy which makes the foundation, if I may say so, not of his marvellously simple and straightforward soul, but of his curious intellect. Dr. Abbott, always unjust because always passionate, condemns, on certain observations of detail, the whole work of his adversary; but being at the same time clear-sighted and sometimes endowed with an altogether remarkable penetration, he has devoted to the discussion of this essay of Newman a formidable pamphlet to which he has given the title of "Philomythus: an Antidote against Credulity."[1]

Though the reading of it is singularly disagreeable to an admirer of Newman, I cannot see that I have any right to leave this pamphlet out of account.

The ruling doctrine of the essay defies all serious objection. Newman addresses himself to readers who admit without hesitation the numerous miracles of the Bible and the divinity of the Church. He wishes to bring them to read eccle-

[1] "Philomythus: an Antidote against Credulity. A Discussion of Cardinal Newman's Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles," by E. A. Abbott (Macmillan, 1891).

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siastical history as believers ought to read it—that is to say, to find the miraculous interventions of the Divine power quite easy to believe, to regard them as sovereignly probable, to expect, to desire, to recognise them, in short, with a quiet joy.

> If we believe that Christians are under an extraordinary dispensation, such as Judaism was, and that the Church is a supernatural ordinance, we shall in mere consistency be disposed to treat even the report of miraculous occurrences with seriousness, from our faith in a present power adequate to their production. Nay, if we only go so far as to realise what Christianity is, when considered merely as a creed, and what stupenduous, overpowering facts are involved in the doctrine of a Divine Incarnation, we shall feel that no miracle can be great after it, nothing strange or marvellous, nothing beyond expectation.[1]

In other words, a Christian is quite prepared to meet with miraculous facts in the history of the Church. He, whom even the idea of a miracle, *a priori*, troubles and offends, has not the faith.

From this it results—and this again is incontestable—that when it is a question of discussing such and such a particular fact, which the historians give us as miraculous, the Christian scholar will show himself less obstinate than the rationalist pure and simple. The one admits not only the possibility, but also the probability of miracles; the other regards as impossible any departure from the ordinary laws of nature. Critical sense and science being equal, the rationalist will despise that proof which the believer will consider decisive, and, in that sense, it can be said that, *practically*, the theological position of both of them will to some extent decide their critical standpoint.[2] There is no need for me to point out how this doctrine is connected with Newman's psychology of faith. Thus restricted to the analysis of the antecedent dispositions of criticism, it seems impossible of attack. In fact, as far as we have gone, criticism, properly speaking, is not in question.

[1] "Two Essays on Scripture Miracles and on Ecclesiastical," second edition, 1870, p. 185.

[2] "Our view of the evidence will practically be decided by our views of theology" ("Essay," p. 186).

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This last is never concerned with general ideas ; it is exercised only on particular facts, passing through the sieve this legend, regulating the value of that testimony. Whether a believer or not, every one recognises that this purely scientific inquiry is legitimate. Credulity is not faith.

If you reproach Newman with not having admitted these evidences, he will refer you to twenty places in his book where he has put them himself in the strongest light. And, doubtless, in principle, he has no intention of confusing the desire and the duty of believing, theology and history; he distinguishes clearly between the two phases, the two moments of the study of the miracle : the prelude which is, with the believer, an act of faith, or supersensuous, and the critical discussion of such a particular fact, conducted after the ordinary methods of history.

He says all this, he repeats it, and, nevertheless, the whole of his book seems to contradict these categorical declarations. Insensible degradations of terms skilfully daub over the necessary distinctions between science and faith. The effusions of the believer are mingled with the discussions of the historian, so that, at length, the reader, having lost his bearings, can no longer tell what is required of him, whether he is asked to open his eyes or to close them, to follow a scientific inquiry or to repeat blindly an act of faith.

To complete our discomfiture, Newman devotes the second half of his book to the minute examination of a certain number of miracles. He selects nine.[1] We are given to understand that, according to him, these nine miracles at least can resist the assaults of criticism. They are typical miracles, which, when once put on a proper footing and supported by good proofs, will help us to admit, at least as a whole, other miraculous stories which rest on less solid testimonies. For it must not be forgotten that this is, in sum, the object of the author. He wishes his book to make us, not credulous, but, at all events, quite disposed to believe in a number of

[1] The thundering legion; the turning of water into oil by St. Narcissus; the change of the course of the Lycus obtained by St. Gregory ; the Labarum ; the discovery of the true Cross ; the sudden death of Arius ; the flames which prevented the rebuilding of the Temple under Julian ; the healing of a blind man at the tomb of the martyrs ; the miracle of the cut-off tongues.

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miraculous interventions and to feed our devotion on these beautiful narratives. Our critical sense once satisfied by the discussion of these nine typical miracles, we can take leave of science and approach ecclesiastical history in a fitting spirit for a believer—that is to say, in the spirit of edification. Very well; but then at least the nine miracles must rest on a foundation of granite, for, if there remained to us the slightest doubt about those which you yourself have chosen and discussed, what credence could we give to the rest? Our faith in miracles is in your hands. Give us overwhelming certainty. You do not yet know Newman, and the disdain with which, at certain times, he treats all science. You who wish to know what he thinks of the nine miracles, determine, first, precisely to which of these two you understand Newman to be speaking. To the believer? He already admits the nine miracles. To the critic, the historian, the scholar? As regards this, after having read him over several times I really do not know what to say. See for yourself if you will be more fortunate than I was.

Let us confine ourselves to the first of these miracles, the history of the thundering legion. After having duly weighed the pros and cons, Newman writes these discreet and deceiving words:

> We may give our own explanation to it for our own edification, in accordance with what we believe to be Divine Truth, without being obliged to go on to use it in argument for the conversion of unbelievers. It may be a miracle, though not one of evidence, but of confirmation, encouragement, mercy, for the sake of Christians.[1]

We have here a mixture of loyalty and skill which is quite in Newman's best manner. But look closely at what is taking place. See how delicately the historian slips into his wavering balance a thin leaf of lead or of gold which in a moment settles the question. We were told just now that faith, this antecedent disposition, did not intervene directly in the scientific inquiry. There it is, however, or at least something which is very like it. This critic at bay calls to his succour the priest, the poet, and the preacher: the distinction

[1] "Two Essays," p. 252.

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between them vanishes, and the chapter of history concludes like the ending of a sermon.

> On the whole, then, we may conclude that the facts of this memorable occurrence are as the early Christian writers state them; that Christian soldiers did ask, and did receive in great distress, rain for their own supply and lightning against their enemies; whether through miracle or not we cannot say for certain, but more probably not through miracle in the philosophical sense of the word. All we know, and all we need know, is that "He made darkness His secret place, His pavilion round about Him, with dark water and thick clouds to cover Him; the Lord thundered out of heaven, and the highest gave His thunder, hailstones and coals of fire. He sent out His arrows and scattered them; He sent forth lightnings and destroyed them."[1]

"All we know, and all we need know"—there indeed we have the thought at the back of Newman's head, I was going to say his fixed idea. But if that is all which we need know, then why borrow his outfit from science, advertise and undertake an examination which from the first is known to be superfluous? To this question I can see only one answer. This little historical problem interests the author, who allows himself to devote a few minutes to it by the way. Does it not sometimes happen, even in church, that we pause in our devotions in order to enjoy the mysteries of the Latin service? The distraction past, we return to prayer. This comparison surprises you. You say it is unheard of to go and shut oneself up amongst the archives for the purpose of making spiritual meditations—that a pious scholar, if he has common sense, arranges his time-table methodically. So many hours are set apart for study, so many for devotion. How can I help it? That is not Newman's way. Science with him is the humble servant of devotion. Would you have in one word the key to the "Essay on Miracles"—as, for that matter, to all his books? Take him as a spiritual reading, as a devotional exercise, as an incentive to prayer.

In this matter, trust the author's own words rather than

[1] "Two Essays," p. 254.

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mine. In this book he tells us that he regards the miracles of Church history as so many favours which God bestows upon Christians to reward their faith and nourish their devotion.[1] As the times are hard upon legends, and as Newman is speaking here only of a period which he has studied very closely, the work concedes a certain place to critical research. Yet, once more, this is nothing but a digression. Like the white hares and the kingfishers of the author of the "Vie Dévote," the nine miracles of the "Essay" may serve for the devotion of the faithful. If the book brings to your lips a hymn of praise or of thanksgiving, the author will be rewarded for his trouble.

Be that as it may, the dangers of so emotional a method cannot be disguised. It is all very well for Newman to insinuate that he is not writing scientific history; the uncritical reader will not believe him. Who believed him when he declared that he set forth his doctrine of development only as an expedient, as a simple hypothesis? An honest avowal certainly, but people never think of taking literally these kind of confidences. It is known that their authors would, in most cases, be much annoyed to be taken at their word. In any case, when Newman declares that he is going to discuss a certain number of selected miracles, surrounds himself with folios, scrupulously recalls, in its smallest details, the story of the thundering legion, the reader, even if he has been put on his guard, opens his eyes in spite of himself in the certain expectation of a splendid miracle, as clear as day; and when, on the completion of the work, our guide, calming with a gesture our impatient eagerness, says to us quietly:—It may be, yes, perhaps it is a miracle, but do not make use of it against unbelievers: they would be in too great a hurry to pull it to pieces; it is a miracle, but, for you who already believe, a miracle of devotion, if one may say so—then, I say, the whole argument breaks down, we get impatient, we murmur, we close the book and think aloud or to ourselves: "If he, using the tools of science, has found nothing more striking in the miraculous stories of the first centuries, the Gibbonses and Renans have not, perhaps, been so far wrong

[1] "Two Essays," p. vii.

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in pouring contempt upon our old legends and destroying the supernatural."[1]

As far as I am concerned, if I were Dr. Abbott I would not call the "Essay on Miracles" a breviary of credulity, but a manual of scepticism. For here, indeed, the psychology of the author of "Philomythus" seems to me to be at fault. Newman credulous and a lover of myths! Tell that to some one else; it is the opposite he should say. He is the least credulous of men, and this strange book shows it well.

One would suppose, in reading Dr. Abbott, that Newman takes pleasure in perusing these extraordinary stories. As a matter of fact, he forces himself, and with difficulty, to believe them. His own faith does not rest on miracles; it tries to stretch itself so as to include them, and only succeeds with difficulty. He would say of many of these stories what he said of the legend of Stylites, the "laughing-stock of unbelievers, and a subject of profound astonishment, nay, perplexity, to believing minds."[2]

A little while ago, as the reader must remember, he conducted us into a menagerie. Now whence did he get this fancy, and upon what mystery did he claim to throw light by the "analogies" that this visit suggested? With all sincerity, he wished to try to make himself feel at home with these miraculous stories, many of which seemed to him intolerable. Follow his reasoning. All these strange marvels worry me; but what of that! Have I the right to impose on the Eternal the refinements of the simple life of an Oxford man? Why should He, Who never consulted me about the plan of the creation, consult me upon the choice and occasions of His miracles? Is it to be expected that the world should happen to be like an English farm or the gardens of Trianon? Whether we like it or not, how can we help acknowledging that, at first sight, the panorama of creation plunges us into a thousand perplexities? Among the different principles which govern the work of God I see two at least which disconcert me. "One is that principle of *deformity*, whether hideousness or mere homeliness, which exists

[1] I recall, owing to a scruple for accuracy, that Newman nowhere says that he chose the most certain miracles. He does not tell us the reasons of his choice, which is, after all, at least as important. Yet, once more, this book is discouraging.

[2] "Historical Sketches," ii. 317.

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in the animal world; and the other (if the word may be used with due soberness) is the *ludicrous*." [1]

Leaving the menagerie, to return to miracles: it is a pleasure to see how quickly Newman changes his palette, exchanges epithets, which are too crude, for respectful euphemisms, brutal facts for innocent generalities. He no longer speaks of the two principles which force themselves on the notice in the animal world. He even remarks that there is much more difference between a horse and a monkey than between a noble Biblical miracle and the most fantastic of our legends. Nevertheless the analogy is indicated, "It is obvious to apply what has been said to the case of the miracles of the Church," and this shows us exactly what was the impression made on Newman by many of these traditions, which he undertakes to defend against the scoffs of the unbelieving. Manifestly, neither his natural taste nor his devotional habits attract him in that direction. His own religion rests primarily on the personal experience which he has had of God at the time of his first conversion.[2] In return for this ineffable grace, he feels himself obliged to accept with blind and submissive faith all the mysteries by which God may choose to reveal Himself to us. Far from reducing the mysteries of metaphysical dogmas and of miraculous stories to an essential minimum, he, on the contrary, enlarges his receptivity. Within the limits of a reasonable knowledge, he wishes to believe everything and as much as possible. Not that he puts miracles on a level with dogma; but each miracle preserved by the tradition of the Church offers him an opportunity of a fresh sacrifice of intellect, of one of those humiliations and mortifications of the mind which have become so dear to him.

A strange "Philomythus"! As well might it be said of an invalid that he is partial to pills, of a penitent that he loves his punishment. Far from relishing these stories for their own sake, Newman makes it his duty to accept them precisely because the chief part of them annoy, shock, and mortify him. For the needs of his inner life he neither takes into account nor desires any kind of miracle. The still, small voice, which he hears in the depths of his conscience, is sufficient for him.

[1] "Two Essays," p. 150.
[2] *Cf. infra*, Part IV., Chapter II.

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He asks neither for the thunders of Sinai nor for the dazzling glory of Tabor, but he has quite made up his mind not only to take literally the miracles of Scripture, but, further, by the submission and humility of his intelligence, to accept, as the Church would have us accept, all the extraordinary passages in ecclesiastical history and in the lives of the saints. "All or nothing" seems to be his motto in these matters; and with the supernatural he does not bargain, he is never a niggard. A few hours before receiving Newman and his disciples, Father Dominic recited with them the office for the day. Suddenly the missionary changes his mind. He had forgotten that this office contained the account of the miracle of St. Denis. What effect would this strange story produce upon learned Oxford men? He proposes to omit the awkward passage. This showed but little knowledge of Newman. It is not exactly known whether or not the lesson was read, but later on the converts made no secret of the fact that the admirable prudence of this holy priest had given them a shock. Nevertheless the future Cardinal knew one day how to profit by this lesson in minimising. As a Catholic he was no longer afraid to yield its due place to criticism. Not that he ever felt it necessary to modify his thesis as to miracles. In 1870 he brings it out again without any alteration.[1] But at this time, having finished his great

[1] The curious note, which he adds at the end of the book, shows certainly that he has not changed his opinion. This note is the joy of Dr. Abbott, who persists in misunderstanding the logic of this work. One of the nine miracles discussed by Newman in the first edition of the "Essay" (1843) was that of the African confessors retaining the use of speech after their tongues had been cut out. In course of time sundry men of science, worthy of credence, had reported that such a phenomenon was not infrequent, and that they had heard with their own ears men speak without a tongue. Newman (*cf.* in the "Apologia," and in this note added to the later edition of the book on miracles) takes notice of these new observations. Having acquitted himself loyally of this duty, he adds: "I should not, however, be honest if I professed to be simply converted by their testimony to the belief that there was nothing miraculous in the case of the African confessors. It is quite as fair to be sceptical on one side of the question as on the other; and if Gibbon is considered worthy of praise for his 'stubborn incredulity' in receiving the evidence for the miracle, I do not see why I am to be blamed if I wish to be quite sure of the full appositeness of the recent evidence which is brought to its disadvantage. Questions of fact cannot be disproved by analogies or presumptions; the inquiry must be made into the particular case in all its parts, as it comes before us. Meanwhile I fully allow that the points of evidence

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philosophical work, he could flatter himself that there was no longer a risk of any one misunderstanding the real purport of this book. To those who understand it properly, the "Essay on Miracles" does not concern either history or criticism; it is the sketch, rather laboured and threadbare, and, I was going to add, rather awkward, of a chapter of the "Grammar of Assent."

Let us come back to science properly so called. Certain historical fragments, unfortunately too few, but of great promise, reveal in Newman one who could have made his name as an historian. His first book, devoted to the history of the Arians, rather dry and monotonous, is that of a man who is trying to find his way and does not yet know his own genius. But soon he abandons himself to the fascination which the past exercises over him. He has discovered, he has heard the Fathers, and he calls up, in a charming little book, that radiant vision.[1] *Quæ est ista quæ progreditur quasi aurora?* This is the motto of that book. After his conversion he takes up the same subject, and gives to the Catholic reviews, to the *Rambler*, and to the *Atlantis* some chapters of the work which he dreamt of writing on "The Saints of Old."

In spite of the title which the author has given to the collection of these fragments, "Historical Sketches," he would make a great mistake who expected to find in it nothing but sketches. These detached chapters are outlines of the large work which he never had time to write, and form so many finished monographs. The public knows nothing of these pages, and more than one who takes the name of Newman on his lips is ignorant of them also. But, of those who really know Newman's writings well, no one makes a mistake about it.

brought in disparagement of the miracle are *prima facie* of such cogency that, till they are proved to be irrelevant, Catholics are prevented from appealing to it for controversial purposes." But then Newman seems to acknowledge that, in his opinion, before the discussion of the new data, the history of the African confessors could serve with advantage in a controversy—that is to say, it had a convincing value for one who was nothing but a man of science and from the simple standpoint of criticism. Now in the book itself he does not at all seem to promise as much as this. Who will solve this riddle?

[1] "The Church of the Fathers." It is a series of articles which appeared in the *British Critic*, starting from the year 1833, and bound up in 1840. This book now makes half the second volume of the "Historical Sketches."

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We there find the true Newman, much more than in his better known works, in the joy of a work which he loves, and to which he knows that he can devote himself without scruple, in the unfolding of his gifts.

Here at least we are certain that there is no risk of any complication of contradictory interests troubling the clearness of his genius. It is no longer, as before, the believer who, with bandaged eyes, in an effort of intellectual self-surrender, accepted miracles as a whole and generously placed his need and will to believe in the scales of criticism. No, it is a man, expert in friendship, who chooses for himself certain friends among the great men of the past, to live with them in an intimacy as free as respectful. To choose, you understand, to choose by reliable indications. No preoccupation hinders him. In the researches which guide and fix his choice, psychology and history are given free course.

Not, indeed, that he approaches history simply as an inquirer. Knowledge for the sake of knowledge never interested him. As a Tractarian he made of the "Church of the Fathers" a controversial weapon against the middle-class Anglicanism which he had set himself to transform. It is also, in places, apologetic history. Once a Catholic, he returns to these same studies with an interest detached from all afterthought of controversy. You will say that here again the anxiety for edification comes before everything. And a good thing in its way! Do you reproach a critic for celebrating the authors who give him most pleasure? People choose their friends as they wish. Newman wishes his to be saints, and that the labour which he devotes to them may also be a kind of prayer. Since it is a question of understanding thoroughly the mind of the saints, his personal devotion will bring him close to the object of his study. Though the turning-points of the saints' lives, though the criticism of the documents which concern them, are common possessions, their minds remain always in some degree closed worlds to any one who has never had the desire to be like them. Psychological penetration being equal, sympathy sees clearer and further than indifference, and those who love not sanctity do not love the saints.

In any case, if Newman as an historian seeks primarily for edification, he takes good care that this edification may

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rest exclusively on history. I mean history in the rigorous sense of the word. He desires that the objects of his devotion may have a solid consistency, that they may be men of flesh and blood, about whom detailed and precise information can be obtained. And that is why (do not smile at this paradox) he almost exclusively prefers saints of the first centuries. With these, he tells us, we know what we are about. Providence has saved them from biographers. In fact, the biographies of modern saints, what are commonly called the lives of saints, do not trace "the portrait of an individual, but the vague and mythical image of the saint in himself." Of what use to me are your commentaries, of what good even are these anecdotes —that easy prey of which modern hagiographers show themselves so greedy, and which, nevertheless, with but few alterations, could be transferred from the life of one saint to that of another? What I want to know is the interior of the saint, his real life, as they say, the secret of his life as a man. You tell of noble deeds; but take care—sanctity lies in the motives rather than in the acts. You are ignorant of these motives as long as the saint has not taken you into his confidence. And doubtless you are never at loss—you know the inner reason of all that your saint has done. I do not blame you for it; I only say that you are exceeding the powers of a biographer. I find a book of devotion which is admirable, but I was looking for a book of history.

There is only one way of knowing people: it is to hear them talk. Now the majority of modern saints are exceedingly quiet. I pay my respects to them, but I keep my love for those whose voice I have heard. Some men with a vivid imagination have no difficulty in representing to themselves personages whom they have never met. St. George or the seraphim of Isaiah are as familiar to them as St. Chrysostom. I am differently constituted; I can only interest myself in what comes under my senses, in what my eyes see, in what my ears hear. And "this is why," continues Newman, in effect, "I exult in the folios of the Fathers." Here at last are saints who speak to me. I see them, I find myself quite close to them, I distinguish the sound of their voices. Their books tell me their history as no biographer ever could. To read a man's correspondence is a way of conversing with him. Now the

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Fathers were indefatigable letter-writers. Only think that we have four hundred letters of St. Basil, nearly two hundred of St. Augustine, two hundred and forty of St. Chrysostom, one hundred and forty of St. Nilus! That is not all. It might be said that these great men only take up the pen to tell us their secrets. Instead of writing formal doctrinal treatises, they more often addict themselves to controversy, and, as they understand it, "their controversy again is correspondence." They put their whole personality, both in its human and divine elements, into the polemical or the didactic work on which they are engaged. Their doctrinal message is written, not on tables of stone, but on what St. Paul calls "the fleshy tables of our heart." Does St. Gregory set himself to comment on Ezekiel, he speaks to us of the Lombards, of his own people, and of himself. In those old times, to which a Summa Theologiæ was as yet unknown, dogma and argumentation tell us the intimate history of the saints. "Dogma and proof are at the same time hagiography." Apart from some exceptions—as, for instance, an Isidore of Seville, who has found out the way of writing exhaustively without ever telling us anything about himself—the Fathers, in one way or another, give us their autobiography; that is why I love them.

We have just read, in a summarised form, the little manifesto which would have served as preface to "The Saints of Old." I do not think that such a hymn has ever been sung before in praise of psychological biography, of the inexpressible delight of silencing importunate biographers and of discovering, hearing, seeing, the great men of the past in the works where their pen unconsciously betrays them into our hands. Kindred masters in the opposite camp, a Sainte-Beuve, a Renan, would have gladly put their name to this lively, joyous, and confident preface; and, if they had read the "Chrysostom" or the "Theodoret" of the "Historical Sketches," they would have saluted in Newman one of their equals.

I pray the reader to pardon the apparent absurdity of my method, but, in truth, I should be wanting in all my duties as Newman's biographer, if I did not stop here to tell the story of the life of Theodoret or of St. Chrysostom. It will soon be seen that I am not going out of my way in lovingly turning

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over the leaves of at least one of the wonderful chapters, which Newman has devoted to these great men. Words fail me to describe the serenity, the spaciousness, the harmonious proportions, the unfailing historical sense, the affectionate irony, the unique charm of these pure masterpieces. The masters, whom I just now recalled, have not written anything more finished.

The fate of Theodoret, to compare great things with small, makes one think of the forty-first arm-chair. The Bishop of Cyrrhus, a real saint, a consummate theologian, with a heart very human and engaging, is one of the victims of ecclesiastical history. No aureole lights up his name. He is not among those whom we celebrate with confidence, before having read them. Our imagination forgets to place him, exiled as he is from the calendar, in the imposing procession of the Fathers, at least if our imperfect knowledge does not chain him, vanquished, to the chariot of St. Cyril of Alexandria.

Newman has his own reasons for protesting against this surprising injustice, and he has realised better than any one the drama of this life that missed its mark. Everything draws him towards this unhappy brother of St. John Chrysostom. Is not Theodoret, in the first place, one of those writers such as he loves, who are always telling their own story? Letters, a formal autobiography, and a very agreeable personal note even in the doctrinal treatises, are more than enough to attach him to Theodoret. "Often (when I was a child) did Peter of Antioch take me on his knees and feed me with dried grapes and bread." Would one not read the theologian who has written such lines, and how could this same man leave us indifferent when he tells us that the Bishop John was so delighted at hearing him preach that, in the open church, he rose from his seat and applauded with both his hands? And then, above all, an evident brotherhood of spirit brings them both together. At the distance of so many centuries, it is the same inner history. Cyrrhus, where Theodoret lived as if in exile, "dirty and vulgar, with its insignificant population," is Birmingham. Antioch, the elegant and refined, is Oxford now that Alexandria has lost its Athanasius:

There he was brought up; there first his eyes had been

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opened to the divine beauty of religion, as brought before him in her saintly representatives. There was every association of his youth. He was familiar with every thoroughfare and public building, square and portico, and knew the ways and social peculiarities, the Greek and Syriac dialects of its population.

What an injustice it is to sum up, as is always done, this life, so pious and so filled with activities, in one single unhappy page, to recall nothing of Theodoret but his controversy with Cyril! Is it not known that for long he was the quietest of monks? And, besides, what an unfortunate idea it was to go and look for him in his monastery, to make a bishop of him! and what a dull see was given him when he was sent to Cyrrhus! Solitude does not weigh upon him. He has well shown it. But if you want him in a town, send him to Antioch. Certainly he will acquit himself better than anyone else in the ungrateful duties of his pastoral charge; nevertheless something tells me that he was not in his place, and that he rather suspected it himself. It is for this reason, I think, that he is always on the high road. He has always a course of sermons to preach, and always at Antioch. There you have, say you, a very strange monk-bishop who has no enthusiasm either for the sweetness of the cell or for the administration of his diocese. Do not be in a hurry to condemn him.

He was a true monk in his admiration for the monastic state, in his veneration for the solitaries of his neighbourhood, in his bodily mortifications, in the simplicity and elevation of his character, in his distaste for wealth, station, or secular pomp. His literary talents carried off his thoughts and likings in the same direction, disposing him towards a quiet, unambitious life, which was its own end and carried its own reward. Such a man was Theodoret; but he was another man too. Some men have two natures, with contrary tendencies, and have an inward conflict, and an external inconsistency in consequence. They are happy in retirement and happy in society; they are fit for both, and would, if they could, be both men of action and recluses at once. Thus we find Basil and Gregory. . . . So was it with Theodoret. He dearly

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loved the monastic state; but he had large sympathies, keen sensibilities, an indignation at the sight of tyranny, an impatience at wrong, a will of his own, a zeal for the triumph of the truth. He loved solitude, but he loved preaching, controversy, ecclesiastical politics also; he thought he could do things which others could not do—nay, could do them well; and he would feel that, much as he might labour, and with success, in the direct duties of his episcopal charge in his provincial town and among his rude, superstitious peasantry, still he was able to exert an influence higher and wider than Cyrrhestica gave him room for.

Which of these two men predominates in Theodoret? One sentence of his seems to tell us. In any case, I am strongly of opinion that when Newman lovingly translates this line he makes it his own:

> They know not how great my love of quiet is. It is the sweetest of all this life's delectable things.

This peace he will enjoy but little. The Councils await Theodoret, and his repose is at an end.

The Councils! the open wound, the "crying evil" of that troubled period! Newman, a Tory to the backbone, an enthusiastic disciple of the great men whom these tumultuous assemblies misunderstood or persecuted, speaks of Councils without any tenderness.

> Their controversies, I know, were on vital subjects, the settlement of them was essential, and in settling them the Church was infallible; but in matter of fact and after all they were carried on to their irreversible issue by the Pope and the civil power, not by the Council to which they were submitted. It grieves me to think that a man like Theodoret should have played a violent part in these meetings and altercations. I repeat it, I wish he had remained a priest; he would not have been a worse theologian, and he would have been a better man. He would have written more and quarrelled less. His mind would not have been clouded by resentment, nor his name associated, unjustly associated, with heresy. He would not have called Cyril an Apollinarian, and then been surprised to find the epithet of

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"Nestorian" fastened on himself. He would not have been so prompt to plunge into hot water, so indignant to find that hot water scalded.

It will be noticed that in my choice of quotations I leave in the shade all which concerns the real Theodoret. Whatever may be said about it by the Doctors Dry-as-dust, I think that scholars would admire the richness of information which this written gossip disguises. But for us the portrait of Newman, delicately designed in filigree work, has more interest than the history of Theodoret. It is thus that his own likeness is always contiguous to those which he most delights to draw. Not that he asks for the features of the model in order to make the resemblance more striking. He is too careful of accuracy to "Newmanise" Theodoret of set purpose. No, it is simply that in Theodoret he finds himself again. Such is the talisman of this psychologist, the magic ring which transports him into another's heart. He interprets the documents of the past in the light of his own history. He is impartial as well, and capable, too, of penetrating a mind which is unlike his own. In fact, he knows himself too well not to recognise his own limitations. In the case of those who do not excite in him any movement of sympathy, he brings to light the qualities or defects which are lacking in himself. Be certain that he will describe Cyril of Alexandria, not, indeed, with as much affection as Theodoret, but with as much truth.

For we are waiting for him to come to St. Cyril. Up to the present he has not lost sight of him for a single instant, but, as an artist very conscious of his effects, he delays the moment when it will be necessary for him to explain himself with reference to this personage. It is evident he does not love him. He cannot forgive these Egyptians for having compromised the pure glory of the see of Athanasius, of that glorious Alexandria, the holy city of theologians. Barely the day after the death of the great hero of the Christological dogma, decadence sets in. Timothy and his suffragans have persecuted "the peace-loving and accomplished Gregory of Nazianzus." Still more successful in their detestable manœuvres, Theophilus and his friends have sent St. John Chrysostom to die in the deserts of Asia Minor. It is Cyril's turn now.

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Next came Cyril, the nephew of the Theophilus aforesaid. He had taken part with his uncle in the persecution of St. Chrysostom; and when made Patriarch of Alexandria he did not hesitate, in a letter still extant, to compare the great confessor to Judas. . . . For twelve years did he and the Egyptians persist in this course, and that in direct opposition to the Holy See, and were in consequence for that long period separate from apostolic communion. Cyril, I know, is a saint, but it does not follow that he was a saint in the year 412. I am speaking historically. . . . I don't think Cyril himself would like his historical acts to be taken as the measure of his inward sanctity; and it is not honest to distort history for the sake of some gratuitous theory. . . . It does not answer to call whitey-brown white. His conduct out of his own territory, as well as in it, is often much in keeping with the ways of the uncle who preceded him in his see, and his Archdeacon who succeeded him in it, his Archdeacon Dioscorus, who, after his elevation, showing himself to be not only a man of violence, but an arch-heretic, brought down upon him the righteous vengeance of St. Leo.

I cannot refrain from quoting the following passage:

If such be the judgment which, at the distance of fourteen centuries, we are led to pass on Alexandrian unscrupulousness, what must have been the indignation of Theodoret and his Syrian party, the loyal adherents to the high line of St. Peter and St. Ignatius, St. Theophilus and St. Babylas, when they either witnessed themselves or heard their fathers tell of these reiterated haughty and imperious acts of a rival Patriarchate? How intolerable would be a coarse Egyptian, Theophilus or Dioscorus, in bodily presence, to his refined contemporaries at Antioch or Constantinople! "What right," they would say, "had Egyptians to interfere with Syria, especially in the case of questions into which faith did not enter?" Gregory and Chrysostom were then, as now, the shining lights, the special boast, of Oriental Christendom. . . . Inferior men, rushing from Alexandria to Constantinople, had extinguished them both. "Nestorius," they would continue, "is distinctly and dangerously wrong; but we can deal with him ourselves without help from Egypt. The interference

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of foreigners will cause a reaction into opposite errors, and kindle a fatal conflagration in Christendom. Nestorius is a proud man. Be gentle with him, and you will manage him; be violent, and you will inaugurate a fatal schism. We know how to bring him round or to set him aside with the charity and with the gravity which becomes men of education and religion; but here is this Egyptian, the nephew and pupil of that Theophilus, threatening us, writing to Rome against us, and bringing the Pope down upon us. The partisans of Chrysostom, the Joannites, still exist as a sect among us; who brought this about? We owe this to the violence of Cyril and the like of him; and if he has his way we shall soon hear of "Nestorians." How can the Roman Pontiff at the distance of two thousand miles be a better judge what is to be done than we on the spot? He does not understand one word of Greek; he will be dependent on Cyril's translations; and this when the very gist of the controversy depends on the sense to be assigned to certain Greek and Syriac terms.

Thus Theodoret might argue; and then, on the other hand, he would be cast down at the thought that though he was master of Greek, Syriac, and Hebrew, Latin he did not know; perhaps his partisans knew more of it than he did. Rome was already committed to Cyril, and was instructed by Cyril; and neither he nor they could have fair play. Theodoret's temper was hot, and showed itself in the language which he used of Cyril. He did not, indeed, call him Judas; but he called him the "Egyptian." He did not rightly estimate the spiritual keenness and the theological power which were in the depths of Cyril's nature. He judged of him by his acts. "Cyril was always attacking some one or other," he would say, "pagans or philosophers, or Novatians, or Jews, or Joannites. Yesterday it had been Chrysostom, to-day it was Nestorius. Nestorius was intractable certainly, but he did not really hold what was imputed to him. Those should not throw stones who live in glass houses. Cyril was an Appollinarian, beyond a doubt; if Nestorius was accused of ascribing to Our Lord a double personality, Cyril had actually avowed and maintained that Our Lord had but one nature, and tried to

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persuade the world that St. Athanasius had said the same. He was bound to recant his own heresy before he fell so savagely on Nestorius."

Have we not here history, great history—something more true, more deep, and more beautiful than history? In reading over again this wonderful passage, my thoughts turn involuntarily to the speeches in Racine and in Shakespeare. One needs to be insistent, to take the reader by the sleeve and say to him: Stay! Beneath a quiet and unassuming style, this pen, which shows no signs of any feverish haste, stirs up a whole world of ideas and passions. You are under the impression that you have before you only an honest scribe who copies faithfully the soliloquies of Theodoret. You see but the patient subtlety of a psychologist where you ought to admire a poet's power of creation, the vast surveys of a thinker who, in one inclusive gaze, embraces, handles and re-handles fifteen centuries of history. I say nothing of these little innocent-looking words which disclose unconventional horizons: "He did not rightly estimate. . . . He judged of him by his acts." I say nothing of that passion for justice, of that pity for the noble soul, whose case is lost in advance because he does not know Latin: "Neither he nor they could have fair play." One half of the English spirit is contained in these last two words. For, indeed, Newman reveals to us also his own spirit in this immortal page. I want no other proof than that little sentence, sublime in its treachery, in which he turns against the enemy of St. Chrysostom the brief that he himself had just sketched in his defence: "He did not, indeed, call him Judas." Learn, if you do not know it, that in the heart of this man there rankle grudges which may permit him to pardon, but not to forget. "He did not, indeed, call him Judas."

Let us, then, leave Theodoret to devote ourselves entirely to Cyril. Newman does not show himself unjust towards this man who resembles him so little; he is not wanting in respect towards a canonised saint and doctor of the Church.

Cyril was a clear-headed, constructive theologian. He saw what Theodoret did not see. He was not content with anathematising Nestorius; he laid down a positive view of

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the Incarnation, which the Universal Church accepted and holds to this day as the very truth of Revelation.

Unfortunately this theologian is a ruler and a man of action. Hasty, overbearing, violent, he bears the weight of responsibility for the unhappy Council whose acts he himself regulated, superintended, and dictated. How will Newman manage to give an account of these things, in such a way as to respect at the same time the honour of the Church and the rights of the truth?

All will be safe. A charge overwhelming in precision and judicial calmness sums up, in its main features, the history of Ephesus, and, in the same way, a monologue, as Newman knows how to make them, pleads attenuating circumstances for Cyril.

Rome having taken his side against Nestorius, the Council was nothing for Cyril but a disagreeable official task.

> What could a Council do which had not been done already? Its convocation was a mere act of the civil power; it would be little better than a form. What could be stronger than a decision at Rome, followed up by the assent to it of the Catholic world? What was there for the Fathers to debate upon? They would only have to register the conclusions which had already been reached without their meeting. However, if a Council was to be, Nestorius, he might take his word for it, should not have the benefit of it. Cyril was to be president; Memnon, Bishop of Ephesus, was his fast friend. It was hard if between them Nestorius succeeded in playing any trick. Cyril had on his side the Pope, the monks, the faithful everywhere—Tradition and the Truth; and he had not much tenderness for the scruples of literary men, for the rights of Councils, or for episcopal minorities.

In short, Cyril came to Ephesus, "not to argue, but to inflict an anathema, and to get over the necessary process with as much dispatch as possible."

"All's well that ends well." And they finished by understanding each other.

There was a greater presence in the midst of them than

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John, Theodoret, or Cyril, and He carried out His truth and His will, in spite of the rebellious natures of His chosen ones.

It may be asked, however, what we are to think about St. Cyril. . . . Is Cyril a saint? How can he be a saint if what has been said above is matter of historical truth?

Newman answers that, in spite of his faults, Cyril might have had, and indeed had, the heroic virtues of faith, firmness, intrepidity, and endurance. In any case, a Catholic may affirm, in the case of a man whom God had destined to so eminent a dogmatic mission, the presence of "moral endowments which the surface of history does not reveal to us."

There is still something further. A Catholic must believe that Providence would have prevented the canonisation of Cyril, if he had not deserved such an honour.

It seems, besides, that the thirteen last years of the Patriarch's life made reparation for so many errors. Newman leaves us under this impression; but, before doing so, he tries to draw clearly the moral of this lamentable history.

Thus it is, then, that I read his life: he grew up among holy men, and at an early age entered upon the clerical, if not the monastic, state. Then, perhaps, he relaxed his strictness. . . . Then he went off to the Bosphorus with his uncle—an expedition which was not likely to teach him charity or increase his merit. When he became Patriarch himself, and transferred his acrimony from Chrysostom to Nestorius, Isidore again interposed with a remonstrance, conjuring him not to make the quarrel eternal under the pretext of religion. "Sympathy," he says (such as Theodoret's), "may not see clearly, but antipathy "(such as Cyril's) "does not see at all."

The Saint continues:

Many of those who are assembled at Ephesus accuse you of seeking to revenge a private quarrel of your own. . . . He is nephew, they say, to Theophilus; he desires to be thought a man of consequence like his uncle, who wreaked his fury upon the Blessed John, though, to be sure, there is a great difference between the accused parties.

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St. Isidore writes to him again, and without any more circumlocution:

> If you wish that we should both escape condemnation, put an end to the dispute; do not seek to revenge a private injury at the Church's expense, and do not make the pretence of orthodoxy an introduction to what may be an interminable schism.

> Isidore prophesied too truly; the schism lasts to this day. The Arians persecuted, and they came to nought; the Nestorians were persecuted, and they expanded into a large communion . . . and they keep up their opposition to the Church still. Cyril's policy of violence has not even had the recommendation of success; though St. Isidore takes a higher ground than that of expediency.

The reader will no doubt pardon me for having prolonged this chapter. We have not always the unqualified delight of seeing this fine genius develop himself without constraint. As soon as he enters upon history, he shows us what he really is. He, who has no confidence in the mere exercise of reason, is here no longer arguing, but narrating. He, who has so much need of friendship, exults in the intimate familiarity of these great men, from Athanasius to Chrysostom, from Chrysostom to Theodoret, who are, perhaps, the best of his friends. His own experience of the supersensuous, his cherished doctrine of a "Particular Providence," have taught him that the history of grace in the souls of men is more wonderful than all the exploits of miracle-workers, and have concentrated his attention on the inner life of the saints. Here again, that autocentrism which constitutes the originality, the value, but also sometimes, perhaps, the danger of his religious philosophy—that autocentrism, I say, illuminates and magnifies his researches, by interpreting for him the history of the past and making it live again through the keen experience of the present. Besides, we have seen, I hope, how his loyalty as a Catholic does not compromise, in his case, the integrity of the scholar. The Church allows him to recall, with a respectful liberty, the faults of her great men. In simply saying all that he believes to be the truth, he is sure to be working, in the long run, for the good of souls. With a

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modest confidence he places these historical fragments under the patronage of the great Pope who rehabilitated the noble victim of St. Cyril. "I am tempted to believe," he writes, "that St. Leo, if he were alive, would not find any great fault in my view of these matters." [1]

[1] This quotation and all those which have just been made are taken from the chapter in the second volume of the "Historical Sketches" which is called "The Trials of Theodoret."

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CHAPTER III

THE THEOLOGIAN

I SHOULD like, for a moment, here to change my method, and to devote myself to the analysis of a book of Newman's, which has remained somewhat outside the rest of his work, and, for that reason, has too often been neglected by the critics. I mean the "Lectures on Justification," which he published in 1838 to show that the Lutheran dogma of "justification by faith," Anglicanised in the Thirty-nine Articles, was not irreconcilable with the Tractarian doctrines on the priesthood and the sacraments. My object is not to concern myself directly with the controversies which form the object of this book, but simply to invite the reader to make a rapid excursion which will familiarise him with the mental habits which it illustrates. If a theologian were to compress these lectures into a body of abstract doctrine, if he were to take away all the elements which must be eliminated by a strictly intellectual analysis, he would not find, I think, in this book anything more than a commentary, not very original, on the articles of the Council of Trent, than a manual of orthodox scholasticism on "habitual grace." Newman declares often enough, and too often, for the acquittal of his conscience, that he claims to take up his position an equal distance from the Lutherans and from the "Romanists"; but, when everything has been taken into account, I am, in most cases, unable to see between him and ourselves anything more than a verbal difference. Now, here is something, which at once enlightens us as to the essence of Newmanism. At the very moment when he composes a lecture which, arranged in a synoptic table, strongly resembles an unassigned passage of Bellarmine, Newman thinks he is establishing an independent doctrine of his own. Imagine a pseudo-Pascal who, having "discovered," with straight lines and circles, the geometry of Euclid, should flatter himself that he had done an original

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work. The comparison is not far from the truth. The Conciliar canons are the theorems, and the arguments by which they are supported are very nearly alike among all theologians. The order, the clearness of the explanations, and the vigour of the replies vary. One brings into the debate an ingenious view, another a Scriptural or patristic authority forgotten by his colleagues, but in the end they agree together strongly on fundamentals. A genius such as Vasquez, a compiler like Mazella, shake hands. Now Newman did not bring forward, at least in my sense, any of those considerations which seem to renew the unchangeable face of the truth. How then could he loyally maintain that he did not belong to us? Was it vanity, ignorance, simplicity, or the like? No; it was simply that the doctrine never presented itself to him in its abstract form. We are free, if we have the mind, to put it in a synoptic table, to count the articulations of the skeleton of his thought. Always, for him, and even at the moment of the definition and of the proof, that thought retains its flesh, the flesh its colour, movement, and life. Do not suppose for a moment that this firm and subtle hand knows not the art of fearless dissection. But it loves not the scalpel. Newman dislikes to lay his own thought on a marble slab and to cut it up as if it were something dead, a simple object of curiosity and analysis. And, without doubt, in a professional theologian such repugnance is inadmissible. But he is not ambitious of this title. All he wishes to describe is a living faith, his own; and that, not for the intellectual pleasure of the task, but solely for the better knowledge of all such faith demands. And it is thus that his religious thought, manifested in the activity of the whole soul of a believer, accompanied by all the emotional elements which make it also a feeling and a prayer, brought to bear upon the Divine realities which it embraces—this thought, I say, just as it is, living, concrete, personal, can with good reason seem to him original, unique, and consequently distinct from the abstract, systematised, rational image which it would offer to the eyes of one who regarded it purely from an intellectual standpoint. This attitude of mind allows Newman to lend an orthodox sense to formulas which our theologians condemn, and which the Anglican formularies, those masterpieces of compromise, have tried to preserve.

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> Justifying faith, then, may be considered in two main points of view; either as it is in itself, and as it exists in fact in those who are under grace. In the former point of view it is not necessarily even a moral virtue; but when illuminated by love, and ennobled by the Spirit, it is the name for all graces together, as having in it the power of them all. In the alternative, then, between making it nothing and making it everything, our Homilies have chosen the latter, and the Romanists the former. The Romanists define it almost in its bare distinctive outline, as it is in itself viewed apart from all circumstances or states of mind, as found in good and bad, as living and dead. They consider it an *assent* of the mind to God's word. On the other hand, our Homilies seem to consider that grace so changes its nature that a description, which comprises in one its state both before and after, is but a verbal generalisation and a practical fallacy, as if a living body and a corpse were called by one name; and therefore that faith must not be called *real* unless it is *living*. Accordingly, instead of attempting a strict definition they enlarge upon its properties in the regenerate, and set it before us in all the health, energy, and fulness of stature which grace bestows.[1]

Where is the sophism? Manifestly, if the "Romanists" start with a rigorous definition they must, in good logic, keep to it. Inasmuch as the whole Lutheran quarrel turns on the primary ambiguity. To faith thus scientifically defined Luther attributes characters and effects which belong only to the living and holy faith of a regenerate soul; or, rather, to a soul at once believing and regenerate. How is he to be refuted—and Newman admits that he must be refuted—without distinguishing by very precise statements this living whole and these abstractions which heresy confuses at pleasure? A dry task, I own, but, for all that, necessary. In truth, the desire to show that he does not lean too much to the side of Rome leads somewhat astray this Anglican who wishes in spite of all to remain faithful to his Church. If I take notice of it, let it be understood that it is only in order that I may put my finger

[1] "Lectures on Justification," p. 295.

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on the mechanism of Newman's method. It matters little that, as a rather secondary consequence, the future Cardinal, in the course of his argument, abuses this method in such a way as to be wanting in justice towards the Roman Church. Further on he says:

> I aim at contemplating things as they are and must be in their embodied form. . . . When I speak of faith, I am not speaking of a definition, or creation of the mind, but of something existing. I wish to deal with things, not with words. I do not look to be put off with a name or a shadow. I would treat of faith as it is actually found in the soul; and I say it is as little an isolated grace as a man is a picture. It has a depth, a breadth, and a thickness; it has an inward life which is something over and above itself; it has a heart, and blood, and pulses, and nerves, though not upon the surface.[1]

To abandon the abstract definition for the object defined, the portrait for its living original, is one of the essential principles of the method. I have let it be understood that this is not without its inconveniences. At the very least it can be abused like the others; but, on the other hand, it sheds on religious problems a special light, which the light of abstractions neither eclipses nor replaces. Life alone can judge life; only a theology which is concrete, real, and full of religious feeling can discern the untruth and unreality of a doctrine which calls itself religious, but which is not. The touchstone used by such living theology is not the abstract possibility, the logical coherence, but the moral richness, of a system. Newman cuts short the prolixities of the Lutheran controversy by a simple remark in which his piety has a larger share than his reason. I want "a real doctrine, containing an intelligible, tangible, practical view which one can take and use." I want, to cure me of too real a corruption, a real grace as well. I wish to nourish my inward life, and you offer me nothing but shadows; I wish to be in actual communion with Christ, to be regenerated by the presence of His Spirit, and you "would, at the very marriage-feast, feed us on shells and husks, who hunger and thirst after righteousness. . . . It is surely too bold an attempt to take from our

[1] "Lectures on Justification," pp. 302, 303.

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hearts the power, the fulness, the mysterious presence of Christ's most holy death and resurrection, and to soothe us for our loss with the name of having it." [1]

I am aware that theologians, properly so called, sometimes have recourse to a line of argument as intimate, if I may say so, and as personal. But when they do this they leave their method behind. They do not treat the truth as true in itself and demonstrable, but they defend it, they claim it as the dear possession of their whole soul. This is so true that the reasons here brought forward by Newman would resemble a parade, a repulsive mockery, if they came from the pen of a man who had never experienced, suspected, or even caught a glimpse of the reality of these privileges, at least by desire or regret. Reason alone, arguing from texts, can well establish the existence of habitual grace, as it could that of a planet as yet invisible; but it cannot call into action either the "bitterness" with which our accursèd nature is "blighted and poisoned," nor the "hallowing and sweetening" grace which heals the frightful wound.[2]

Reason alone, yet instructed, and more than it suspects, by the experience of the saints, finishes by representing to itself the gift of grace as a sort of dwelling by God within us. But it requires something far different from reason to feel, to tell and to sing with Newman this mystery of Divine condescension.

> Touch Me not, for I am fast passing for your great benefit from earth to heaven, from flesh and blood into glory, from a natural body to a spiritual body. When I am ascended, then the change will be completed. To pass hence to the Father in My bodily presence is to descend from the Father to you in spirit. When I am so changed, when I am so present to you, more really present though invisibly, then you may touch Me—touch Me more really though invisibly, by faith, in reverence, through such outward approaches as I shall assign. Now you but see Me from time to time. . . . Thou hast seen Me, Mary, but could not hold Me; thou hast approached Me, but only to embrace My feet, or to be touched by My hand; and thou sayest, "O that I

[1] "Lectures on Justification," pp. 60, 61, 62. [2] *Id.* p. 99.

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knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat! O that I might hold Him and not let Him go!" Henceforth this shall be; when I am ascended, thou shalt see nothing, thou shalt have everything, . . . thou shalt have Me whole and entire. I will be near thee, I will be in thee; I will come into thy heart a whole Saviour, a whole Christ, in all My fulness as God and man . . . a principle of life and a seed of immortality.[1]

As will be seen, the originality of this attitude consists in effacing the boundaries between the reasonings of the intelligence and the exercises of living piety. Wishing to minimise the evident inconsistencies of several theologians of his party, Newman makes this remark:

As controversialists they are Protestants, as pastoral teachers they are disciples of the Ancient Church.[2]

As far as he is concerned, he is of opinion that, in drawing such distinctions, the intelligence suffers at least as much as piety. Controversy would be so much the more enlightening, more capable of guiding to the complete truth, in proportion as it was more like a devotional conference. In the scales of a discussion thus conducted, the witness of a saint would have more weight than the arguments of an original thinker.

If I bow to some individual teacher, as Irenæus or Augustine, it is not from a notion of his infallibility, but from a sense of the authority of men of holy and mortified lives, where God has not otherwise spoken.[3]

So, again, for the believer of good will, to whom Newman always addresses himself, no reasoning will appear so direct and conclusive as his own experience of things religious. Show this believer that a doctrine is "awakening," "glowing," productive of the fruits of fear, of trust and of holiness, and you will have already more than half converted him to it. The Anglican theory of grace, interpreted by Newman—say, rather, the Catholic doctrine of Trent—goes straight to a

[1] "Lectures on Justification," pp. 249, 250.
[2] *Id.* p. 111. [3] *Id.* p. 209; *cf.* p. 65.

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faithful heart, and passes easily from the heart to the mind. And how could he hesitate to take knowledge of himself in a thought which insists so strongly on the presence of God within us, and which draws from it such good reasons for inviting us to flee all occasions of grieving, all danger of driving away this Divine guest?[1]

Let us dwell, for a short time, on that word "experience," which has already occurred in the course of the last few pages, and which I cannot hope altogether to avoid in those which follow. Applied to the things of religion, it is almost a Protestant word.[2] It was ever on the lips of members of the extreme sects, which Newman for a long time had considerable difficulty in judging, I do not say with sympathy, but with justice.[3] Nothing was so objectionable to him as that religion of "experiences," that series of half mystical, half physiological self-suggestions, by which people succeed in persuading themselves that they have become acceptable in God's sight. Neither his very well-balanced temperament, nor his sensitive and rather fearful faith, suffered him to commit himself to the method of salvation by convulsions. When, therefore, we see him take, as the chief basis of his theology, the study of personal feelings, we must not suppose that he wishes to encourage a too self-conscious religion, and that form of prayer which, by dint of hearing itself, comes to treat itself as the object of worship. But, in the long run, theology, even such as Newman's, distinguishes itself from prayer. Fatal though it be to all spontaneity of personal devotion, this method of observation becomes indispensable to him who sees in religion before all things an activity, a life. What, in fact, was the question, in the book on "Justification," but the choice between the explanations of grace which are given by the different schools? That theory, thinks Newman, will be nearest to the truth which answers most exactly to the needs,

[1] "Lectures on Justification," pp. 220, 221.

[2] In England, of course, where the Methodists brought it into favour. I am well aware that amongst ourselves also this word has been regarded with suspicion by many. It is, however, so very simple, and expresses so well what it means.

[3] In his latter days he modified considerably this aggressive attitude. There was no longer enough faith upon earth for it to be possible to disregard the least particle of genuine religion.

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to the hunger and thirst of the soul, and which shows "Justification" to be an active and fruitful principle of holiness; that, in short, is truest, which, in its practical working, will produce virtuous acts. It is, then, acts and experiences which are to serve as rule and criterion for the conclusions of the Christian philosopher. But this takes us far from Protestantism, which prescribes not to the theologian, but to every ordinary Christian, that breathless quest, not, indeed, of perfection, but of sensible conviction of the Divine pardon. Newmanism is a philosophy; it is not directly a rule of conduct. That is a primary difference. Further, so far from being content with taking to pieces the mechanism of this religious activity, he becomes absorbed, on the contrary, in the contemplation of the object towards which this activity is directed. The Protestant, on the contrary, concentrates his attention on that element in the act, taken by itself, which is the most subjective, the most weak, most insignificant, least meritorious, and, if I may say so, the least active—namely, on religious emotion—and tends for that reason to lose his interest altogether in the reality which alone is of importance. The one preaches the present Christ, the other the necessity and the method of persuading ourselves that we enjoy this redeeming presence. The contrast is clearly drawn in the last, and perhaps the most remarkable, of the lectures, and the importance of the subject makes it worth while to dwell upon it.

> I observe, then, that what the Jews felt concerning their law, is exactly what many upholders of the tenet of "faith only," feel concerning what they consider faith; that they substitute faith for Christ; that they so regard it, that instead of being the way to Him, it is in the way; that they make it a something to rest in. . . . I would say this, then: —that a system of doctrine has risen up during the last three centuries, in which faith or spiritual-mindedness is contemplated and rested on as the end of religion instead of Christ. I do not mean to say that Christ is not mentioned as the Author of all good, but that stress is laid rather on the believing than on the Object of belief, on the comfort and persuasiveness of the doctrine rather than on the doctrine itself. And in this way religion is made to consist in

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> contemplating ourselves, instead of Christ; not simply in looking to Christ, but in *seeing* that we look to Christ, not in His Divinity and Atonement, but in our conversion and faith in them. . . . The fashion of the day has been to attempt to convert by insisting on conversion; to exhort men to be converted; to tell them to be sure they look at Christ, instead of simply holding up Christ; to tell them to have faith, rather than to supply its object; to lead them to work up their minds, instead of impressing on them the thought of Him Who can savingly work in them; to bid them be sure their faith is justifying, that it is not dead, formal, self-righteous, or merely moral, instead of glorifying Him, Whose image, fully delineated, destroys deadness, formality, self-righteousness; to rely on words, vehemence, eloquence, and the like, rather than to aim at conveying the one great idea, whether in words or not.

What, in most cases, will be the end of this rhetoric, except illusion and deceit?

> Now that no effect follows upon such representations I am very far from saying; experience shows it does. But for the most part it will be produced by sympathy, and will consist in imitation. Men will feel this and that, because they are told to feel it, because they think they ought to feel, because others say they feel it; not spontaneously, as the consequence of the objects presented to them. And hence the absence of nature, composure, unobtrusiveness, healthy and unstudied feeling, variety and ease of language, among those who are thus converted, even when that conversion is sincere. Convulsions are, in this view, the only real manifestation of spiritual life and strength.

He does not tire of pursuing this phantom of a devotion, which rests not on God's "love towards us, but in our faith towards Him," not on the reality of the gift, but on the manner in which each one appropriates it. And, without doubt, this gift does not belong to us except so far as we receive it with active dispositions; but it is not necessary for such activity to be self-conscious, and there is, rather, some reason to fear that it may become paralysed by thus turning in

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upon itself in order to assure itself of its own acts. Our limbs do not work without at the same time solving a certain number of mechanical problems, but the surest means of moving quickly is not the anxious regulation of one's steps by the scientific laws of motion. In a certain sense, faith is really the ground of our justification, but this doctrine which sums up and formulates Christian experience is, when once stated, not a rule of conduct. You harass, you trouble, you paralyse a soul if you say to it, "See that you feel," that you experience religious emotions; you must be conscious of the transformations which take place in you, and, above all, take care not to omit any of the stages which are laid down by our books, make quite certain that you pass from darkness to distress, from distress to illusion, then to the light, and finally to consolation.

Newman is in his vein. I know it by a certain tremor of his pen, which, in his case, is an invariable sign. So, let us be very careful not to curtail too much these admirable pages where the Newmanian realism asserts itself in an indirect, but intense, fashion.

> True faith is what may be called colourless, like air or water; it is but the medium through which the soul sees Christ; and the soul as little rests upon it or contemplates it, as the eye can see the air. When, then, men are bent on holding it (as it were) in their hands, curiously inspecting, analysing, and so aiming at it, they are obliged to colour and thicken it, that it may be seen and touched. That is, they substitute for it something or other—a feeling, notion, sentiment, conviction, or act of reason—which they may hang over and dote upon. They rather aim at experiences (as they are called) within them, than at Him that is without them. They are led to enlarge upon the signs of conversion, the variations of their feelings, their aspirations and longings, and to tell all this to others; to tell others how they fear, and hope, and sin, and rejoice, and renounce themselves, and rest in Christ only; how conscious they are that they are but "filthy rags," and all is of grace, till in fact they have little time left them to guard against what they are condemning, and to exercise what they seem to themselves to be so full of. Now men in a battle are brief-

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spoken; they realise their situation and are intent upon it. And men who are acted upon by news good or bad, or sights beautiful or fearful, admire, rejoice, weep, or are pained, but are moved spontaneously, not with a direct consciousness of their emotion. . . . So it is with faith and other Christian graces. Bystanders see our minds, but our minds, if healthy, see but the objects which possess them. . . .

And this being the difference between true faith and self-contemplation, no wonder that, where the thought of self obscures the thought of God, prayer and praise languish and preaching flourishes. Divine worship is simply contemplating our Maker, Redeemer, Sanctifier, and Judge; preaching, conversing, making speeches, arguing, reading, and writing about religion, tend to make us forget Him in ourselves. The ancients worshipped; they went out of their own minds into the infinite temple which was around them. They saw Christ in the Gospels, in the Creed, in the Sacraments and other rites; in the visible structure and ornaments of His House, in the Altar and in the Cross; and, not content with giving the service of their eyes, they gave Him their voices, their bodies, and their time, gave up their rest by night and their leisure by day, all that could evidence the offering of their hearts to Him. Theirs was not a service of once a week, or some one day, now and then, painfully, as if ambitiously and lavishly, given to thanksgiving or humiliation; not some extraordinary address to the throne of grace, offered by one for many, when friends met, with much point and impressiveness, and as much like an exhortation, and as little like a prayer, as might be; but every day and every portion of the day was begun and sanctified with devotion. Consider those seven services of the Holy Church Catholic in her best ages, which, without encroaching upon her children's duties towards this world, secured them in their duties to the world unseen. Unwavering, unflagging, not urged by fits and starts, not heralding forth their feelings, but, resolutely, simply, perseveringly, day after day, Sunday and week-day, fast-day and festival, week by week, season by season, year by year, in youth and in age, through a life, thirty years, forty years, fifty years, in

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prelude of the everlasting chant before the Throne. . . . O great and noble system, not of the Jews who rested in their rites and privileges, not of Christians who are taken up with their own feelings, and who describe what they should exhibit, but of the true saints of God. . . . The Pharisee recounted the signs of God's mercy upon and in him; the Publican simply looked to God. The young ruler boasted of his correct life, but the penitent woman anointed Jesus' feet and kissed them. Nay, holy Martha herself spoke of her "much service"; while Mary waited on Him for "the one thing needful." The one thought of themselves; the others thought of Christ. To look at Christ is to be justified by faith; to think of being justified by faith is to look from Christ and fall from grace. He who worships Christ and works for Him, is acting that doctrine which another does but enunciate; his worship and his works are acts of faith, and avail to his salvation, because he does not do them *as* availing.

In one word, this self-conscious mysticism is of human invention, and it is a dangerous vanity to prefer the clearness of its analyses to the mystery of action. The lecture and the whole volume end with these weighty words:

> Let us be sure things are going wrong with us, when we see duties more clearly, and do them more entirely than they are set before us in revelation.[1]

Thus, from this initial examination we get an idea of the habitual attitude, the prepossessions, the procedure, the method of Newman as a theologian, and find that he treats doctrine not as an abstract theory, but as the expression of a living reality in which the Christian soul finds its spiritual sustenance; that he subordinates metaphysical considerations to the observation of the religious fact, the inquiries of the mind to the searchings of the conscience. To those of less robust faith the method would appear rash, even dangerous, and some would ask themselves, perhaps, if it does not open a breach through which subjectivism might creep in. Let them be reassured. The most absolute, the most convinced of realisms presides

[1] "Lectures on Justification," pp. 371–390.

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over these experimental researches. Here, as always with Newman, the quest supposes the problem solved, faith precedes the demonstration; or, rather, he does not attempt to prove, but explains, develops, analyses, and determines. Newman is not an explorer who for the first time spies out unknown countries, but a guide who traces the map of a region which is already, at least indistinctly, familiar to him. In the example, which we have just been considering, that region is the regenerate soul. God lives at the centre of that soul; He has found some mysterious way of dwelling in it. And, at first that soul, on the faith of teachers who have deceived it, and from the want of having analysed its convictions with sufficient care, has been able to maintain a doctrine which, as a matter of fact, contradicts these convictions. From abstract sophisms Newman leads it back to concrete certainties. He makes it recognise at the base of its being that presence of Christ, which it was able to deny, but which it has not lost. Thus will he proceed in his long inquiry into the Church and faith. The whole of his religious life implies, desires, expects, calls for the truth of Catholicism in its integrity; an implication which he will take years to explain, a desire of which he will become more clearly conscious from day to day, desires and needs which quicken in proportion as a more generous effort will be made to satisfy them. A superficial observer, or one accustomed to other methods, will see in this no more than the rise of an intelligence towards the light. Taught by Newman, we contemplate in it the active recollection, the laborious reflection of a soul that God already possesses, which wishes to assimilate more fully to itself the riches of the Divine gift, to correspond more perfectly with all the requirements of that grace.

Newman's language is of that finished style which the humanists at one time took such delight in minutely analysing. Unfortunately, the limits of my subject forbid me to discuss the text itself; and, besides, such a study would divert us from the principal object which we have in view. I will content myself, then, with suggesting some observations, which may indicate, to the young and curious, the mine of wealth contained in it. Newman, the preacher, will claim more of our attention. Happily, there are signs that it will not be long

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before the French clergy make up their minds to renounce those oratorical formulas on which, amongst ourselves, Christian eloquence has lived so long, and of which it is dying. It really seems as if we could not find a better master than Newman to guide us on this untrodden road, to teach us how to preserve the happy mean between the old and the new rhetoric, between a sermon that follows the conventions of the schools and the popular lecture.

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PART III

THE WRITER AND THE PREACHER

I

YES, Newman was a great writer, and certainly not without knowing it, but, what is much more heroic, without desiring it. That, indeed, is one of the grandest features of his character. This man, while aware of his genius, never did anything to show it off, never sought after literary honours, but devoted himself for nearly fifty years to ungrateful theological tasks, to tracts, lectures, translations of the Fathers, and suchlike.[1] Whatever he writes, no doubt, he cannot help turning his sentences in conformity with all the requirements of a perfect rhythm. Anxious, above all things, for sincerity, reality, and lucidity, he creates for himself, without taking thought, to express simply his clear and sinuous thoughts, the tenderness and liveliness of his feelings, a language which is unlike any other, a language fashioned of the words on the lips of every man, but which for all that is inimitable, and which is found to be the shadow, the reflection, the express image of one of the rarest minds that the Anglo-Saxon world has known.

But for many years the admirers of Newman do not seem to distinguish this unique gift from the charm of the man himself. He, in any case, has no thought of working this vein. Had it not been for the ridiculous storm which, a few years after his conversion, was aroused by the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England, Newman would perhaps never have known the powers of irony which slumbered within him. They broke out abruptly in the "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties," and in those on "Catholicism in England." For

[1] The remark is from Hutton, "Cardinal Newman," p. 9 ff.

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himself they were perhaps a revelation, for those who could judge, a blaze of dazzling light. The ruthless energy of this biting and brilliant satire is incomparable in its effect. It is so strong, so crushing, that one feels inclined to ask for mercy of him for his victim, inclined to think him almost cowardly. But is not this the impression that satirists of genius always leave upon us? The first stroke of their pen knocks the opponent down; they seem to us then to be trampling on a corpse, and we forget that just now the little David had only his sling, with which to measure himself against the giant. This was not going to be, however, the last word of this genius. The "Lectures" grow pale by the side of the answer to Charles Kingsley. That memorable duel is one of the finest pages of literary history. To force himself on the attention of the whole of a large country like England, to interest millions of readers in the evil quarrel sought out by a popular writer with a poor popish priest, to do justice in a few pages to an ingenious and specious calumny—justice which is conclusive, and before which the people bow—to bring to bay an adversary headstrong and braggart and to pursue him into his last retreats, to set the world aflame with the anxieties and the religious convictions of one single man, and, finally, to cover with glory, to avenge, to hallow the Church which, after ten years of combat, had received satisfaction from that man—there you have, certainly, many miracles; but the most wonderful part of it is that Newman, at the dawn of the conflict, sure of the power of his pen, should have had the inward assurance of the triumph which awaited him. *Deus ecce Deus!* This fulness of self-conscious confidence and joy is of the essence of genius. The first parts of the "Apologia" are in no respect inferior to the "Provinciales"; the last, in piercing and pathetic sincerity, do not yield place to the confessions of St. Augustine.

It is unnecessary to insist on the fact that irony does not constitute the whole of Newman's genius. The Christian within him would have wished to efface the remembrance of such prowess. The final edition of the "Apologia" no longer contains the terrible passages against Kingsley. We know them all by heart, and our grandnephews will find them in the original edition. These few pages had, besides, a further result than the

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discomfiture of the poor canon. From that day forward no educated Englishman could ignore Newman. Whatever the author of the "Apologia" writes henceforth, England reads and admires it. Before, and ever since, his death he has been regarded as one of the classical writers of the English tongue, and his fame, less noised abroad, less cumbersome, less heady than either that of Carlyle or Ruskin, is likely to endure.

Newman as a writer deserves a very careful study. Unfortunately, English people do not like that kind of task. There will be found, nevertheless, in Dr. Barry's book the detached fragments of a work of this sort. It constitutes largely that part of the book which shows most signs of originality and research. I proceed to summarise a certain number of these ideas and to add some impressions of my own. Dr. Barry, a genuine Alexandrian himself, wishes to have Newman for his fellow countryman: "If ever an Alexandrian wrote in English, it was John Henry Newman."[1] This judgment, I must own, fills me with consternation. That he was an Alexandrian in doctrine, by a sort of Christian Platonism, by a very keen taste for symbols, is clear enough. Newman, as theologian and philosopher, is far more akin to Clement of Alexandria than to St. Athanasius. But the style? Could any one have less of the literary man about him than Newman? Athens is his real literary home. The serenity, the transparence, the unassuming elegance, the freedom, the ease and simplicity of his style can leave no doubt on this point. "To read these beautiful and serene pages, the 'University Lectures,' the 'Historical Sketches,' 'Callista,' and the 'Occasional Sermons,' is a liberal education."[2] Dr. Barry refutes himself when he writes this golden sentence.

The four works which have just been cited were chosen by a connoisseur. From the "Occasional Sermons" and "Callista" onwards, Newman, as a writer, is at his apogee, and in the whole of literature I know nothing more exquisite or more finished than the first eight chapters of the book on the "Rise and Progress of Universities." In English, and even in French, there is nothing more Attic.

[1] Barry, p. 126. [2] *Id.* p. 90.

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The wonderful parallel between the two principles which regulate education by turns, the "influence" and the "discipline," between Athens and Rome, between the Oratory and the religious Orders, should be read again and again. It is simply wonderful; and, to make our happiness complete, these pages bring before us no longer the Newman of the "Apologia," absorbed in supersensuous realities, but the other Newman, the gentleman, the man of letters, the one who put Terence on the stage,[1] the educator, the man of his time, the man of the world, the conversationalist, the "knight without reproach," the Erasmus or the Fénelon of Oxford.

But it would be, perhaps, more instructive to follow the road traversed by Newman before reaching this perfection. As a boy, as a young student, he imitates by turns Addison and Gibbon. At one of his examinations he has to render into English, in a line of Virgil, the word *proprium*. He remembers that Shakespeare has employed the word "proper" in the sense of "his own," and so he translates *proprium* by "proper." The examiners thought that he had not understood, and treated him accordingly. Newman long bore them a grudge. Be that as it may, even at the cost of a little affectation, he thereafter showed an anxiety, very rare with young people, to weigh, to taste, to relish words for their own sake. Even after he has become a master of the English language, he retains the laborious habit of this kind of amusement. He scored his manuscripts with erasures at least as much as La Fontaine, and he never ceased to correct the successive editions of his books with an extreme fastidiousness.[2]

We must also notice, in the history of the development of this splendid style, the ingenious evasions to which the leader of the Tractarians had to condemn himself owing to the necesssities of his position.[3] During long years he has charge of souls. Very soon he loses his way himself, or, rather, he sees too well the possible or probable issue to which he is

[1] At the Oratory school Newman himself undertook the adaptation and rehearsals of Terence's plays. The little Latin prologues which he wrote for the occasion are charming.

[2] *Cf.* "Letters," ii. 250, and in the "Inquiétude Religieuse"—a nice letter from him to the good Ward.

[3] *Cf.* Abbott, i. 118.

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leading his men. He speaks to them in the name of Anglicanism, and, whatever may be his own doubts, he has no right to betray the confidence which his Church has placed in him. As a sincere man he can only say what he thinks; as an Anglican minister he is bound, he wishes, to keep his followers within the pale of Anglicanism. "That only is said well which it is difficult to say." It is perhaps in this school that Newman learnt the art of tricking out, of minimising, of sometimes evading formulas by means of ideas. The "Sermons on Subjects of the Day" would furnish curious examples of what I am pointing out as I pass on—the subtlety and increasing richness of his talent as a writer.

These preliminaries, and others analogous, having been settled, we can turn to the ruling and characteristic qualities of Newman's style—what may be called, barbarously, his psychological realism and his supersensuous realism. For Newman has the gift of describing, of imperiously calling up, the different manifestations of the life of the mind. Take, for example, the impressions of a Christian after having just passed through Holy Week. It is like the convalescence which follows a long illness. We remain seated under a tree, breathing the air with all our might; we are happy, but with a happiness which is born of suffering; we have neither the strength nor the taste for many words. Or, once more, it is the day after a dream:

> And thus, I say, his disquiet during the week has been like that of a bad dream, restless and dreary; he has felt he ought to be sorry and could not say why—could not master his grief, could not realise his fears, but was as children are, who wonder, weep and are silent, when they see their parents in sorrow, from a feeling that there is something wrong, though they cannot say what.[1]

A minute study will show how, in this passage and many others, the style not only gives the impression of reality, but even increases it.

The gift of expressing the invisible, of making it sensible, present, palpable, and penetrating, is not less extraordinary.

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv., sermon xxiii. 336, 337.

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As regards power and method, Edgar Poe and Mérimée, in the "Vénus d'Ille," would offer useful points of comparison. It always depends upon the accumulation of little realistic touches, as if an everyday event were in question. But how much more difficult is the attempt for Newman! He does not wish to depict the supernatural of nightmare, but the sweet, strong, active presence of that Spirit which speaks neither in the earthquake or the tempest, but in that unseen region which is, as it were, interpenetrating ours, and whose silent walls look down upon us and press us close on every side:

> A thick black veil is spread between this world and the next. We, mortal men, range up and down in it, to and fro, and see nothing. . . . In the Gospel this veil is not removed; it remains; but every now and then marvellous disclosures are made to us of what is behind it.

The following conveys an adequate impression of that sudden fall of the veil, and of those flashes of supersensuous vision:

> At times we seem to catch a glimpse of a Form which we shall hereafter see face to face. We approach, and, in spite of the darkness, our hands, or our head, or our brow, or our lips become, as it were, sensible to the contact of something more than earthly. We know not where we are, but we have been bathing in water, and a voice tells us that it is blood. Or we have a mark signed upon our foreheads and it spake of Calvary. Or we recollect a hand laid upon our heads, and surely it had the prints of nails in it, and resembled His Who with a touch gave sight to the blind and raised the dead. Or we have been eating and drinking; and it was not a dream, surely, that One fed us from His wounded side, and renewed our nature by the heavenly meat He gave.[1]

Try to forget the unearthly beauty of this passage—it is quite the poem of the sacraments—and examine only the masterstrokes of the artist. Notice that interchange of the exact, the concrete, the material, with the Beyond, with dreams, with the supersensuous; the impression of reality conveyed by the

[1] "Parochial Sermons," v. sermon i. 10, 11.

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word "catch," and then, immediately afterwards, the already nearly vanishing tenuity of that "glimpse of a Form"; the enumeration, recalling the sense of weight, of "our hand," "our head," . . . emphasising anew the reality of the "contact"; and then that "something more," which takes us back to the dream. Note the ascending gradation of certainty, of conviction, the repetition of that word "surely," which is so well placed.

All this is the work of a great artist; all this heralds and promises the marvellous "Dream of Gerontius," that unique work devoted to making visible, palpable, and luminous, the two moments which follow the latest breath of the Christian, the separation of soul and body and the judgment:

I had a dream. Yes, some one softly said,
"He's gone," and then a sigh went round the room;
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "*Subvenite!*" and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still, but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come, . . .
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have naught else to feed upon.
Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still, for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me
That each particular organ holds its place. . . .

This is the beginning of the poem, the first thousandth part of a second in which the soul still thinks itself tied to the body. At last it feels itself free. As will be seen, from the very first verses we begin to touch upon the ineffable—on that which the eye of man has not seen, nor his ear heard; and nevertheless Newman's verses, fashioned of light, adapt themselves wonderfully to following the flight of this soul which retains, one knows not by what miracle, the words of earth to tell the things of Heaven.

As to Newman's pathos, the secret of his penetrating force

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lies in his very reserve. Here again the style doubles the literary effects which the master wizard knows so well how to produce. With skilful undertones, short pauses, and the choice of the most simple words in the language, a finished art, but one which more than ever conceals itself, Newman certainly says nothing that he does not feel himself; but—and without that how could he move us?—he says it, he knows how to say it, in such a way as to persuade us that he himself is moved and make us share his feelings whether we will or no.[1]

Those are, I think, some of the elements which an attentive examination will discover in analysing Newman's rhythm and his admirable phraseology—flowing as that of Renan and Sainte-Beuve, rich and harmonious as that of Malebranche, strong as that of Bossuet.

II

"Between Dr. Newman and the great French school there is this difference—that they are orators, and he is as far as anything can be in a great preacher from an orator."[2]

One of the most fervent admirers of Newman did not hesitate to write the above sentence at the beginning of an article on the "Plain and Parochial Sermons." Why shrink from a like freedom and delay any longer the same avowal? Every French reader, after having read ten lines of him, would also reach a similar conclusion. Let us, then, boldly anticipate the objection and declare, without ambiguity, that Newman is no orator. Judge, once for all, by one example.

The splendid passages of Bossuet's funeral orations, in which he has forgotten to conceal his personal feelings and affections, are well known. That august simplicity is also near akin to solemnity. Hear, as a complete contrast, some sentences from a funeral oration delivered by Newman. I know there was no question of a eulogy on a princess of the blood or on a Condé, but still J. Hope-Scott was not an ordinary man. The simple story of the life of one who was the leader and the boast of the Catholic party in England, the intimate friend of Gladstone,

[1] Newman is incomparable in the art of setting forth ideas to the best advantage, and would have made a first-class journalist. The "Tracts"—the first especially—should be examined from this point of view, and his articles in the *Times*—pure masterpieces—on the Tamworth reading-room.

[2] Church, "Occasional Papers," ii. 442.

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connected with the noblest families of the realm, illustrious, lastly, by the charm and ability of his speech, would have inspired our orators with fine developments. Listen :

> I have been asked by those whose wish at such a moment is a command, to say a few words on the subject of the sorrowful, the joyful solemnity which has this morning brought us together. A few words are all that is necessary, all that is possible; just so many as are sufficient to unite the separate thoughts, the separate memories, the separate stirrings of affection, which are awakened in us by the presence, in our midst, of what remains on earth of the dear friend, of the great soul, whom we have lost,—sufficient to open a communication and to create a sympathy between mind and mind. . . . Yet how am I the fit person even for as much as this? . . . It is plain, without my saying it, that there are those who knew him far better than I could know him. How can I be the interpreter of their knowledge or of their feelings? . . . I only know what he was to me. I only know what his loss is to me. I only know that he is one of those whose departure hence has made the heavens dark to me. But I have never lived with him, or travelled with him ; I have seen him from time to time ; I have visited him ; I have corresponded with him; I have had mutual confidences with him. Our lines of duty have lain in very different directions. I have known him as a friend knows friend in the tumult and the hurry of life. I have known him well enough to know how much more there was to know in him ; and to look forward, alas ! in vain, to a time when, in the evening and towards the close of life, I might know him more. I have known him enough to love him very much, and to sorrow very much, that here I shall not see him again. But then I reflect, if I, who did not know him as he might be known, suffer as I do, what must be their suffering who knew him so well?[1]

This will give us an idea of the ordinary style of his sermons. It is evidently useless to put forward Newman as an orator in the country of Lacordaire and Bossuet.

[1] "Sermons on Various Occasions," xiv. 263–265 (Longmans, 1891 ; sixth edition). Preached in the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, London.

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I will not, however, conceal the fact that this first admission costs me nothing. Whether rightly or wrongly, I think that I recognise, in this absence of everything that is, properly speaking, oratory, the characteristic beauty of these sermons. Assuredly, anyone, who does not love our great preachers well, must be neither a Christian nor a Frenchman. They are, of their kind, without rivals. But cannot another ideal be conceived, another kind of preaching be imagined, equal, or, if it is insisted on, inferior, to the sort we have in France? Who can even say if sundry of our own countrymen, notwithstanding their admiration for Bossuet and Bourdaloue, have never expected and desired another style of preacher? Has the reader never, by chance, felt almost ill at ease in the course of a fine sermon; and, among those who have ascended the pulpit, are there none who, though too modest to rebel against our oratorical traditions, suffer, nevertheless, from some ill-defined impatience? Does it never seem to our hearers and preachers that our style of sermon is—how shall I put it?—somewhat artificial, rather cold, rather out of touch with realities? It is sometimes a real intellectual treat, but the literary pleasure of listening to these well-made divisions and harmonious periods does not leave the hearers free from disquiet. They ask themselves whether a style of speech less oratorical, more simple, more natural, more thoroughly human, would not go straighter to their heart. Might there not be a way of writing a sermon as one writes a private letter, weighty and urgent, without a shadow of solemnity or of convention? Instead of always being face to face with an orator, how good it would be to find a man and nothing but a man! Those who have experienced this timid desire have, without knowing it, foreseen Newman.

These thoughts, which are still very vague, will, I hope, become more definite if the reader will turn over, with me, the pages of these twelve volumes of sermons.[1] I will shortly

[1] Here is the list of the volumes of sermons: "Parochial and Plain Sermons" (8 vols.); "Sermons Bearing on Subjects of the Day" (1 vol.); "Fifteen Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford" (1 vol.); "Sermons Preached on Various Occasions" (1 vol.); "Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations" (1 vol.) (London: Longmans, Green & Co.).

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attempt to give some idea of the treasures they enclose. In this chapter I will do no more than endeavour to determine the characteristic features of this strange eloquence.

The influence of a preacher can come from three different sources. Either he can charm us by the grace and influence of his person, or he may ravish us by the natural beauty of his ideas, or, lastly, he gets hold of us by the very art of exposition and persuasion. Thus the authority which animates the features and the voice of the orator can serve him instead of new ideas or method, and, besides, the artifices of a judicious padding often disguise commonplace conventionalities from the ears of the audience. Personal charm, the fascination of ideas, art and method, are the three forces which, when united, secure its triumph to eloquence.

Without insisting too rigorously on this abstract division of a living whole, I shall not speak directly either of the person of Newman or of his fine ideas, and I shall confine myself to determining the characteristics of his method by comparing it with that of our French preachers.

Between them and him there is a difference which arrests us at the outset. There is no resemblance between the titles of their sermons. The subjects of Bourdaloue, of Bossuet, and of Massillon are very general: Almsgiving—Justice—The Law of God—Ambition—Providence—Communion. With Newman it is just the opposite. He only deals with particular subjects. Let us run rapidly through the contents-table of the sermons: Reverence, a Belief in God's Presence—Sins of Ignorance and Weakness—Moral Effects of Communion with God—Acceptance of Religious Privileges Compulsory—Worship, a Preparation for Christ's Coming—Divine Calls—The Praise of Men. So much for the moral side; here is the dogmatic: Christ Hidden from the World—The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World—The Church a Home for the Lonely—The Invisible World—The Mysteriousness of our Present Being—Moses the Type of Christ.[1]

[1] The sermons contained in the first ten volumes were preached before the conversion of Newman. The "Parochial Sermons"—as their name indicates—were addressed to the parochial congregation of which Newman, incumbent of St. Mary's at Oxford, had the charge (1828–1843). The picked men of the University, professors and students, came there as well, but the

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I do not wish to be misunderstood. This is by no means a superficial difference. These titles reveal to us one of the fundamental principles of Newman's method.

The method of procedure of our preachers and the ordinary scope of their discourses is well known. Whether they are concerned with dogma or with morals, they embrace a wide subject, take a rapid survey of it to fix its divisions ; then they cover this vast ground more slowly, in two or three stages.

Newman understands the choice and delimitation of a subject in quite another fashion. In the presence of a general idea, "almsgiving," "salvation," "prayer," his meditation leads him to be arrested by a particular aspect which seems to him the most important. Our orators would have stopped a few minutes before the idea, as seen from this angle, and would have passed on quickly to other points of view. Newman, on the contrary, stays there ; he concentrates himself on it and fixes the attention of his audience upon it during the whole length of the sermon.

Read again the sermons of Bossuet and Bourdaloue on "Providence." The latter, struck by the moral side of the mystery, will exhaust, in two immense divisions, the study of the rebel minds who refuse to believe in this dogma. By the time Bourdaloue comes down from the pulpit we shall have nothing more to learn on the history of these minds, with their "crime" and "unhappiness."

The proportions of a sermon of Bossuet's are still more

orator did not address himself directly to them. The discourses which he delivered as University preacher are contained in the volume of the fifteen sermons, and treat more particularly of theological subjects, especially of the relations between reason and faith. The "Sermons on Subjects of the Day" stand quite apart from the rest of his work. The other volumes hardly bear any trace of the inward conflict of the Anglican minister who feels day by day the ties which bind him to his Church giving way. With very few corrections, they could be preached in a Catholic church. The "Sermons on Subjects of the Day" tell of the hard struggle which took place in the mind of the preacher, and in the superior part of his audience. Newman's duty is to keep in the English Church the souls that his teaching and example have led to be doubtful of their Church. He tries compromises, he erects with a trembling hand fragile scaffoldings, he consoles, he encourages ; and nothing in all his work is more pathetic. This book is unique in the literary history of preaching. The sermons in the last two volumes were preached after his conversion, the greater number in the chapel of Dublin University, or in that of the Birmingham Oratory.

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colossal. In some masterly pages he embraces the whole of dogma and morals: "Art with which God governs—Docility with which we ought to let ourselves be governed by Him—Wisdom of God in His providence—Wisdom of the man who knows how to make himself a worthy instrument of superior guidance—The spring and the action, then the usage and application of that sublime policy which guides the world."

In truth, is it possible to choose a loftier theme, or to enclose in a more luminous scheme a more imposing subject-matter?

With the same subject before him, what will Newman do? His first thought is to limit it. His sermon has for its title, "A Particular Providence as revealed in the Gospel." "Particular" has here the sense of "individual," and the whole object of the orator is to show how the life of our Lord helps us to understand that God cares for each one of us, severally and individually. For a good many people, for nearly all in fact, Providence is the object of an act of faith which is but weak and meagre. It is not for them one of those dogmas, inward, so to speak, and personal, which enliven and rekindle the whole soul. So remote is He, and so lofty, that God seems to them to be exclusively concerned with the grand outlines of universal history, while leaving mankind to their liberty and to the action of secondary causes, without more solicitude for them than the sovereign of an immense empire would have for each of his innumerable subjects. What a transformation in our life if we were once for all convinced that God cares for us in particular, calls us by our name and never loses sight of us! Newman's one object is to penetrate us with this thought. He sets our Lord before us not only as having love for all, but as loving in a particular manner which adapts itself to the age and character of each. Thus is it that God cares for us:

> How gracious is this revelation of God's particular providence! . . . God beholds thee individually . . . and understands thee . . . He sympathises in thy hopes and thy temptations. He interests Himself in all thy anxieties and remembrances . . . He compasses thee round and bears thee in His arms . . . He looks tenderly upon thy hands and thy feet; He hears thy voice, the beating of thy heart, and thy very breathing. Thou dost not love thyself better

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than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it. . . . What a thought is this—a thought almost too great for our faith![1]

"Final impenitence" is one of the commonplaces of Catholic preaching. In France the subject is almost always treated in all its vastness. Bourdaloue studies the three stages of the sinful soul on its deathbed: wilful impenitence, impenitence due to unfortunate circumstances, impenitence unconfessed. Massillon closes all the outlets to the false hopes which the impenitent may nourish. Bossuet, considering the death of the wicked rich man, enumerates the reasons which make his conversion impossible:

He comes at last, the unhappy one, to the greatest of all separations, without detachment; to the most important business of all, without leisure; to the greatest wretchedness, without assistance.

Newman recoils before these wholesale representations. Taking as his point of departure an idea less vast than the preceding, but still fairly general—neglect of Divine callings—he tries during the first pages of the sermon to fortify himself in a narrower field. Whence comes such neglect? From the illusion in which we live that we shall be converted before death. Do not be afraid that he will keep himself to that. There is a means of yet further limitation, a means of penetrating down to the deepest root of this illusion.

And when some particular temptation comes on them, they think, "It is only one sin, and once in a way . . . it is only one sin more," and they forget that . . . the sin they are now committing is not a mere single, isolated sin, but that it is one of a series, of a long catalogue. . . . It is not the first of his sins, but the last, and perhaps the very last and finishing sin. . . . But every sin has its history: it is not an accident . . . it is the aggravation of a virulent disease; and as the last straw is said to break the horse's back, so our last sin, whatever it is, is that which destroys our hope, and forfeits our place in Heaven.[2]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon ix. 123, 124, 125.

[2] "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," sermon ii. 25, 26, 27 (Longmans, 1891; seventh edition). By "last sin" Newman means that in which one dies.

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There is the subject reduced to the contemplation of the last sin. What is so terrifying is that we do not know, when we commit it, that this closes the series. For the last is not necessarily a very great sin. There is a limit fixed by God to this series, a limit which varies with each one, and from which, unfortunately, we always think ourselves far off, caught, as we are, in the formidable snare of God's silence. After these considerations, which are still too abstract for him, Newman imagines the unfortunate, who is about to commit his last sin, as being alive, as making his plans and enjoying himself. This study of peaceful illusion is arresting; more arresting still is the thunder-clap of the awakening.

> Oh, the change! my brethren, the dismal change, at last when . . . life ends and eternal death begins![1]

What a pity, somebody may say, that such a lofty intelligence should thus have dwarfed itself to treat of little subjects! From these narrow frameworks to the splendid frescoes of Bossuet the distance is too great, and, whatever in other respects may be the oratorical gifts of your Newman, this poverty of material spoils everything.

It will be enough to come to an understanding as to what is meant by this phrase "little subjects." If by that is intended a matter of slight importance, a minor question of detail, I assert that Newman has never dealt with a little subject. Instead of approaching directly the general idea, he confines himself to studying it in a particular instance, under a particular aspect: a very different method from ours, but one which—I hope to show it without difficulty—does not impoverish or necessarily dwarf his subject.

[1] "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," pp. 35, 36, "Neglect of Divine Callings." It would be profitable to compare this sermon with that of Massillon, "Sur les Délais de la Conversion." Quite otherwise than Newman, Massillon hastens to extend the scope of his subject. One would have thought it, notwithstanding, big enough. But no: instead of beginning it at once, our orator wanders from the subject, during a whole division, in refuting the objection, the pretext of those who say they have not sufficient grace. We have there, I think, an example of what M. Brunetière, in his study of Massillon, calls "composition par le dehors." *Cf.* "Études Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature" (second series).

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Fromentin looks at children playing in the sun at a place in Blidah, and thus writes about it :

> These red waistcoats, and these white trousers, these pretty children somewhat fantastic in appearance (and it is chiefly on this account that they charm us) . . . all this makes up one whole of many impressions, and delights us especially for the reason that we see in it the *individual* character of an Eastern picture. There are painters, on the other hand, who would seize only on the essential in it, considering that the most interesting thing about these children is not that they are little Blidians, but the fact that they are children. It is the former who would undoubtedly be right.[1]

Let Fromentin now try to make this vision concrete in a work of art—little Blidians who are before all things children. The page is written, the picture finished. I ask whether this picture is or is not particular. How could it be otherwise? These children have an age, a dress, they are in a certain spot, they can be distinguished the one from the other—in one word, they are not abstractions.

Nevertheless, if the instrument has been faithful to the thought of the artist, neither age nor costume nor external beauty attract and interest us, but exclusively that which, in the presence of these little Arabs, makes us think of other children, children of all countries and of all times. We are launched into the ideal, far away from anecdote and from studies of existing objects.

Just as the short fable of the two pigeons is of an interest as human, as general, as that of Cicero's "De Amicitia" for the purpose of representing the very particular history of two lovers, so in like manner the secrets of Gothic architecture can be admired in a single nave, all the marvels of flight in a single bird, and the whole art of Racine in the single "Andromache."

These remarks apply naturally to the oratorical work of Newman. When he seems to despise general ideas and interest himself exclusively in their particular aspects, he is not really depriving himself of anything worth having. You imagine

[1] Fromentin, "Une Année dans le Sahel."

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that the huge neighbouring canvasses overpower these little pictures; come closer, and, in spite of their modest appearance, you will see within them infinite perspectives stretching away in front of you.

In his admirable sermon on the "Necessity of Suffering" Bossuet has condensed the whole of Christian doctrine upon this truth, "so hard, so opposed to sense, so important to faith." After he has done with it, there is nothing left to be discovered in this immense field. He himself, recognising that his first survey has fully embraced so vast a subject, frequently comes back to this general scheme, hardly making any change in it.

There are three crosses on Calvary. Stopping in front of that of Jesus, Bossuet considers, in his first division, the baptism, the sanctification, the deification, of suffering. Then, turning himself towards the penitent thief, he meditates near this second cross on the usefulness of sufferings borne with resignation. Lastly, passing to the third cross, he shows us, in the hardening of this unfortunate, a sure sign of reprobation.

Newman preached frequently on suffering. Let us select one of the sermons which has the most restricted aim—"Affliction, a School of Comfort." We are, indeed, very far from Bossuet—just as far as possible; and yet we shall immediately recognise the rich ideas which constitute the beauty of the French sermon.

> Sooner or later we fare as other men; happier than they only if we learn to bear our portion more religiously; and more favoured if we fall in with those who themselves have suffered, and can aid us with their sympathy and their experience. And then, while we profit from what they can give us, we may learn from them freely to give what we have freely received, comforting in turn others with the comfort which our brethren have given us from God.[1]

But very soon the conventionality of this idea alarms him. Is it so true that suffering teaches us to console others? It has been repeated from the time of Didon, but is it one of the natural effects of suffering?

> Now, in speaking of the benefits of trial and suffering we

[1] "Parochial Sermons," v. sermon xxi. 303 ff.

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should, of course, never forget that these things by themselves have no power to make us holier or more heavenly. They make many men morose, selfish, and envious. The only sympathy they create in many minds is the wish that others should suffer with them, not they with others.

He develops this observation in the course of two pages. Has it not already been noticed that we are inside the third division of Bossuet? Newman, also, wishes to put us on our guard against "the bad use of sufferings." Doubtless, he develops it with less eloquence, but this simple analysis conducts us, more, perhaps, than the stirring picture of Bossuet, to the very heart of the idea.

The foundation of the Christian doctrine of suffering is that Christ, our head and example, was a man of sorrows. "The law of suffering" is written

on our exemplar in plain characters. . . . It is of His wounds that you are born; . . . children of blood, children of sorrow. . . . Jesus Christ suffering carries us within Himself; what takes place in His Divine body is the actual figure of that which must be wrought in ourselves.

We here recognise the first division of Bossuet. Although Newman does not develop this thesis directly, we shall see how he is filled with it, and how he makes its force and splendour pass into the more particular subject which he has fixed upon. He wishes to show how man is, so to speak, consecrated by suffering in his office of consoler.

He brings them into pain that they may be like what Christ was, and may be led to think of Him, not of themselves. He brings them into trouble that they may be near Him. When they mourn they are more intimately in His presence than they are at any other time. Bodily pain, anxiety, bereavement, distress, are to them His forerunners. It is a solemn thing, while it is a privilege, to look upon them whom He thus visits. Why is it that men would look with fear and silence at the sight of the spirit of some friend departed, coming to them from the grave? Why should they abase themselves and listen awfully to any message he brought them? Because he would seem to come from the

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very presence of God. And, in like manner, when a man, in whom dwells His grace, is lying on a bed of suffering, or when he has been stripped of his friends and is solitary, he has, in a peculiar way, tasted of the powers of the world to come, and exhorts and consoles with authority. He who has been long under the rod of God becomes God's possession. He bears in his body marks, and is sprinkled with drops, which nature could not provide for him. He comes "from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah," and it is easy to see with whom he has been conversing. He seems to say to us, in the words of the prophet, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of His wrath. He hath led me and brought me into darkness, but not into light. . . . He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow." And they who see him gather round like Job's acquaintance, speaking no word to him, yet more reverently than if they did; looking at him with fear, yet with confidence, with fellow-feeling, yet with resignation, as one who is under God's teaching and training for the work of consolation towards his brethren. Him will they seek when trouble comes upon themselves; turning from all such as delighted them in their prosperity—the great or the wealthy, or the man of mirth and song, or of wit, or of resource, or of dexterity, or of knowledge; by a natural instinct turning to those for consolation whom the Lord has heretofore tried by similar troubles. Surely this is a great blessing and a cause of glorying, to be thus consecrated by affliction as a minister of God's mercies to the afflicted.

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but the above should be enough to convince us that the modest addresses of Newman are not like the small change of our great French sermons, and that by thus limiting and particularising his subject-matter he in no way condemns himself to impoverishing it.

We have made the first step in the knowledge of Newman as a preacher. We know how he chooses and defines the limits of his subject. Let us go a step further and ask ourselves in what fashion he treats his material thus restricted. It can be foreseen in advance that here again, as a natural consequence of what has just been stated, his method will not be that of our

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French preachers. These have no time to stop in order to show in detail the richness of their matter. At each paragraph a new analysis comes into view, a new consequence, a new aspect of the idea. Newman does not allow himself this rapid journey through the idea; he confines himself to considering one single particular aspect. His methods of composition will, then, be quite different from ours.

In one of Dickens' novels a poor prisoner, reduced to bread and water, finds the means of varying this monotonous dietary. He cuts, he shapes in a score of fashions, this morsel of bread, which is always the same. Sometimes he gives it the form of a fish, sometimes that of a pear, arousing in himself, by an effort of will, an appetite which corresponds with every new appearance. I ask the reader's indulgence when I compare Newman to this prisoner. Instead of the splendid banquet which our preachers serve up to their hearers, he offers to us, as far as he is concerned, something very small. By what feat of strength will he retain and hold our minds in the presence of such a meagre subject?

This is a delicate and interesting question, of which I should like to get to the bottom.

There are two ways of hearing and understanding a sermon, as there are of reading a serious book. The first consists, so to speak, in hearing and understanding in a general way, in verifying quickly and as a whole—nor quite this, but in recognising at first sight the general truth of what is said to us. The thoughts defile before our eyes like people who are well known to us. The order of the procession varies according to the sermon, as does the attire of those who figure in it. We admire this order and applaud these brilliant costumes, but the procession passes by so quickly that we are unable to give any one person more attention than another. Thinking that we recognise them, we bow to each one as he passes; and any new thought, or one that is clothed in a more original fashion than usual, arrests our attention barely a few seconds longer. A sermon heard in this manner leaves us with the idea that we have exercised considerable activity of mind in order to follow it, and we come out of church much satisfied with the preacher and ourselves.

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Now is there not a great deal of laziness in thus acting? Is it even, properly speaking, to act at all—is it a work which is serious and fruitful? Are ideas made to be recognised and saluted in passing? They pass for a series of algebraic formulas, of which it is enough to recognise the accuracy. "God is good": by having stated the necessity of the equation between these two terms I am far from having understood that thought. Or, rather, there still remains everything to do in order to understand it properly, to let it penetrate my mind, to apply to myself, to excite and to arrange around this general idea a thousand recollections of particular experiences, which impart to it living truth and value. God is good! How insignificant are these three words when pronounced by an orator! how full of meaning on the lips of St. John! No, there is but one way of understanding, of following a reading or a sermon—that is, to penetrate, to appropriate to oneself each thought, to see how the general formulas sum up, condense, and throw light upon the particular facts of our lives. Newman sums up this method in one word, which reappears on every page of his work: we must *realise* all the ideas which we hear. His one aim is to get us to *realise* ideas; and it is in order to attain it with greater certainty that he makes it a rule to reduce his subject to the particular.

It is time we watched him at work. Let us take a subject which is conventional, if ever one could be called such—the individuality of the soul. It is quite a small corner in a much larger subject. Who of us would dare to enter the pulpit and confine the attention of his hearers to this? Do they not already know that they have each a distinct soul? "They know it," answers Newman, "but they do not *realise* it."

> Nothing is more difficult than to realise that every man has a distinct soul, that every one of all the millions who live or have lived, is as whole and independent a being in himself, as if there were no one else in the whole world but he. To explain what I mean: do you think that the commander of an army realises it when he sends a body of men on some dangerous service? I am not speaking as if he were wrong in so sending them; I only ask, in matter of

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fact, does he, think you, commonly understand that each of those poor men has a soul, a soul as dear to himself, as precious in its nature, as his own? Or does he not rather look on the body of men collectively, as one mass, as parts of a whole, as but the wheels or springs of some great machine, to which he assigns the individuality, not to each soul that goes to make it up?

This instance will show what I mean, and how open we all lie to the remark that we do not understand the doctrine of the distinct individuality of the human soul. We class men in masses as we might connect the stones of a building. Consider our common way of regarding history, politics, commerce, and the like, and you will own that I speak truly. We generalise and lay down laws, and then contemplate these creations of our own minds, and act upon and towards them, as if they were the real things, dropping what are more truly such.

I do not deny that there is something tiresome in this slow and embarrassed walk. Have patience; little by little the light will come. We are proceeding from the abstract to the concrete, and this road is necessarily distasteful to the natural laziness of our minds. The very resistance with which we may be tempted to oppose the preacher shows the utility of the effort that he requires of us. If it is difficult to realise an abstract truth, let us be grateful to him for accustoming us to the work.

Take another instance: when we talk of national greatness, what does it mean? Why, it really means that a certain distinct, definite number of immortal individual beings happen for a few years to be in circumstances to act together and upon one another, in such a way as to be able to act upon the world at large, to gain an ascendancy over the world, tô gain power and wealth, and to look like one, and to be talked of and to be looked up to as one. They seem for a short time to be some one thing, and we, from our habit of living by sight, regard them as one, and drop the notion of their being anything else. And when this one dies and that one dies, we forget that it is the passage of separate immortal beings into an unseen state, that the

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whole which appears is but appearance, and that the component parts are the realities. No, we think nothing of this; but though fresh and fresh men die, and fresh and fresh men are born, so that the whole is ever shifting, yet we forget all that drop away, and are insensible to all that are added; and we still think that this whole which we call the nation is one and the same, and that the individuals that come and go, exist only in it and for it, and are but as the grains of a heap or the leaves of a tree.

We feel, I hope, that we are not stopping still, but that we are getting on towards the concrete. Children, who see from afar a swarm of bees, do not suspect that there are millions of distinct lives in it. Thus, to our purblind vision, the immense throng of humanity seems as one single person. Thanks to our preacher, we have now the sensation of the swarming multitude which composes it. The swarm has disappeared; there are nothing but the bees. Bees! Men! It is still too general. Let us try to find out the individual differences, to enter in to the secret recesses of each one.

Or, again, survey some populous town: crowds are pouring through the streets, some on foot, some in carriages; while the shops are full and the houses too, could we see into them. Every part of it is full of life. Hence we gain a general idea of splendour, magnificence, opulence, and energy. But what is the truth? Why, that every being in that great concourse is his own centre, and all things about him are but shades, but a "vain shadow," in which he "walketh and disquieteth himself in vain." He has his own hopes and fears, desires, judgments, and aims; he is everything to himself, and no one else is really anything. No one outside of him can really touch him, can touch his soul, his immortality; he must live with himself for ever. He has a depth within him unfathomable, an infinite abyss of existence; and the scene in which he bears part for the moment is but like a gleam of sunshine upon its surface.

Again: when we read history, we meet with accounts of great slaughters and massacres, great pestilences, famines, conflagrations, and so on; and here again we are accustomed

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> in a special way to regard collections of people as if individual units. We cannot understand that a multitude is a collection of immortal souls. . . . All those millions upon millions of human beings who ever trod the earth and saw the sun successively, are at this very moment in existence all together. This, I think, you will grant we do not duly realise.

No, we do not realise it; names are also necessary to make it even more precise. Newman, passing in review the crowds who have played a part in sacred history, friends or enemies of the people of God, then the great names of the history of all ages, repeats before each a refrain quite opposite to that of Villon's old song: "Such an one is living now; his soul is somewhere, as much alive as then."

> What a view this sheds upon history! We are accustomed to read it as a tale or fiction, and we forget that it concerns immortal beings!

He is afraid that he may still remain too vague. These famous names have tired our imagination, and perhaps have ceased to awaken in us the idea of any reality. Let us advance still further into the real.

> And so, again, all the names we see written on monuments in churches or churchyards, all the writers whose names and works we see in libraries, all the workmen who raised the great buildings, far and near, which are the wonder of the world, they are all in God's remembrance, they all live.

Still further again. These are names which my neighbour might have seen as well as myself; they are not, then, yet sufficiently particular or, consequently, real enough.

> It is the same with those whom we ourselves have seen, who now are departed. I do not now speak of those whom we have known and loved. These we cannot forget, we cannot rid our memory of them; but I speak of all whom we have ever seen; it is also true that they live. Where we know not, but live they do. We may recollect when children, perhaps, once seeing a certain person; and it is almost a dream to us now, that we did. It seems like an

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accident which goes and all is over, like some creature of the moment, which has no existence beyond it. The rain falls, and the wind blows; and showers and storms have no existence beyond the time when we felt them; they are nothing in themselves. But, if we have once seen any child of Adam, we have seen an immortal soul. It has not passed away as a breeze or sunshine, but it lives; it lives at this moment in one of those many places, whether of bliss or misery, in which all souls are reserved until the end.[1]

This example will doubtless appear too long. Such as it is, it has seemed to me the most fitting to illustrate the process of composition employed by Newman in the realisation of an idea.[2] In that lies, perhaps, the success of his preaching, the secret of his incomparable power.

Is it necessary for me to say that this "realisation" is not peculiar to him? It is by this, on the contrary, that he shows his kinship with the great poets and the great orators.[3] But his special characteristic is to have decided on a method which holds him constantly to the necessity of looking at nothing in the abstract. Without permitting myself to draw a parallel between these two geniuses, I will explain my thought by comparing, on this particular point, the manner of Bossuet with that of Newman.

Bossuet can only enter upon wide subjects; the habits of his time demand it of him, and still more the nature of his genius. In fact, despising details, he tends of himself and at the outset to general views. "He loves to open, on occasion, vaster perspectives, to present doctrine in grand masses, or even to include the whole range of it in one sermon."[4] For any other than himself this powerful method is full of perils. Comprehension, according to the old scholastic adage, is in inverse ratio to extension. With vague generalities, with

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon vi., "The Individuality of the Soul."

[2] Perhaps an analogous method could be studied in the case of Father Lejeune.

[3] "Bossuet looked at nothing in the abstract," says M. Lanson; "all his ideas are charged with sensations, and the reasoning turns into a picture" ("Hist. de la Lit. Française"). The Rev. Fr. Longhaye develops, in greater detail, the same remark ("La Prédication, Grands Maîtres et Grandes Lois," part i. chap. vi. § iii.).

[4] Fr. Longhaye, *id.*

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empty abstractions, the orator gives himself the illusion that he is filling his immense outline. That is enough, perhaps, to win the admiration of the audience; not enough, certainly, to feed the souls which are dying of starvation.

But Bossuet is a poet, Bossuet is an apostle, and neither poet nor apostle can content themselves with abstractions. Consequently, in the midst of his most vast conceptions he returns incessantly to the clear vision of real things. He scarcely leaves the earth. At rare intervals—at the beginning of each division, for example—with a sudden beat of the wing he clears all spatial limits and ascends to general ideas. The flight is so rapid that the audience does not even perceive it. Is it not this mixture, this fusion of the ideal and the concrete, this impatience with which Bossuet seeks to bind general ideas beneath a living form, which gives to his sermons their wonderful and unique beauty?

Coming two hundred years after this great man, in a self-confident age, amongst men who, in every subject, take their fill of words and get drunk upon them, Newman became the sworn foe of the abstraction. Certainly he was impressed, as much as any one, with the magnificence of pure ideas; but he knew too well, alas! that the same word symbolises the Divine realities, which were the object of contemplation to the poets, and the sonorous phantoms which haunt the offices of journals and the rostrums of Parliaments. Under these highly general forms he fears to find emptiness of meaning; and, to use his own expression, he does not believe in ideas till he has "realised" them, bathed them in full actuality. Hence that instinct which irresistibly leads him far away from generalised subjects; hence that concrete manner of developing ideas, whose outlines a first necessity of reality has already defined and limited.

Not, once more, that he despises general ideas. No true beauty exists without them; they will, then, be there—not declared, but always present. Quite otherwise than Bossuet, who proceeds from the ideal to the concrete, Newman, taking the concrete as his point of departure, illuminates, magnifies, and transforms his slight material by infusing into it the splendid life of ideas; but, from fear of capsizing, if only for an instant, in the nothingness of vain repetitions, he

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multiplies and tightens by every means the close fetters which imprison him in reality.

III

Newman was an orator as little as could be, nor did he allow himself unrestrained outpourings of feeling and loud cries of passion. I do not know any preacher more calm, more discreet, more austere. And how could anything else be expected of his very reserved dignity as a thoroughbred Englishman, and his cultured distinction as a scholar, after the strict models of the old school? Respecting, even to a fault, the independence of others, on no account would he have wished to persuade his audience by appealing to their passions. I have no wish to make out a case against those who follow the other road, and reach the mind through the heart, but it is impossible not to recognise the indisputable worth of the man who succeeds, without apparent effort, without cries, without tears, in profoundly stirring minds by the power of ideas alone.[1]

And who would deny that this sort of impression may be, in the end, more useful for serious purposes? There are, I know, few more intense pleasures than that of feeling oneself carried away in the current of a vehement passion. The lava still burns us when, after a lapse of fifty years, it has grown cold on the pages of a book, and, while there remain souls in France, they will be stirred by the reading of the sublime couplet in which Lacordaire proclaims and cries the triumphs of the

[1] I find on the margin of a volume of Newman, annotated by some one who is too near to me to allow of my praising him, a note which will interest, I hope, others besides myself. "Is not Newman's manner of philosophising and discussing, which seems always to take the intimate, personal line, reaches [his audience] effectively, and advances logically and without constraint, the justification of one side of the English genius, which extends its influence without going outside itself, which is cosmopolitan and yet always secures its inviolable interests, an invader and yet respectful of liberty, more powerful [than so many other races] and yet less dictatorial? . . . They are correct and unconcerned; they do not spy, because they do not feel themselves spied upon. We Frenchmen are anxious to know what people think about us, because we are always busy in judging others. . . ." As an illustration of these remarks I will point out the contrast between the English Colonies of Florence and Sienna, and the encampments, as of victors, which witness to the German invasion of the North of Italy.

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love of Jesus. But all of you who feel a tremor of admiration whenever you read that page, is it the Christian or the artist in you that is moved? Is that emotion, in our case, as in that of Lacordaire, wholly due to the love of God?

Indifferent and secular critics speak of this passage with the same enthusiasm. Is it quite certain that the habitual warmth of our dispositions is such as to give us the right to affirm that our emotion is holier and more earnest than theirs?

I have explained by natural causes why the ordinary tone of Newman's sermons is quiet. There is more. The idea which he formed of religion was not compatible with too impassioned an eloquence. After that recollection of Lacordaire, what I am going to quote from him will seem very cold. Let us not forget, as we read them, that these phrases were written in a country where fanaticism and pietism are endemic—in the England of General Booth and of Wesley.

> To be excited is not the *ordinary* state of the mind, but the extraordinary, the now-and-then state. Nay, more than this, it *ought not* to be the common state of the mind; and if we are encouraging within us this excitement, this unceasing rush and alternation of feelings, and think that this, and this only, is being in earnest in religion, we are harming our minds, and (in one sense), I may even say, grieving the peaceful spirit of God, who would silently and tranquilly work His Divine work in our hearts.[1]

Is this as much as to say that all emotional appeal is

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon xx., "Forms of Private Prayer," p. 263. In another sermon of the same volume (sermon xiv., "Religious Emotion") we find the same idea in reference to our Lord: "The highest Christian temper is free from all vehement and tumultuous feeling. But, if we wish some evidence of this, let us turn to our great pattern, Jesus Christ, and examine what was the character of that perfect holiness which He alone of all men ever displayed.

"And can we find anywhere such calmness and simplicity as marked His devotion and obedience? . . . Consider the prayer that He gave us; and this is more to the purpose, for the very reason that He has given it to us as a model for our worship. How plain and unadorned it is! How few are the words of it! How grave and solemn the petitions! What an entire absence of tumult and feverish emotion!" Let us add, so as not to exaggerate anything, that there is more warmth, more sensible piety, although always discreet, in the Catholic sermons.

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wanting in these admirable sermons? How could they be admirable if Newman's heart had not been touched in writing them? Yes, there is feeling, and plenty of it, but of a strange kind—an "emotion of thought," an invisible flame whose heat, never altogether burning, penetrates little by little to the very roots of the soul. It does not carry us out of ourselves, as does Lacordaire, but without our knowing it, by a contagion of supersensuous life, it brings up to the surface all that egotism and mechanical habit had thrust back to the bottom of our souls. We are inspired with no sudden resolution; no wave of enthusiasm allows us to think that we have become, in a few minutes, heroes and saints. We are not the same as before, and we are not able to say why we have become serious. We do better than understand: we feel that God is there quite close, that the angels are there, that we are mad to forget Heaven, that this life is a dream. It is not exaltation, it is not ecstasy; we do not lose sight of earth, and we walk on, like the pilgrims of Emmaus hearing the traveller; and, if we allowed ourselves to compare these two forms of eloquence, we should also be tempted to say in parting, "Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" [1]

After what I have said we shall not expect to find in Newman's sermons an echo of the terrors of Massillon and Bridaine. Newman neither knows how nor wishes to upset his audience, but he excels in troubling them gently and deeply.

"To be at ease is to be unsafe," he says somewhere,[2] and one can agree that for the ordinary run of hearers this remark is very true. It is only the saints who are never at

[1] It is exactly half-way between Wesleyan enthusiasm and the worldly religion of some Anglicans. Newman has a fine sermon against this selfish view of religion ("Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon ix., "The State of Grace"). "There are persons highly respectable indeed, and serious, but whose religion is of a dry and cold character, with little heart or insight into the next world. They have strong sense and regular habits; their passions are not violent, their feelings not quick, and they have no imagination or restless reason to run away with their thoughts or to perplex them. . . . There is nothing unearthly about them. . . . They have no difficulties in religion, they see no recondite and believe in no hidden meanings in Scripture, and discern no hints there sympathetic with guesses within them." I have tried to depict this state of mind in the case of Sydney Smith. *Cf.* "L'Inquiétude Religieuse."

[2] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon iv. 56.

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ease, and we bear with strange carelessness the weight of our Christian responsibilities. The root of the evil is always the same. We do not realise these important doctrines; they come up again on our lips and beneath our pens, but they do not make our life pregnant with results. Newman is never tired of shaking this too great calm or of putting us face to face with reality. He has his own way of posing these abrupt questions which make us reflect.

"How are we the better for being members of the Christian Church?" he asks one day in the very first words of his sermon. "What reason have we for thinking that our lives are very different from what they would have been if we had been heathens?" [1]

To give a finished example of this kind of appeal to sentiment, I ought to translate here the whole sermon on "Ventures of Faith," [2] one of the most impressive of all. A short summary may give some idea of it.

The word "venture" is untranslatable into French, combining, as it does, the ideas of daring enterprises, undertaken for the sake of the Faith, risks, chances, wagers. Newman's idea is this: "Do we really run any risks for the Faith?"

To speak of enterprises, chances, risks, is to say that something is hazarded, as in a game, either labour or fortune, in view of an uncertain success. I wager a hundred francs with the chance of gaining a thousand. If the luck goes against me, I have lost a hundred francs. Now what have we put down, what have we risked, in this enterprise of the hope of Heaven? What should we lose, what should we have to regret, if, to suppose the impossible, this hope turned out to be unfounded?

> The Apostle said that he and his brethren would be of all men most miserable if the dead were not raised. Can we, in any degree, apply this to ourselves? We think, perhaps, at present, we have some hope of Heaven; well, this we should lose, of course; but, after all, how should we be worse off as to our present condition? A trader, who has embarked some money in a speculation which fails, not only

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon vi., "The Spiritual Mind,' p. 71.
[2] *Id.* iv. sermon xx.

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loses his prospect of gain, but somewhat of his own, which he ventured with the hope of the gain. This is the question. What have we ventured? I really fear, when we come to examine, it will be found there is nothing we resolve, nothing we do, nothing we do not do, nothing we avoid, nothing we choose, nothing we give up, nothing we pursue, which we should not resolve, and do, and not do, and avoid, and choose, and give up, and pursue, if Christ had not died and Heaven were not promised to us. I really fear that most men called Christians, whatever they profess, whatever they may think they feel, whatever warmth and illumination and love they may claim as their own, yet would go on almost as they do, neither much better nor much worse, if they believed Christianity to be a fable. When young they indulge their lusts, or at least pursue the world's vanities; as time goes on they get into a fair way of business, or other mode of making money; then they marry and settle; and, their interest coinciding with their duty, they seem to be, and think themselves, respectable and religious men; they grow attached to things as they are; they begin to have a zeal against vice and error; and they follow after peace with all men. Such conduct, indeed, as far as it goes, is right and praiseworthy. Only I say it has not necessarily anything to do with religion at all; there is nothing in it which is any proof of the presence of religious principle in those who adopt it; there is nothing they would not do still, though they had nothing to gain from it, except what they gain from it now; they do gain something now, they do gratify their present wishes, they are quiet and orderly because it is their interest and taste to be so; but they venture nothing, they risk, they sacrifice, they abandon nothing on the faith of Christ's word.

For instance: St. Barnabas had a property in Cyprus; he gave it up for the poor of Christ. Here is an intelligible sacrifice. He did something he would not have done, unless the Gospel were true. It is plain, if the Gospel turned out a fable (which God forbid), but, if so, he would have taken his line most unskilfully; he would be in a great mistake, and would have suffered a loss. He would be like a

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merchant whose vessels were wrecked, or whose correspondents had failed.

We have now some notion of Newman's appeal to the feelings. I could, without much trouble, have found passages containing a more lively, and more French, emotion. It was necessary in this rapid study to throw into relief the characteristic features of his method; and, besides, I declared to start with that this extraordinary preacher had in him nothing of the orator.

After these long analyses we have the right to attempt a more exact definition of this eloquence. Discreet, reserved, slow-moving, full of comparisons and recollections drawn from real and everyday life, its principal aim seems to be to arouse, excite, interest, and uplift in every way the activities of the hearers. There is nothing for the preacher, everything for the audience. The mother forgets herself when she guides the first steps of her child. She walks, doubtless, so that the instinct of imitation may drive the child to do as she does. But it is not for her own sake that she walks, for the pleasure of the walk or the distractions on the way; she would go otherwise if she were alone, faster and further.

So is it with Newman. His first concern is not to crush his audience under too vast a subject. There can be no doubt that he would have succeeded just as well as another in planting on the immense field of a great subject the two or three aligning-stakes of the classical division. He did not wish to do it, for fear lest the forced rapidity of this race should paralyse the faculties of his hearers.

After having chosen a subject "without much in it" he applies himself to bringing it within the reach of those who hear it, not simply to get them to understand his thought as a whole—there is nothing in that—but to induce them to reflect for themselves and to appropriate the ideas. Hence these pauses after each phrase, to give the thought time to make its way straight to the heart.[1] Hence this recalling of things which are

[1] "His delivery had a peculiarity . . . each separate sentence, or at least each short paragraph, was spoken rapidly, but with great clearness of intonation, and then at its close there was a pause, lasting for nearly half a minute; then another rapidly and clearly spoken sentence, followed by another pause" (Shairp, "Studies in Poetry," essay on Keble, p. 247).

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concrete, everyday, and familiar. Except by being voluntarily refractory, one cannot help applying the words of the sermon to oneself. They will no longer slide over understanding and memory like rain off the tiles. The attention, riveted on a single point and on the concrete details of a single idea, will no longer find any excuse for laziness, and the sermon, listened to actively and with all the mind, will bear its fruit. So much can be said of Newman's appeal to the feelings. Our illusion—an illusion either of vanity or of weakness—is to think that we share the emotions of the orator. We imagine ourselves to be deeply stirred; we think we are praying with him, that we are making the resolutions which he dictates to us and which he makes on our behalf. Certainly we have reason to be grateful to the preacher, who leaves us only the pleasure of hearing, and, in parting from us, commits us to the flattering notion that—without any effort or trouble—we have become better. Newman does not seek such gratitude as this. Sudden shocks leave no lasting impression; it is ideas, it is grace that moves us. Eloquence will perhaps lose by it; but he lays no stress upon eloquence—he only wishes to set our faculties in movement; and I do not know if the greatest eloquence has more splendid or serious triumphs than this gentle and penetrating contagion which gains upon us little by little, and, without taking us for an instant away from ourselves, transforms us gradually by our own co-operation. But it is Newman himself that we should read. We ought to place ourselves under the influence of this ever active spell. Whoever attempts this reading will see that I have in no respect exaggerated, when I compared this man, who was no orator, with Bossuet and Bourdaloue. To do so was to place him in the company of his equals.

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PART IV

INNER LIFE

"They think that they regret the past, when they are but longing after the future. It is not that they would be children again, but that they would be angels and would see God: they would be immortal beings, crowned with amaranth, robed in white, and with palms in their hands before his throne."—*Parochial Sermons*, vol. iv., sermon xvii.

"St. Peter makes it almost a description of a Christian, that he loves whom he has not seen."—*Parochial Sermons*, vol. vii., sermon x.

CHAPTER I

LITERATURE AND DEVOTION

Researches such as those we are undertaking present a special difficulty, when we have to do with a person who has passed his life in speaking and writing on religious subjects. The more documents there are, the more difficult is their interpretation. In the case of saints who have been canonised either by the Church or our own devotion, questions settle themselves as they arise. We admit without hesitation that their lives are reflected in their books, and, lacking other means of information, we are able to reconstruct, after the "Treatise of the Love of God" and the canticles of St. Thérèse, the inner life of St. Francis of Sales and of the reformer of Carmel. The problem becomes complicated in the case of excellent Christians who are not saints in the full sense of the word, and we will not risk our reputations, without a most detailed criticism, by interpreting, in the light of their writings, the inward devotion of Bossuet, of Lacordaire, or of Gratry. Even over the most religious portion of their works there hovers a suspicion of literary effect. I am convinced that they

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are always sincere, and on the way to practise, at least in desire, the fine things they preach; and yet do we run no risk of error if we wish to find in their discourses the image and exact measure of their fervour? "I am the bell which summons the congregation to church, while remaining always outside." How many religious writers have not repeated to themselves this saying of a preacher, when making an extract from a work which extols the austerity of the evangelical counsels and the delights of virtue? There is eloquence here. The flight of pompous epithets has run away with this writer, self-sufficient in his youthfulness. The magnetism, which arises from a vast audience, large organ, incense, and lights, has kindled factitious emotions in this soul, which would have remained quieter if the Spirit of God alone had set it in motion. Can we tell where real fervour and meritorious desires come to an end, or where Platonic enthusiasms and the ardours of the mere will-to-be-good begin?

Who will draw the line between that which is deep, interior, real, and that which must be attributed to the transports of warm feelings, to the unconscious predominance of an imagination which runs beyond sentiment or of sentiments which forget, for a moment, their natural poverty? Whoever has read over again, in cold blood, his own spiritual jottings, some days after the false spring which made them blossom, will understand what I mean, and will not accuse of impertinence the guarded criticism which is careful not to judge the interior life of a writer from his books.

However, a man, be he writer or preacher, delivers himself always into the hands of any who endeavour to penetrate his inner life. No one can compose, on such subjects, a long-winded work, or preach a series of sermons, without letting slip, here and there, between the lines, in spite of himself, a little of his personal history. A particular way of dwelling on certain points, of returning to certain subjects, of avoiding or forgetting certain considerations, is equivalent to personal confidences.

Avowals, these, so much the more precious because less deliberate and that in them rhetoric has less place.

That can hardly be called literature which does not reveal the mind of the author. Its music begins the moment the

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man disappears and the writer remains alone on the scene: with a little practice one becomes able to distinguish the scrape of the fiddle-bow which starts the orchestra. I am not alluding to ordinary people, who are almost always phrase-makers; but a Bossuet does not always speak from the conviction of experience and fulness of heart; and of a Lacordaire the same may often be said.[1] Newman, certainly, is not commonly given to such exploits. But even he, in some of those moments of inner history which it is difficult to recall—as, for instance, on the eve or the morrow of his conversion—describes experiences that he did not in fact, but only wished to, feel, thus giving himself, for an instant, the appearance of that conceit which was so abhorrent to his true nature. The surest and simplest way of dealing with such passages is to ignore, rather than censure them.

Lastly, to finish in one word this rapid discussion of method, the most exacting criticism should treat as first-class documents, and accept unreservedly, those sudden avowals, those cries of faith, of fervour, of fear, or of self-devotion which break forth in the work of great religious writers. One has no right to discuss these extraordinary fragments. They carry with them their own proof. Pascal, in the "Mystère de Jésus," Lacordaire, in a memorable peroration, most surely reveal to us the intense reality of their personal relations with Our Lord. We shall find in the "Oxford Sermons," in "Callista," and in the "Dream of Gerontius" many of those pages which, in the archives of religious psychology, take their place with the true testimony of the saints.

There is, however, nothing in Newman's ordinary manner, which is like these ardent revelations or which leads us to anticipate them.

His very pure classical style shrinks from the shadow of sentimental exaggeration. Reserved, timid, English to the

[1] Let us recall, to make the notion concrete, the "Life of St. Magdalen," and the silly productions which have imitated, with aggravations, the lamentable defects of that book. Works of this class have recently increased in popularity. They wound delicate, and trouble pious, souls; but, though they meet with opposition, their success is assured. The success is ephemeral, and is itself the most decisive criticism upon these pseudo-religious romances. The world knows its own. In any case, I know nothing less like Newman's writings than this irritating literature.

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backbone, he does not permit the indiscreet to listen at the doors of his inner life. And, further, this austere and delicate conscience walks between a double hedge of scruples. It is always afraid lest words should outrun sentiments, that these latter in their turn should not accord with the real dispositions of the soul.

He returns often to the illusion, to the dangers of "unreal words," to the insincerities of "profession without practice." Hear how pitilessly he scourges these incontinences of religious emotion.

> We shall aim at doing right, and so glorifying our Father, and shall exhort and constrain others to do so also; but as for talking on the appropriate subjects of religious meditation, and *trying* to show piety, and to excite corresponding feelings in another, even though our nearest friend, far from doing this, we shall account it a snare and a mischief. Yet this is what many people consider the highest part of religion, and call it spiritual conversation, the test of a spiritual mind; whereas, putting aside the incipient and occasional hypocrisy, and, again, the immodesty of it, I call all formal and intentional expression of religious emotions, all studied passionate discourse, *dissipation*, dissipation the same in nature, though different in subject, as what is commonly so called; for it is a drain and waste of our religious and moral strength, a general weakening of our spiritual powers (as I have already shown); and all for what?—for the pleasure of the immediate excitement. Who can deny that this religious disorder is a parallel case to that of the sensualist? [1]

While recognising a certain amount of puritan simplicity in these remarks, which still savour of the young man, we must not deny that the analysis of this failing has considerable truth.

> I would not be austere; but, when this is done habitually, surely it is dangerous. Such too is the abuse of poetical talent, that sacred gift. Nothing is more common than to

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon xxx., "The Danger of Accomplishments," p. 377.

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fall into the practice of uttering fine sentiments, particularly in letter-writing, as a matter of course, or a kind of elegant display. Nothing is more common in singing than to use words which have a light meaning or a bad one. All these things are hurtful to seriousness of character. It is for this reason (to put aside others) that the profession of stage-players, and, again, of orators, is a dangerous one. They learn to say good things, and to excite in themselves vehement feelings, about nothing at all.[1]

In the eyes of Newman, the root of the evil is in that exaggerated contemplation of self which seems to him to be the necessary consequence of the Protestant theory of justification by faith.

This is an incidental, though of course not a necessary evil of religious journals; nay, of such compositions as ministerial duties involve. They lead those who write them, in some respect or other, to a contemplation of self. . . . Seldom, indeed, is any one in the practice of contemplating his better thoughts or doings without proceeding to display them to others; and hence it is that it is so easy to discover a conceited man. When this is encouraged in the sacred province of religion it produces a certain unnatural solemnity of manner, arising from a wish to be—nay, to appear—spiritual, which is at once very painful to beholders, and surely quite at variance with our Saviour's rule of anointing our head and washing our face even when we are most self-abased in heart.[2]

Such is Newman's doctrine, and such his constant attitude: *secretum meum mihi*.[3] These words sounded sadly in his ear when, accused of lying, he was obliged, on a celebrated occasion, to deliver to the public his own history. But the "Apologia" itself was still faithful to this mandate of reserve, of discretion, of deliberate self-repression. I cannot here show how the literary beauty and the captivating force of

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon xxx. 376.

[2] *Id.* ii. sermon xv. 171, 172.

[3] Is it necessary to observe that this does not contradict another statement already made very often in the course of this book? It is always unconsciously that Newman reveals himself.

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his works are partly due to this habitual reticence and to that jealous watchfulness which never allows full expansion to sentiment. Our sole business being to describe his religious life, we open with confidence all those books in which the personal devotion of the author avowedly shuns observation. If Newman is silent when others would be tempted to speak, we can understand the intense meaning of that silence. If he explains by half a word, we can understand what he would not have told us ; if sometimes at last his emotion masters him, we are made aware of the force of a feeling that the most uncompromising restraint has not been able to suppress. One thing is certain: this man is not an actor. Deeper than that vaporous and untrustworthy part of our being where words multiply and periods come to birth, deeper than that other part in which systems are elaborated, at the very heart of his life, there are some solemn passages between himself and God, secrets of respect and of love, of fear and of tenderness, which I shall never catch sight of in their entirety, but of which I may hope to snatch a few fragments.

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CHAPTER II

FIRST CONVERSION

NEWMAN thus commences the "History of my Religious Opinions":

> I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible, but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. . . . After I was grown up I put on paper my recollections of the thoughts and feelings on religious subjects which I had at the time when I was a child and a boy. . . . Out of these . . . I select two, which are at once the most definite among them and also have a bearing on my later convictions. (1) "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true. My imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."
>
> Again: "Reading in the spring of 1816 a sentence from [Dr. Watts'] 'Remnants of Time,' entitled 'the Saints Unknown to the World,' to the effect, that 'there is nothing in their figure or countenance to distinguish them,' &c., &c., I supposed he spoke of angels who lived in the world, as it were, disguised."
>
> (2) The other remark is this: "I was very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion (when I was fifteen) used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark."[1]

It is not necessary to be very familiar with the work of the future Cardinal in order to appreciate the interest of these first impressions. In many respects, Newman remained

[1] "Apologia," pp. 1, 2 (1883 ed., Longmans).

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always like this child of fourteen years who had no difficulty in believing in fairy-stories and for whom the presence of angels was as real as that of human beings. In his disregard of the visible world, in his great facility of moving in the invisible as in a well-known land, he is already the Newman of the "Sermons" and of the "Dream of Gerontius."

Later on he said of this mortal life that:

> It is scarcely more than an accident of our being—that it is no part of ourselves, who are immortal; that we are immortal spirits independent of time and space, and that this life is but a sort of outward stage, on which we act for a time, and which is only sufficient and only intended to answer the purpose of trying whether we will serve God or no. We should consider ourselves to be in the world in no fuller sense than players in any game are in the game; and life to be a sort of dream, as detached and as different from our real eternal existence as a dream differs from waking; a serious dream, indeed, as affording a means of judging us, yet in itself a kind of shadow without substance, a scene set before us in which we seem to be, and in which it is our duty to act just as if all we saw had a truth and reality, because all that meets us influences us and our destiny. The regenerate soul is taken into communion with saints and angels, and its "life is hid with Christ in God; it has a place in God's court, and is not of this world, —looking into this world as a spectator might look at some show or pageant, except when called from time to time to take a part."[1]

There are some who preach the nothingness of our short lives, because this is a conventional subject of Christian preaching. Others—that is, the saints—preach it also, but after having painfully suppressed in their own heart the tastes, the desires, and the passions of earth. There was a time when those cursed "vanities of vanities" did not yet seem empty trifles in the eyes of Augustine. Passing or not, desirable realities were summed up for him in that which our senses can reach. Shadows and dreams were elsewhere—I mean those pleasures of Heaven which are so vague and far off that

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xiv. 221, 222.

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he kept putting off till the morrow the duty of following after, and the joy of tasting, them. This young dreamer, on the contrary, seems always ready to lend his ear to hear the voice of angels, and, in truth, lives isolated in the midst of his fellows, a stranger to all that affects them, altogether out of sympathy with them. Thus he describes the true Christians—that is to say, such Christians as he knew from self-analysis—as being those who

> have never wedded themselves to the world . . . never looked out for station, fashion, comfort, credit, as the end of life. They have kept up the feeling which young people often have, who at first ridicule the artificial forms and usages of society, and find it difficult to conform themselves to its pomp and pretence. Of course, it is not wise to ridicule and run counter to anything that is in its nature indifferent; and as they have grown older they have learnt this; but the feeling remains of want of sympathy with what surrounds them.[1]

This attitude gives an impression of isolation, of an exile's proud sorrow touched with disdain.

> What should they do especially, who are cast among persons unable to enter into their feelings, and thus strangers to them, though by long custom ever so much friends! or who have perplexities of mind they cannot explain to themselves, much less remove, and no one to help them; or who have affections and aspirations pent up within them, because they have not met with objects to which to devote them; or are misunderstood by those around them, and find they have no words to set themselves right with them, or no principles in common by way of appeal; or who seem to themselves to be without place or purpose in the world, or to be in the way of others; or who have to follow their own sense of duty without advisers or supporters; nay, to resist the wishes and solicitations of superiors or relatives; or who have the burden of some painful secret, or of some incommunicable solitary grief![2]

Here is the same theme treated differently:

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon x. 166. [2] *Id.* iii. sermon ix. 124.

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> For, as I have said, the Christian has a deep, silent, hidden peace, which the world sees not—like some well in a retired and shady place, difficult of access. He is the greater part of his time by himself, and when he is in solitude, that is his real state. What he is when left to himself and to his God, that is his true life. He can bear himself; he can (as it were) joy in himself, for it is the grace of God within him, it is the presence of the Eternal Comforter, in which he joys. He can bear, he finds it pleasant, to be with himself at all times—" never less alone than when alone." He can lay his head on his pillow at night, and own in God's sight, with overflowing heart, that he wants nothing, —that he " is full and abounds,"—that God has been all things to him, and that nothing is not his which God could give him. . . . Many hard things may be said of the Christian, and may be done against him, but he has a secret preservative or charm, and minds them not.[1]

If I am not mistaken, these passages are revelations of his most inward life. I cannot collect together here the many texts, the numerous indications, which turn this first impression into a kind of certainty. But the reader will no doubt trust me if he will only consider that I do not bring together these *data* with the unavowed intention of canonising my hero. To speak truly, none of these traits of character implies sanctity. Man is not born a saint—he becomes one; and Newman had only to follow his proper nature in order to be and to remain self-absorbed and detached from created things. Certainly his extreme sensitiveness is known to us, and we are aware with what intensity he feels the least want of affection, of confidence, or of regard. He is far from insensible either to criticism or praise, and he has no need to go outside his own heart in order to study human unhappiness. But, after all, what must I say? With him this quick sensitiveness seems to me more negative than otherwise. Of that which reaches him from outside, the thorns cause him more suffering than the flowers give him pleasure. None of the usual objects of our desires suffices to move him. No very marked inclination draws him towards the pleasures of the world. Having never felt the

[1] " Parochial Sermons," v. sermon v. 69.

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force of their attraction, he never felt tempted to lend to these shadows the faintest solidity. He, for whom the earth has no existence, has no great merit in renouncing it. Christian detachment implies more battles. It can even be asked if such facility in withdrawing oneself from men and things may not conceal some remote germ of egoism. If we only judge this exceptional nature by the rules of ordinary humanity, we cannot read without some disquiet the lines which I have just quoted.

A slight cold shiver passes over us when we hear Newman shut so cheerfully the doors of his cell and declare with a light heart that he wants nothing. Whence comes that uneasy feeling which causes us this song of deliverance? We recollect that the saints neither wished nor knew how to escape from humanity, and are never more our own than when they meditate on God. We have already come across this thorny question. The study of Newman's religious life will confirm and complete the observations which were inspired by the study of Newman's sensibility.

We left him in the middle of that dream of his youth which lasted all his life and which made him find the angels more interesting, more real, and more near to him than men. There indeed we certainly have one of those marked features "of that original difference which distinguishes every striking individuality and which is the soul of every physiognomy."[1] There can be no doubt that his "fundamental temperament," to speak again after Sainte-Beuve, is decidedly religious.

The sluggish imagination of most men ever finds God too far and Heaven too high. Their powerless prayers, after they have vainly wounded themselves against the walls which imprison us, fold their wings and fall back discouraged. It would be very different if the walls of this prison opened at their first flight like some light vapour, if "the form of this world" had always appeared to us in its emptiness and deceitfulness. There are sacred places which lift up our minds irresistibly to better thoughts—an Italian cloister with flowering olives, or a church worn with the prayers of centuries. Dormant devotion awakes as soon as it comes within this radiance of grace, and we can no longer understand how we have let ourselves be absorbed hitherto in matters of no weight.

[1] Sainte-Beuve, "Port Royal," iv.

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Poor fervour, humble and fleeting, which habit will soon have lulled to sleep, and which must incessantly demand sensible images to give it a fresh start! Happier than ourselves, some privileged souls find in their cradle the keys of the world invisible. Happier, I say, not better or more holy. This natural readiness to raise oneself in thought above the earth, is no doubt a very efficient aid to prayer, but is not identical with it. The gentle and easy rapture of the philosopher or poet is not enough for the Christian. The truly religious person is not satisfied with seeing the angels; he tries also to hear and to follow them. He knows that these heavenly visions lift the veil and point to the splendours of another world which is invisible, to which virtue is the only passport. The imagination which Newman exercises without effort is but the foretaste and, as it were, the earnest of another gift reserved for lofty wills and pure hearts. Far beyond the ramparts of this universe, and further even than the Elysium of the poets, there is hidden a promised land which our passions render us incapable, I will not say only of conquering, but of contemplating. We commence by living and acting as if we saw it, and slowly the baptism of action disperses the darkness which veils this paradise from us.

> This is that birth by which the baptised soul not only enters, but actually embraces and realises the Kingdom of God. . . . Such men have accustomed themselves to speak to God, and God has ever spoken to them, and they feel "the powers of the world to come" as truly as they feel the presence of this world, because they have been accustomed to speak and act as if it were real.[1]

Newman lived this doctrine. The child, which we saw just now enter into the invisible through the gate of the angels, will try to be, and will be, something other and better than a dreamer. The magnificent gift received by him will not exhaust itself in idle contemplation, and, by having wished to live as if the present world were only a dream, he will earn the sight and almost the touch here below of the realities of the world to come.

At the age of fifteen years he was converted. I do not

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xv. 234.

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hesitate to say that this was the most important date of his life. Those, who will do me the honour to follow me to the end of this study, will, I hope, have no cause to reproach me for minimising the results of the conversion of Newman to Catholicism. His heart and intellect call for and demand Rome. Even at the time when he was still blaspheming the Babylon on the borders of the Tiber, it was possible to determine the direction of Newman's smallest steps by these words, which he will soon be repeating himself: *Tendimus in Latium.* If, from one motive or another, he had not reached the goal, he would have been like those unfortunate geniuses who are hindered by an accident from showing themselves in their true light. The idea of Newman remaining Anglican is like that of Francis Xavier dying a professor of the Sorbonne or of a Pascal who had no time to write his "Pensées." In truth he is altogether Roman. God forbid that I should forget it. But, all the same, the turning-point of his life was not that October evening which saw him abjure Protestantism in the hands of an Italian priest. The essential conversion dated much further back—as far as the luminous mists of his childhood. Having reached the middle of life's journey, the Newman of 1845 did not, properly speaking, start on a new route. He simply made, by a hard effort, one more step forward in the direction which had been shown him in the dawn of his youth, and in which, in short, he had never ceased to walk.

> When I was fifteen (in the autumn of 1816) a great change of thought took place in me.[1]

He will be sparing as to the details of this memorable event. There are matters connected with it which only God and himself must know. There are others also which he cannot recall without a certain amount of embarrassment. I mean to say all that which, in this crisis, can be said to have more or less resemblance to a "Protestant" conversion. If, in fact, this beautiful word "conversion" belongs to the current language of Christendom, it evokes, none the less, when used by an English pen, certain impressions which Newman as a boy could not entirely escape, and which later on he will not

[1] "Apologia," p. 4.

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pardon himself for having tried to undergo. In fact, in this classical land of religious feeling, in this country where innumerable souls, clothing themselves, by a sort of hypnotic suggestion, with the merits and the justice of Christ, have passed quickly from the depths of despair to the joyous certainty of salvation, the recognised method of conversion offers certain aspects which are condemned equally by the calm light of common sense and by the well-founded mistrust of Christian humility. The great thing is to know, to feel oneself converted. All the spiritual and vital forces of the initiate are directed towards the sudden influx of this liberating assurance; and, when at length this intense appeal has been heard, the regenerate reposes in the invincible conviction that the past is pardoned, the trial finished, salvation fixed for ever.

In the eyes of the youthful Newman a real conversion should present these features. His education, the religious books that were in his hands, the classical examples that were cited to him, had made him hold these dispositions to be essential. Thus, by a necessary consequence, the day when he feels himself called by God to this complete transformation, he will naturally try to adapt his own sentiments to the prescribed rules. Too inexperienced yet, at this date, to analyse what passes at the bottom of his heart, he will understand conversion, he will think that he is converted, according to the formula. He will have no suspicion of any other; he will draw no distinction between the external form and the inward reality of conversion. Besides, in the case of all, children or men, the time of these profound upheavals is not that of reflection and analysis. When grace is poured out upon a soul, it does not receive the visit of God with coolness. In the ecstasy of this meeting it has no thought of separating this joyful certainty from the appearances which accompany it. These appearances—that is to say, in fact, our prejudices, our habits of thought, our errors, our passing notions, the theories which education has imposed upon us and which we believe in good faith that we hold—so far from vanishing at the coming of the unearthly illumination, reflect for an instant its light, and glide radiant in the procession of the rising sun. God does not write upon us as on a white page. He does not uproot our past life or make us other than we

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were or thought we were before He came. The actual method of conversion is like the inspiration of poets. With these, at the very time the creative power moves them, old faults ill corrected come to life. The same torrent sweeps forward in confusion the good and the bad, the gold and the tinsel, false notions and deep thoughts. At first, all this seems to come equally from one and the same pure source. Then, under the action of reflection and criticism, the unwholesome rills separate from the stream of living water, which continues its flow less tumultuous and more powerful. Thus the convert, in the first uprush of his new life, accepts as Divine, and tries to encourage, factitious emotions which are unsuited to him.

With healthy and generous natures this parasitic foliage does not long survive the short excitation which lent it a show of sap. The mind settles down, and then clearly understands the demands of God; and, in proportion as it progresses in the fulfilment of its new duties, asserts and knows itself better. It makes clear its own nature as life goes on. Then only can the transformation which it has undergone be described with exactness. I ask pardon of the reader for dilating at such length on this subject. In the history of Newman I know nothing more illuminating, more central, than this first conversion. Everything in it interests us—the deceptions which accompany this fundamental experience, the illusions which are mixed up with it, and the luminous certainties which then spring up in this young mind never more to become obscured.

The deceptions relate to the accidental surroundings of which I spoke above. Evidently Newman's calm nerves, his splendid and healthy reason, were bound to rebel against the programme of undue excitement which is that of traditional conversion. Without any doubt, he will say later on, he was properly converted, but not at all according to the particular methods of which Evangelicalism imperiously affirmed the necessity. Not that he had spared pains to attain this ideal, but the effort had met with such poor success that the experts "often threw doubts upon the reality of his conversion."

Indeed, at various times of his life—as, for instance, after the publication of his "Apologia"—letters, kindly intended,

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were addressed to him by strangers or anonymous writers, assuring him that he did not yet know what conversion meant, and that the all-important change had still to be wrought in him if he was to be saved. And he himself quite agreed in the facts which were the premisses of these writers, though, of course, he did not feel obliged to follow them on to their grave conclusion. He was sensible that he had ever been wanting in those special Evangelical experiences which, like the grip of the hand or other prescribed signs of a secret society, are the sure token of a member.[1]

As we see, he explains himself on this subject with perfect calmness. But at the actual period of his conversion he showed himself less resigned. We still see him, three or four years after this first visit of God, in the full fervour of Evangelicalism, searching for texts from the Bible in support of what he still regarded as a necessary doctrine, and piously directing his attention to each of the stages of these miraculous transformations.[2] So far conforming to the recognised formulas, he added immediately, so as to be altogether loyal to himself:

I speak of conversion with great diffidence, being obliged to adopt the language of books. For my own feelings, as far as I remember, were so different from any account I have ever read that I dare not go by what may be an individual case.

This was in 1821; transcribing the memorandum in 1826, he adds:

That is, I wrote *juxta præscriptum*. In the matter in question—that is, conversion—my own feelings were *not* violent, but a returning to, a renewing, of principles, under the power of the Holy Spirit, which I had already felt, and in a measure acted on when young.[3]

I will insist no further upon the disillusionment of which Newman, in his declining years and in perfect mental calm,

[1] "Letters and Correspondence of J. H. Newman," i. 123.

[2] The conviction of sin, terror, despair, revelation of the doctrine of free and complete salvation, the taking hold of Christ, the sense of pardon, of joy and peace in the certainty of final perseverance.

[3] "Letters," i. 123 ff. Plainly this last note was written with a certain amount

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minimises the bitterness. We shall soon have occasion to notice in him impressions of the same order; and, besides, it is not this that troubles him the most in the recollections of his conversion. Perhaps, even, looking back over the past, he rejoices at the apparent dryness which shows him that from the first his mind did not admit, without unconscious revolt, the fundamental illusion of Luther's doctrine, the theory of justification by faith. Had he been more intimately convinced of the truth of this doctrine, he would have found less difficulty in sharing the exaltation of recognised converts, whose heart and sense feel a thrill of emotion as soon as the sudden infusion of the merits of Christ brings them the sure promise of salvation.

At the time, however, Newman saw no reason to cast doubts upon this doctrine. From confidence in the trustworthiness of his books and masters, he believed himself pardoned by a sudden appropriation of the merits of Christ, saved for good and all and for ever. Not that in his case this fantastical notion was the object of a reasoned and definite assent. No; but it presented itself to him as merged in the bundle of some other indisputable truths which were the actual cause of his conversion. This is what often happens to those who embrace pell-mell, in one single inclusive affirmation, a certain number of facts and ideas which relate to the same object. Subjected to a more careful analysis, the whole appears to us what it is in reality—a mixture of errors, probabilities, and certain truths. But the first transport of our conviction hinders us from reflection. A subdued and confused testimony seems to spring from all and each of these different elements, and we declare ourselves equally convinced as to the whole and the details.

> For instance, the fundamental dogma of Protestantism is the exclusive authority of Scripture; but in holding this a Protestant holds a host of propositions, explicitly or implicitly, and holds them with assents of various character.

of impatience. Newman seems greatly to minimise the importance of this conversion. That is because he is in open war with the Evangelicals. Later on he will be more just. It is doubtless under the influence of an impression of the same kind that, in a sermon, he treats as an illusion the idea of being able to fix a certain date for one's conversion. We see that he did not at all persist in this notion.

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. . . Yet, if he were asked the question, he would probably answer that he was certain of the truth of Protestantism, though Protestantism means a hundred things at once, and he believes with actual certitude only one of them all.[1]

It will be a good thing to see Newman dissect subtly, in the light of these remarks, the history of his conversion.

Applying these remarks to his own case, he used to say that whereas upon that great change which took place in him as a boy there were four doctrines, all of which forthwith he held as if certain truths—namely, those of the Holy Trinity, of the Incarnation, of Predestination, and of the Lutheran apprehension of Christ—the first three, which are doctrines of the Catholic religion, and, as being such, are true, and really subjects of certitude and capable of taking indefectible possession of the mind, and therefore ought not in his case to have faded away, remained indelible through all his changes of opinion, up to and over the date of his becoming a Catholic; whereas the fourth, which is not true, though he thought it was, and therefore not capable of being held with certitude, or with the promise of permanence, though he thought it was so held, did in the event, as is the nature of a mere opinion or untrue belief, take its departure from his mind in a very short time, or, rather, was not held by him from the first. However, in his early years, according to the passage quoted from his essay, he confused these four distinct doctrines together as regards their hold upon him, and transferred that utter conviction which he had of what was revealed about the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity and the Divine Economy to his state of mind relatively to Luther's tenet of justification by faith only.[2]

The illusion, indeed, was complete. His father, a level-headed Englishman of great common sense, put him on his guard against any hasty conclusion, and against that "morbid sensibility" which a too rigorous application of Lutheran theories tends to develop. But the young man would hear nothing.

[1] "Letters," i. 124. [2] *Id.* i. 124, 125.

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How good is God [he wrote] to give me the assurance of hope! If any one had prophesied to me confidently that I should change my opinions, and I was not convinced of the impossibility, what anguish should I feel![1]

Now we have a clear field. We can turn our attention to the famous passage in the "Apologia," so short yet so full of meaning, in which Newman tells with admirable detail and exactness the great religious experience on which all his future will depend.

When I was fifteen (in the autumn of 1816) a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond the conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, the Rev. Walter Mayers, of Pembroke College, Oxford, who was the human means of the beginning of Divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. One of the first books I read was a work of Romaine's; I neither recollect the title or the contents, except one doctrine, which, of course, I do not include among those which I believe to have come from a Divine source, viz., the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I am still more certain than that I have hands and feet) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned—viz., in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust in the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thoughts of two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator.[2]

[1] "Letters," i. 126.

[2] "Apologia," p. 4.

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The "Apologia" belongs to 1864. The hand that wrote this book is about to tremble with old age, and I ask myself if there is, in the whole history of souls, anything more striking and convincing than this witness of a child of fifteen years, thus reviewed, revised, analysed, and confirmed by one of the most clear-sighted, subtle, and sincere thinkers, at the apogee of his genius. No one will dare to cast a doubt on the absolute dispassionateness of these immortal sentences. That which here predominates is certitude, but a certitude as grave and calm as it is invincible. There are no flowers of rhetoric, no over-heated expressions or emotions. Sense and feeling, and even the active reason, keep silence: "I am more certain of the reality of my conversion than of the existence of my hands and of my feet." What does this mean? A conversion is a series of inward events; on what precise point does this tranquil assurance bear? There is no room for doubt. The thing is clear. Newman, in this passage, neglects the preludes, the consequences, and the accessory details; he isolates, in a sublime epitome, the very reality of his conversion, the meeting of these two beings, outside of whom nothing is of importance to him: "myself and my Creator."

I am well aware that effusive commentaries would spoil the story of this Divine adventure. One thing only is of importance in it, the fact of the meeting itself, and that is told in two words: "myself and my Creator." Imagine, if you can, an oratorical elaboration which equals in power of conviction the calm simplicity of a man who says "God and myself," as others say, "My brother and I." Either the word "certitude" has no meaning, or Newman is certain of this first interview with his God.

To find God, to exchange suddenly the abstract, vague, and cold formula for a reality which is personal, sensible, living, and present—this is, in short, that to which all conversion is ultimately reduced. But the originality of Newman consists in his fixing and concentrating his attention on the recollection of this meeting. For others conversion is less simple, its development has greater diversity of detail. Having come forth from God, the Divine spark immediately lights upon other objects. The stricken Paul arises, and his first words show the man who is devoured by the necessity of action: "Lord,

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what wouldst Thou have me to do?" With Newman the point of departure and the point of arrival are identical. The narrow luminous circuit goes and returns between these two terms: "God and my soul," "my soul and God." He will doubtless be an apostle, but without natural inclination, without overflowing activity. His apostolate will consist in repeating incessantly this one and the same testimony. The whole of his philosophy has as its end the establishment of a fundamental identity between the voice of conscience and the voice of God. It is always new because he finds an inexhaustible mine in this first experience of his religious life, always human, always convincing, because under each of these words is heard the note of personal recollection and the certainty of experience.

Are we yet in the presence of sanctity? No, not yet, but only in that of an intelligence and imagination which are profoundly religious. Newman describes himself with sufficient exactness, in this respect, in these lines from "Loss and Gain," one of the most autobiographical of his works:

> Charles's characteristic, perhaps above anything else, was an habitual sense of the Divine Presence; a sense which, of course, did not ensure uninterrupted conformity of thought and deed to itself, but still there it was—the pillar of the cloud before him and guiding him.[1]

We discover a striking proof of the persistence of this attitude in the parallelism that is noticeable between the passage of the "Apologia," on which we have just been commenting, and one of the earliest Oxford sermons.

> To understand that we have souls is to feel our separation from things visible, our independence of them, our distinct existence in ourselves, our individuality, our power of acting for ourselves this way or that way, our accountableness for what we do. These are the great truths which lie wrapped up even in a child's mind, and which God's grace can unfold there in spite of the influence of the external world; but at first this outward world prevails. We look off from self to the things around us, and forget ourselves in them. Such is our state, a depending for support upon the reeds

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. ii. chap. ix. 178.

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which are no stay, and overlooking our real strength—at the time when God begins His process of reclaiming us to a truer view of our place in His great system of Providence. And when He visits us, then in a little while there is a stirring within us. The unprofitableness and feebleness of the things of this world are forced upon our minds; they promise, but cannot perform, they disappoint us. Or, if they do perform what they promise, still (so it is) they do not satisfy us. We still crave for something, we do not well know what; but we are sure it is something which the world has not given us. And then its changes are so many, so sudden, so silent, so continual. It never leaves changing; it goes on to change till we are quite sick at heart; then it is that our reliance on it is broken. It is plain that we cannot continue to depend upon it, unless we keep pace with it and go on changing too; but this we cannot do. We feel that, while it changes, we are one and the same; and thus, under God's blessing, we come to have some glimpse of the meaning of our independence of things temporal, and of our immortality. And should it so happen that misfortunes come upon us (as they often do), then still more are we led to understand the nothingness of this world; then still more are we led to distrust its and are weaned from the love of it, till at length it float, before our eyes merely as some idle veil, which, notwithstanding its many tints, cannot hide the view of what is beyond it; *and we begin, by degrees, to perceive that there are but two beings in the whole universe—our own soul, and the God Who made it. Sublime, unlooked-for doctrine, yet most true! To every one of us there are but two beings in the whole world, himself and God.* . . . And as to those others nearer to us, who are not to be classed with the vain world, I mean our friends and relations, whom we are right in loving, these, too, after all, are nothing to us here. They cannot really help or profit us; we see them and they act upon us, only (as it were) at a distance; they cannot get at our souls; they cannot enter into our thoughts, or really be companions to us. In the next world it will, through God's mercy, be otherwise; but here we enjoy, not their presence, but the anticipation of what one day

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shall be; so that, after all, they vanish before the clear vision we have, first of our own existence, next of the presence of the great God within us, and over us, as our governor and judge, Who dwells in us by our conscience which is His representative.[1]

We have here no more than a first flash, a shallow furrow. But Newman will never cease to dig deeper into this fundamental impression. From this date he encloses himself, so to speak, within himself, penetrating ever further into those depths which God inhabits, and where created voices do not come except as far-off murmurs, more and more uncertain.

A true Christian, then, may be almost defined as one who has a ruling sense of God's presence in him. As none but justified persons have that privilege, so none but the justified have that practical perception of it. A true Christian, or one who is in a state of acceptance with God, is he who, in such sense, has faith in Him, as to live in the thought that He is present with him, present not externally, not in nature merely, or in Providence, but in his inmost heart, or in his conscience. A man is justified whose conscience is illuminated by God, so that he habitually realises that all his thoughts, all the first springs of his moral life, all his motives and his wishes, are open to Almighty God. Not as if he was not aware that there is very much in him which is impure and corrupt, but he wishes that all that is within him should be bare to God. He believes that it is so, and even joys that it is so, in spite of his shame and fear at its being so. He alone admits Christ into the shrine of his heart; whereas others wish in some way or other to be by themselves, to have a home, a chamber, a tribunal, a throne, a self where God is not—a home within them which is not a temple, a chamber which is not a confessional, a tribunal without a judge, a throne without a king; that self may be king and judge; and that the Creator may be rather dealt with and approached as though a second party, instead of His being that true and better self, of which self itself should be but an instrument and minister.[2]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon ii. 19, 20, 21.
[2] *Id.* v. sermon xvi. 225, 226.

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Yet once more he explains himself in his lively and familiar fashion :

> Christ dwells in the conscience of the Christian, not of the hypocrite. The one opens his heart to God, the other does not ; the one views Almighty God only as an accidental guest, the other as Lord and owner of all that he is ; the one admits Him as if for a night, or some stated season, the other gives himself over to God, and considers himself God's servant and instrument now and for ever. Not more different is the intimacy of friends from mere acquaintance ; not more different is it to know a person in society, to be courteous and obliging to him, to interchange civilities, from opening one's heart to another, admitting him into it, seeing into his, loving him, and living in him. . . . Do you believe and act on the belief that His light penetrates and shines in your heart, as the sun's beams through a room ? . . . You know how things look when the sun's beams are on it. . . . He pervades us as the sunbeam. . . . Let us acknowledge Him as enthroned at the very springs of thought and affection.[1]

God, "enthroned within us at the very springs of thought and affection." This sentence sums up the history of Newman's conversion, reveals the secret of his inner life and the inspiration of all his work. This is the point of departure of that other transformation which will make him Catholic. "God and myself" ! Yet once more he is wholly immersed in that initial discovery whose depths he will be sounding all his life. We shall see it plainly. Others hinder us by the number and variety of their gifts. Interested in so many things, capable of enthusiasm for so many opposite objects, their true nature evades our researches. We give up attempting to describe them. But we always know where to find the key to Newman: "Myself and my Creator." It is contained in two words. In one sense nothing is more easy to define, but also nothing is more vain, as long as these words remain mere words, and do not change into realities, into living persons. On the shore of this deep the biographer

[1] "Parochial Sermons," v. sermon xvi. 234, 235, 236.

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can only be silent, like a " dowser " who has not the power to make the waters spring, whose presence his wand has divined. He stops then, sure that he has put the reader on the right track, but ashamed to have talked of these things as if they were familiar to him, and sorrowfully conscious of the knowledge, which, without love, " profiteth nothing."

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CHAPTER III

THE FEAR OF HELL

Those, who know these things only from outside, commonly arrange the visitations of God in two classes. There is the thundering descent in the storm of Sinai. There is the murmur of tenderness, *dum magnum silentium tenerent omnia.* On the one hand there is the God of terror and majesty, on the other the God "of grace and mercy." From the starting-point and all along the road religious minds are set on different paths—here the Hebrews, Puritans, and Jansenists, there all those who have felt a human heart beat in the breast of the Son of God. Where shall we place our Newman, and which is the God of his first conversion?

There are many who think that the question presents no mystery. Before he becomes a Catholic the religion of Newman is a religion of terror, afterwards, of trust. Before, we have the rigour and harshness of the "Oxford Sermons," afterwards, the sweetness of "Callista"; before, the ascetic of Littlemore, afterwards, the loveable Oratorian of Birmingham, the disciple of the least morose of modern saints. Thus men speak from different points of view according to the preconceptions they wish to maintain. The two volumes which Dr. Abbott has written against Newman are built up on this theory. It is defended by specious arguments, and, whether from partiality to its pleasing symmetry or whether, perhaps, from the apologetic advantages which it offers us, it long attracted me. But no! We will presently extract the truth which seems to inspire this attractive theory, but from this time forward I hold that a more attentive study forbids me to defend it. Certainly each soul follows in its journey to God an itinerary which is peculiar to it, and that a particular grace has traced for it. But these numberless paths cross each other incessantly. The saints of fear are

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also the saints of love, and on the cool lawns of the "Vie Dévote," "Port Royal" himself, in the person of M. Hamon, stoops sometimes to gather flowers.

However that may be, Newman did not wait to be a Catholic in order to resolve this antinomy which offends reason, but which the Christian life unravels without effort. Certainly I do not disguise from myself that a puritan severity darkens the Anglican part of his work, and doubtless also the restless and hesitating phase of his life. In this period of inward strife one word is always coming up again upon his lips and from his pen—that word *awe*, untranslatable into French, and which points to that attitude of mental torpor in which one cannot tell whether respect or fear predominates. Thus, from the first sermons onwards, he speaks of that *awful* day in which we shall see God face to face.[1] A little further on he deplores the fact that it is no longer possible to find a trace of awe in the ordinary religion of the English people.[2] But I have given up trying to count the number of times that we find in his writings this formidable expression *awe*, *awful*. There is not one which, together with the word *realise*, would take up more space in a lexicon of Newman's language.

With it, a long tremor of restrained fear runs through the sermons at St. Mary's. It is not the great eloquent cry of terror of a Massillon or of a Bridaine, but the shock of an intense feeling, which no word can adequately render and which seems to dominate everything else.

Contrary to the practice of Catholic preachers, who, as it were, in spite of themselves, end their most fearful discourses on a note of hope, Newman seems never able to finish with an impression of peace and joy. One of his sermons has for its title, "God's Commandments not Grievous." See him then obliged to demonstrate that the ways of the Lord are sweet, "that His ways are ways of pleasantness." He does so. But it is not long before he turns away from the bright side of the subject. The ways of the Lord would be pleasant if our sins had not sown them with thorns. The sermon changes into an address for the prosecution, and he winds up by saying: "These are bitter and humbling

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon i.
[2] *Id*, i. sermon ii.

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thoughts; but they are good thoughts if they lead us to repentance." [1]

He has a charming sermon on prayer; but before descending from the pulpit the fear seizes him that he may have misled his audience by a too attractive poesy.

> One caution I give in conclusion as to using these thoughts. Beware lest your religion be one of sentiment merely, not of practice. Men may speak in a high imaginative way of the ancient saints and the Holy Apostolic Church, without making the fervour or refinement of their devotion bear upon their conduct. Many a man likes to be religious in graceful language; he loves religious tales and hymns, yet is never the better Christian for all this.[2]

There is nothing, not even the familiar vision of the angels, which does not cause him disquiet.

> The Angels are revealed to us, that Heaven may be as little as possible an unknown place in our imaginations let us beware lest we make the contemplation of them a mere feeling, and a sort of luxury of the imagination. This world is to be a world of practice and labour; God reveals to us glimpses of the third Heaven for our comfort; but if we indulge in these as the end of our present being, not trying day by day to purify ourselves for the future enjoyment of the fulness of them, they become but a snare of our enemy.[3]

If he is never tired of pursuing with his irony what is called "natural religion," if the apologetic of the Bernardin de Saint-Pierre Anglicans seems to him mean and ridiculous, it is above all in consequence of his indignation against all forms of moral satisfaction and against maps of Heaven from which terror is absent.

> But how are we concerned with the sun, moon, and stars? or with the laws of the universe? How will they teach us our duty? how will they speak to sinners? They do not speak to sinners at all. They were created before Adam fell. They "declare the glory of God," but not His will.

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon viii. 111.
[2] *Id.* i. sermon xx. 269, 270. [3] *Id.* ii. sermon xxix. 367.

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They are all perfect, all harmonious; but that brightness and excellence which they exhibit in their own creation, and the Divine benevolence therein seen, are of little moment to fallen man. We see nothing there of God's wrath, of which the conscience of a sinner loudly speaks. So that there cannot be a more dangerous (though a common) device of Satan than to carry us off from our own secret thoughts, to make us forget our own hearts, which tell us of a God of justice and holiness, and to fix our attention merely on the God Who made the heavens; who is our God indeed, but not God as manifested to us sinners. . . . This is the dark side of religion; and the men I have been describing cannot bear to think of it. . . . Conscience has been silenced. The only information they have received concerning God has been from Natural Theology, and that speaks only of benevolence and of harmony . . . [they argue] that we need not alarm ourselves—that God is a merciful God—that amendment is quite sufficient to atone for our offences—that though we have been irregular in our youth, yet that is a thing gone by—that we forget it, and therefore God forgets it—that the world is, on the whole, very well disposed towards religion—that we should avoid enthusiasm, that we should not be over serious, that we should have large views on the subject of human nature—and that we should love all men. This indeed is the creed of shallow men in every age.[1]

Such is not the creed of Newman. The reader will have remarked that harsh little phrase on the beauties of nature which were created before sin. For him a fallen world has no more stars. He instinctively shuns all that which diverts our minds and tends to persuade them that Paradise has been regained. The brightness of genius, the charms of friendship, the stirring powers of music, intellectual pleasure, equally alarm him. He preaches on "The Danger of Accomplishments,"[2] and, if he must choose between these two evils, he prefers to mere refinement of taste, to the pride of culture, the very excesses of a superstition whose errors at least acknowledge the existence of God's wrath.

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon xxiv. 317-319. [2] *Id.* ii. sermon xxx.

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Does he speak of the privileges of the Christian? He hastens to insist on the rigorous obligation which flows from them: "Acceptance of religious privileges compulsory."[1] He takes pleasure in showing that religion is, in itself, for the sinful a constraint, a weariness, and a vexation.

> Alas! that religion, which is so delightful as a vision, should be so distasteful as a reality.[2]

One word sums up for him the whole of sacred history. It is a long "record of human sorrow."

> Human tales and poems are full of pleasant sights and prospects; they make things better than they are, and portray a sort of imaginary perfection; but Scripture (I repeat) seems to abstain even from what might be said in praise of human life as it is. . . . Now why have I thus spoken of the general character of the sacred history—in order to countenance those who complain of it? Let it not be imagined; far from it. God does nothing without some wise and good reason, which it becomes us devoutly to accept and use. He has not given us this dark view of the world without a cause. In truth, this view is the ultimate true view of human life.[3]

It will have been already observed that this pessimism takes its rise in a supernatural conception of things. The picture, painted in such dark colours, which Newman opposes to the Please-alls of Natural Religion, represents the world as ravaged by sin, delivered over to the infernal powers and the object of God's wrath.

> We must pray God . . . to send us . . . a witness not shrinking from proclaiming His wrath, as a real characteristic of His glorious nature, though expressed in human language for our sakes, proclaiming the narrowness of the way of life, the difficulty of attaining Heaven, the danger of riches, the necessity of taking up our cross, the excellence and beauty of self-denial and austerity, the hazard of disbelieving the Catholic Faith, and the duty of zealously contending for it.[4]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon iv.
[2] *Id.* i. sermon iii. 30.
[3] *Id.* i. sermon xxv. 327.
[4] *Id.* ii. sermon xxiii. 289.

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Elsewhere he protests against those who regard the idea of Hell as an out-of-date and powerless bogey, good at most for keeping order in the nursery. Very much on the contrary, he sees in this calm shrugging of the shoulders, with which the mention of Hell is received, one of the most sacred ceremonies of Satanic worship.

> Yes! he is a master who allows himself to be served without trembling. It is his very art to lead men to be at ease with him, to think lightly of him and to trifle with him. He will submit to their ridicule, take (as it were) their blows, and pretend to be their slave, that he may ensnare them. He has no dignity to maintain, and he waits his time when his malice shall be gratified. So it has ever been all over the earth. Among all nations it has been his aim to make men laugh at him; going to and fro upon the earth, and walking up and down in it, hearing and rejoicing in that light perpetual talk about him which is his worship.[1]

As for Hell, Newman believes in it too strongly to talk about it with that wealth of detail, in which the imagination of the Middle Ages used to revel, and in which at the present day only the less earnest preachers can indulge. But how much more arresting and contagious is the act of faith which crowns this mournful reserve!

> It is, indeed, no difficulty for any one to sit at home and believe the doctrine; it is no trial to his faith if he live among books, or be blest with a religious circle of friends, or happily be under a parent's roof, or, like young Samuel or aged Anna, live almost in the temple of God: but if he is thrown upon the world, if he has an opportunity of coming very near profligate, or hardened, or worldly, or unbelieving men, or, which is the same thing, if he has any particular tie connecting him with any such, then will he feel how hard a saying it is that any one, even the most wicked of men, can be destined to eternal punishment. There is no man ever so bad but to our erring eyes has some redeeming points of character. There is no man but has some human feelings or other: and those very feelings impress us with

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon xxiii. 306.

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a sort of conviction that he cannot possibly be the destined companion of evil spirits. Hell is the habitation of no human affections. Let a man be ever so bloodstained, so awfully blasphemous, or so profligate, yet, at least, at times, perhaps when in pain or weariness, he shows something to excite our interest and pity. And if not, then his very pain seems to plead for him. His capability of pain and his showing that he feels it, seem to connect him with us, and to disconnect him with those fallen spirits, who have no sympathies, no weaknesses, but are impenetrable and absolute evil, even though they suffer. Even the witch of Endor showed some compassion for Saul, and moves us by showing it . . . [and yet she] avowedly dealt with evil spirits. O miserable we then, if we are of the number of those who prefer sight to faith! . . . God forbid! for we can but judge by outward appearance, and God alone seeth the hearts of men . . . whatever the sight of things may tell us, however the weaknesses and waywardnesses of our hearts may plead against such awful truths, however our feelings, and imaginations, and reason may be assailed, yet "let God be true and every man a liar"; let us believe Him that . . . "the wicked shall be turned into Hell."[1]

Thus, whether he speaks of it or no, Hell is ever open at one of the poles of that invisible world in which the thought of Newman dwells. With him, the idea of punishment is never separated from the idea of sin. As for the last, it positively haunts him, and, when he wishes to communicate to us his own fears on the subject, he, in other respects so modern, equals and surpasses, in his expressions, the harshest theologians of the past. We know that icy impression which concentrates our powers of attention on the brink of a great danger, of which we have become suddenly aware. An avalanche is about to fall, an explosion threatens, we have heard the hiss of a viper, or whatever else you like to imagine. Unless we exercise the greatest caution we shall lose our life. It is just so in the moral world, as Newman represents it to himself. Every step is to be feared. Whether it follows, precedes, or accompanies us, sin is always there. In the face

[1] "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," vi. 75–77 (Longmans, 1891).

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of this haunting possibility there is no worse folly than carelessness. "To be at ease is to be unsafe." Freedom from anxiety aggravates the danger. Again, if it is only a question of repulsing the open attacks, the undoubted solicitations of evil, in this case at least, if one has fallen, conscience cries too loud not to be heard. This certain shame is far better in every respect than the peace of a soul which does not suspect its wretchedness. The worst of all are those secret faults which have attacked us in the dark, and whose wound, silently dealt and deep, saps slowly in us the very springs of grace. Who, then, can flatter himself that he has rummaged all the dark corners of his soul where these germs of death lie hidden? The remembrance of those early years in which we were shapen in iniquity, is so distant. Childhood, which Newman, perhaps under a better inspiration, one day celebrated in a sermon full of charm—is not childhood the hidden sowing-ground of sin? Who would not tremble at the thought of those invisible seeds, lost to view beneath the earth, and which must one day spring up and choke us—at the sight of this first deviation, imperceptible to begin with, and which little by little takes us away indefinitely from the right road? Who can tell the mysteries of dawning responsibility? Who among us is sure that his first free utterance was not a lisping of revolt? The unfathomable candour of a child's look attracts us. Have a care! Might it not be the first deception of a life which must be so full of deceit? The masterfulness, the precocity, the intensity of the awaking intelligence might well reveal in these little ones a singular power of decision, and the resulting acts, good or bad, would find an answering note in the weaknesses of mature age. Besides, we must not doubt the possibility of such a crisis, on the pretext that no effort of memory can recover the details.

Mysterious as it is that infants and children should suffer pain, surely it is not less so that, when they come to years of reason, they should so forget it as hardly to be able to believe, when told of it, that they themselves were the very sufferers; yet as sickness and accidents then happening permanently affect their body, though they recollect nothing of them, there is no extravagance in the idea that passing

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sins then contracted and forgotten for ever afterwards should so affect the soul as to cause those moral differences between man and man which, however originating, are too clear to be denied.[1]

I do not here enter into the question whether or no Newman, in thus writing, was in pursuit of shadows. But it is manifest that only a very lively fear can explain these anxious questionings. Besides, he says so himself: "Now our great security against sin lies in being shocked at it." He then proceeds in the remainder of the sermon to develop the well-known teaching as to the danger of the first yielding to evil, carrying with it, as it does, the successive steps of familiarisation.[2]

And how impatient he gets with those who talk to him of sin just as they would do of a change of weather or of a carriage accident, or still more with those who recall their past sins with a ridiculous mixture of moralising unction and tender trustfulness!

> And what, again, is the conduct towards them [repentant sinners] of a great number of religious men? They conclude, in the case of those who display a fair appearance of seriousness in their present behaviour, that God has absolutely and utterly forgiven all that is past, as if it had never been committed; and, with that sort of liberality, in so many ways now common, so untrue, yet so easy to those who exercise it, they give away freely what is not theirs to give, and speak and act as if it lay with them to pronounce God's "absolution and remission" of the sins of others. And what effect has such treatment on those who are the subjects of it? Of course, to make them forget that they have been sinners, and to consider themselves on a level with those who never have been sinners. So that they never look back at their past lives with fear; but, rather, when they speak of the past, there is in their tone sometimes even something of tenderness and affection for their former selves; or, at best, they speak of themselves in a sort of moralising way, as they might of sinners they read of, as

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon iii. 40, 41.
[2] *Id.* viii. sermon v. 66, and the whole sermon.

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if it was not now their concern what they then were, or as if the contrast between what they were and are did but set off to advantage their present spiritual state . . . there are a very great many cases, I fear, where persons, religious and well-meaning, according to the ordinary standard, are little or not at all impressed with the notion that their past sins, whether from their moral consequences or as remembered by God, are a present disadvantage to them.[1]

Do not let us make any mistake. The irony of this passage is full of anguish. If Newman rails without pity against the irritating happiness of an easy Christianity, it is because he himself despairs of finding a solid rock on which to base the certainty of pardon. Amendment, repentance, renewal of heart! He wishes to see what realities are hidden under these words of mercy, what fatal illusions they perhaps conceal.

I can fancy persons, especially young persons, coming into temptation, and, from one cause or other, through God's mercy, escaping from it. Either the temptation went before they could make up their minds to sin, or their minds were diverted in other ways. And I can fancy them afterwards—it is a shocking thing to say—vexed with themselves that they did not commit the sin to which they were tempted; as if it now would be over—as if they would not in such a case be worse now than they actually are, and they would have "enjoyed the pleasures of sin for a season," but, as it is, had lost an opportunity. Now a person who so feels, clearly does not understand that sin leaves a burden upon the soul which has to be got rid of. He thinks it is done and over—the question of guilt, pollution, punishment, not occurring to him . . . they think the change, or apparent change, or improvement itself stands instead of repentance, as a sort of means, a sacramental means, imparting forgiveness by itself, by its own virtue, as a work done; or they think that the state of grace in which they are is such as to absorb (as it were) and consume all sin as fast as it springs up in the heart; or they think that faith has this power of obliterating and annihilating sin, so that in fact there is nothing on their conscience to repent of. They consider

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon vii. 95, 96.

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faith as superseding repentance. Such seem to be their thoughts, as far as they have any on the subject.[1]

The proof—one proof, at least—that the accounts are not yet squared, is that God continues to punish. For, in the eyes of this Biblical Christian, all suffering betokens the visit of an avenging Deity. At each trial, at every accident, he takes up the attitude of a convict who is suffering his punishment, and finds in it still another continual source of humiliations and uneasiness. "Who knows," he asks himself on the eve of his conversion, "if God has not blinded me as a punishment for some past fault?"

Elsewhere he says:

God has not absolutely forgiven the sin past; here is a proof He has not—He is punishing it. It will be said He has forgiven it as to its eternal consequences. Where is the proof of this? All we see is that He is punishing it. If we argue from what we see, He has not forgiven it at all. . . . But, it may be said, Scripture does say the contrary; it declares that all who repent shall be forgiven. Doubtless; but what is repentance? Is repentance the work of a day? Is it a mere word? Is it enough to say, "I am sorry"? Consider the different frames of mind we are in hour by hour; how much we feel at one time which we do not at another. What degree or kind of feeling is enough? Considering how our hearts deceive us, is even the most passionate feeling to be trusted? . . . If indeed we feel distress at having sinned, let us give God the praise; it shows that He is pleading with our hearts, it shows that He wishes us to repent, that He is bringing us to repentance: but it does not show that we have duly repented, and that He actually has forgiven us.

But it may be said that Scripture says that faith will apply to us the merits of Christ, and thus become the instrument of washing away sins. I do not know where Scripture so says; but even if it did, I suppose it would not speak of every kind of faith, but of living faith. But how is living faith ascertained? By works? Now who will maintain that

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon vii. 96–99.

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his works can be such as to bring home to him an undoubting assurance that he has a faith able to do this great thing?

But, again, a person may say, "I have a conviction I have this faith; I feel I have; I feel I can appropriate the merits of Christ." Or, again, "I have an assurance that I am forgiven." True; but where does Scripture tell us that such an assurance, without grounds for it beyond our feeling it, comes from God? . . . There is, indeed, one putting away of sins expressly described in Scripture, which we all received from God's mercy, when, though "born in sin and the children of wrath," we "were made the children of grace." This was in Baptism . . . but this is past long since. We have sinned in spite of grace then given; many of us grievously; and the question now is, where do we stand, and how are we to gain a second pardon?[1]

I know nothing more disquieting than this cool examination which shuts, one after the other, all the doors of hope. Doubtless Newman does not finish his sermon with this terrifying question. When he has done with the optimists, he finds without difficulty the consoling words, the vague but confident promises which, without dissipating uneasiness, nevertheless exclude despair. It is enough for him that the question has been posed, the difficulty looked in the face. Sermons like this resemble those sudden revelations of misfortune and death, which make us pass from the dreams of childhood to the seriousness of real life, and of which no attempt at gaiety can ever efface the harsh impress.

I have said enough about it to explain how certain authors have been able to maintain, without evident exaggeration, that in the religious ideas of Newman terror is dominant. At first sight the witness of these passages and of many others is overwhelming.

The following words are those of one of the most convinced of modern Evangelicals:

Newman's very heart of hearts never, to the day of his death, got her complete divorce, to use Paul's great word, from the dominion of the law. Newman's Maker and Lawgiver and Judge was, all his days, far more self-luminous to Newman than his only Redeemer, with His sin-cleansing

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon viii. 125–130.

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blood, and with His sinner-justifying righteousness. He tells us himself that He Who is our only peace was always severe to him, even on the crucifix. Newman never, to the day of his death, was dead to the law by the body of Christ, as Paul was, and as Luther was—that man after Paul's own heart.—The good Dr. Whyte says also :—When I am again overtaken of one of my besetting sins, when the sorrows of death again compass me, and the pains of Hell take hold of me, I never take down one of Newman's sermons for my recovery and my comfort. . . . Marshall and Guthrie always melt me and draw me back to Christ, just as Newman so oftens hardens me and darkens me and stumbles me, and makes Christ look stern on me even from the crucifix. Newman, in his own way, repays me all my study of him ; but it has often been at great pain to me, if not great risk and cost. . . . The Epistle to the Romans, the " Acropolis," as Olshausen calls it, of the Gospel, need never have been written, as far as Newman's exposition of it is concerned. . . . There is a whole shining chain of Gospel texts that Newman never touches on. . . . Moses was never dressed up in such ornaments before; never even in his own day and dispensation. . . . But all the time he is Moses. All the time, with all his ornaments, he still carries his whip of scorpions hidden away among his beautiful garments. Do and live! Disobey and die! And he draws his sword on me as he says it. . . . The soul that sinneth it shall die, is somewhere or other, and in some more or less musical note or other, in every sermon of Newman's. The sinner-condemning law is his mark in every sermon, and tract, and Lyra verse of his. So much is this the case that when any of my class or congregation come to tell me that, at last, their sin has found them out, and ask me what book they will henceforth keep beside them for their direction and comfort—do you think I ever give them Newman's lectures . . . or . . . sermons ? I wish I could. I have given . . . never one of his beautiful books to a broken-hearted and inconsolable sinner.[1]

Thus speaks Mr. Whyte, an admirer and a friend. The passages I have cited seem to show that he is right. And

[1] A. Whyte, " Newman," pp. 94–104 *passim*.

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when we have to do with Newman we cannot fall back on the resource of appealing from the doctrine preached to the doctrine lived. Every sermon in this case is equal to a bit of confession. Whoever feels inclined to doubt it has only to turn over the Anglican letters of Newman, especially those which he wrote to Keble, his confidant and director. Between these two series of passages the parallelism is enlightening. And, further, the distress of the penitent takes hold of the confessor, and, by becoming the recipient of so many painful confidences, Keble himself nearly lost his peace of mind. He, who, by nature and by grace, possessed the joyous gaiety of a child, saw little by little his horizon darken. And he soon begins to smite his breast and wishes to burn the book of his first poems.

> May it please God to preserve me from writing as unreally and deceitfully as I did then ;—it is Keble himself who is speaking—and if I could tell you the whole of my shameful history you would join with your whole heart in this prayer. . . .
>
> During the year (1845) in which he wrote these bewildering avowals, Newman was on the point of seceding to the Church of Rome ; his convictions in favour of Rome had long been clear, but he feared that some secret sin might have subjected him to God's wrath and have placed him under a " judicial illusion." In order to dissipate this fear, he was sending to Keble a record of continuous confession, laying bare, day by day, his most secret thoughts. A soul pure from serious sin, sensitive even to morbidness, stung with fears of insincerity, and, on the other hand, goaded with the still greater terror of wilfulness and private judgment, abasing itself before an ineffable Holiness, and registering every little infirmity of deed, word, and thought, in the scrupulous resolve to be true and to attain truth—might not the burden of such a mass of confidences from such a source have caused the receiver as well as the giver to turn *his* soul inward, to test himself on the self-introspective rack, and to magnify his own slightest faults, till every lapse appeared a sin and every falling short of perfect veracity seemed a monstrous and deliberate hypocrisy ? [1]

[1] E. A. Abbott, " Anglican Career," i. 133, 134.

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Keble's avowals seem to confirm this rather too eloquent passage.

"Now that I have thrown off Newman's yoke," said he one day to me, "these things appear to me quite different." [1]

Is further proof needed for the conclusion of Dr. Whyte, that Newman's yoke is indeed the yoke of the law, and for Dr. Abbott's that the religion of Newman is "a religion of fear"? [2]

No one can understand the seductive power or plausibility of an error which has never had any attraction for himself. Like many others, I was long under the impression that the keynote of the religious life of Newman was terror. Having passed through the first period of enchantment, in which the eyes are still covered with the veil of uncritical admiration, I began to read the Oxford sermons with greater attention and freedom of mind, and took a mischievous delight in bringing together the passages which would allow me to write a chapter on the "Jansenism of Newman." The title had a suspicion of impertinence which was not without piquancy. Besides, the proofs grew so numerous and so explicit that the accumulation of evidence seemed irresistible. But there is no worse dupe than a compiler of texts. Taken apart from the inner life which is their commentary and complement, even the most precise testimonies lead us astray. We remain in illusion or uncertainty just so long as we make no effort to penetrate to those deeper planes of consciousness, where, in the silent action of life, our convictions are formed and our real beliefs prepared, ideas without words which expression betrays, drys up, or deflowers, which words always misinterpret.

For words are rectilinear, and nothing really human adjusts itself exactly to their unyielding measures. Even the versatility of genius can give but a fragment of its life to the abstractions of the dictionary; or it is perhaps better to say that genius has no more splendid triumphs than in forcing the barrier of words and compelling us to lay hold of the undefinable realities. How is it possible to describe with the meagre resources of three or four terms sharply defined, a

[1] Abbott, "Anglican Career," i. 405. [2] Abbott, *id.* i. 151.

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handful of epithets conveying scarcely more delicate shades of meaning, that most complex and most mysterious of things, the relations between the soul and God? Love or fear?—what a strange dilemma! As if love did not always tremble! As if fear were not often the timid sister of affection! But be it fear or love, or the two together, let us not persuade ourselves too quickly that we hold the secret of a soul.

Besides, in Newman's case the difficulty is complicated. We are in the presence of a believer, and, what is more, of a theologian, who, on the one hand, has received from without, and, on the other, has devoted himself to teach and defend, a mass of propositions on the nature of God and His relations with men. In whole and in part, his intellect adheres to this doctrine without reserve, but the infinitely delicate question is to know in what manner all and each of the theological formulas are quickened and sanctioned by the personal experience of his Christian consciousness. That is the one point of interest for us, who wish to study here, not the doctrines, but the religion of Newman. From one point of view, no doubt, the names of doctrine and religion are interchangeable, and interpenetrate; but in the end every portion of objective truth passes through a sort of mysterious refraction at the precise moment when, having been fully assimilated, it has ceased to be doctrine, and has become the soul itself of the Christian, radiant and active. It is desirable that during this transformation no loss or waste should ensue; but none the less the intellectual system has undergone a radical change of nature. Yesterday it was proffered nourishment, to-day it is assimilated; yesterday it was a far-off call to act and live, to-day it is action and life.

Of a hundred men who sing the Creed within the walls of a church, there are not two who are really saying the same thing. Vain repetition, lukewarmness, and sanctity use the same formulas, and beneath these superficial resemblances we have to divine something inexpressible and incommunicable—the tone, the sense, the colour, and the warmth of the soul.

There would be thus, as it were, a double Jansenism—that of the mind and that of the heart, the one of formulas and the other of life. The first necessarily darkens all thought

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which is nourished on the Holy Scriptures. Underline each of those harsh dogmas, salvation, Hell, the suddenness of God's visitations, the awfulness of His unrelenting silence, unpardonable sin, the fall of the armies of Heaven, the radical impotence of man without grace, the necessity of constant prayer lest the predestined series of Divine aids should exhaust itself without our knowing it, the straitness of the way of life, the small number of the elect; this system of terror remains continually present to the Christian intelligence, since the prophets of Israel down to the disciple of Love, from Tertullian down to Lacordaire. And, nevertheless, this dogmatic rigorism, the necessary consequence of a complete Christianity, is compatible with a marvellous aptitude for confidence, unconstraint, peace, and joy. The Christian consciousness has knowledge of certainties that no formula sanctions, and no catechism can express. Not that it holds cheap any of the revealed truths, that it blots out a single sentence of this long message of fear. Not that we say to ourselves that these threats have no force except for others, or that, like Luther, we cover ourselves with the miraculous clothing of Christ's merits. What is it, then? To what subtlety have we recourse; what opposite dogma, what line of reasoning do we seek to invoke?

No subtlety, no reasoning, no system. The invincible tranquillity which we enjoy does not depend on any syllogism. The mechanical reason has not established the foundations of this peace, nor can it destroy it. At the inmost centre of our life the real presence of a personal God, a God of justice and of pity, is the origin and explanation of this attitude of confidence, which could not be formulated without a lie or a blasphemy. Near Him, within Him, extremes meet, contradictions are solved, hope and fear unite in a single action, are translated by the same effort; love fearful, terror loving. At the moment when dread seems the strongest, an infallible voice tells the Christian soul that the last word rests with love. Newman heard that voice.

> "I am puzzled [says Agellius, who dreams of a second baptism], my head is weak, father; I do not see my way to speak." Presently he said, "Sin after baptism is so

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awful a matter; there is no second laver for sin; and then, again, to sin against baptism is so great a sin."

The priest said, "In baptism God becomes your Father, your own God, your worship, your love. Can you give up this great gift all your life? Would you live without God in this world?" Tears came into Agellius' eyes, and his throat became oppressed. At last he said, distinctly and tenderly, "No."

After a while the priest said, "I suppose what you fear is the fire of judgment, and the prison; not lest you should fall away and be lost."

"I know, my dear father," answered the sick youth, "that I have no right to reckon on anything, or promise myself anything; yet somehow I have never feared Hell—though I ought, I know I ought; but I have not. I deserve the worst, but somehow I have thought that God would lead me on. He ever has done so."

"Then you fear the fire of judgment," said Cæcilius; "you'd put off baptism for fear of that fire."

"I did not say I *would*," answered Agellius; "I wanted *you* to explain the thing to me."

"Which would you rather, Agellius, be without God here or suffer the fire there?"

Agellius smiled; he said faintly, "I take Him for my portion here *and* there; *He* will be in the fire with me."

Agellius lay quiet for some hours, and seemed asleep. Suddenly he began again, "I was baptised when I was only six years old. I'm glad you do not think it was wilful in me, and wrong. I cannot tell what took me," he presently continued. "It was a fervour; I have had nothing of the kind since. What does our Lord say? I can't remember: 'Novissima pejora prioribus.'"

He continued the train of thought another day, or rather the course of his argument; for on the thought itself his mind seemed ever to be working. "My spring is gone," he said, "and I have no summer. Nay, I have had no spring; it was a day, not a season. It came and it went. Where am I now? Can spring ever return? I wish to begin again in right earnest."

"Thank God, my son, for this great mercy," said

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Cæcilius, "that, though you have relaxed, you have never severed yourself from the peace of the Church, you have not denied your God."

Agellius sighed bitterly. "O my father," he said, "'Erravi sicut ovis quæ periit.' I have been very near denying Him, at least by outward act. You do not know me; you cannot know what has come on me lately. And I dare not look back on it, my heart is so weak. My father, how am I to repent of what is past, when I dare not think of it? To think of it is to renew the sin."[1]

This Agellius who dreams of a second baptism, equally efficacious, equally miraculous as the first, this delicate conscience which needs to be reassured even respecting its devotional impulses, this uneasiness which sees the shadow of a fault in the simple remembrance of past sins, and, on the other hand, that assured confidence—"I have never believed that Hell was reserved for me"—all this, I can say it with absolute conviction, draws to the life the sentiments of the author himself; and I in no way exaggerate when I add that this passage of unconquerable hope throws more light on the religious life of Newman than the summary of theological rigorism that can be extracted from his works.

Besides, this passage does not stand alone, and explicit testimonies are not wanting, which repeat, in other words, the same trustful hope, and whose discreet and serene insight bring back to the point the long sequence of passages from Newman in which fear seems to predominate.

> There are others who feel no fear whatever, though they profess to feel much joy and transport. I cannot sympathise with such. . . . But there are others who seem only to fear, or to have very little joy in religion. These are in a more hopeful state than those who only joy and do not fear at all; yet they are not altogether in a right state. However, they are in an interesting state. I purpose to describe it now, and to make some remarks upon it. . . .

Why are these souls troubled? Because a vague sense of guilt oppresses them, because the consciousness of their

[1] "Callista," pp. 121, 122.

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sins keeps their looks fixed on the near coming of Christ in judgment.

> A sense of guilt, indeed, every one, the best of us, must have. I am not blaming that, but I speak of such a sense as hinders those who feel it from rejoicing in the Lord.

Newman then passes in review the different causes which explain the absence of this spiritual joy. In the case of one it is a morbid predisposition, in the case of another it is some secret habit of laxity, while others in still greater number are thus troubled because they do not come to realise, to feel vividly, the privileges of a Christian. Scripture offered them a magnificent lesson of joy. But fanatics have arisen who have seized upon these texts and have made them say absurd things about the certainty of salvation. They have monopolised, while falsifying, the consoling portion of the Gospel. They alone understand it, feel it, and have the right to use it. What has happened in consequence? Those to whom this presumptuous enthusiasm is repugnant, the true Christians, find themselves deprived of this consoling portion. For them there is no more a message of confident hope. They do not abandon it to the fanatics who claim it as their own, but they believe it to be reserved for the primitive saints, and too glorious for the lukewarm Christians of to-day.

Add to this that a number of excellent people resign themselves without any effort to this sacrifice—good Christians who are satisfied with a cold and dry religion, and whom the mysteries of the world invisible trouble not at all.

> They are most excellent men in their line, but they do not walk in a lofty path. There is nothing unearthly about them; they cannot be said to be worldly, yet they do not walk by things unseen; they do not discern and contemplate the next world. They are not on the alert to detect, patient in watching, keen-sighted in tracing the movements of God's secret providence. They do not feel they are in an immense, unbounded system, with a height above and a depth beneath. They think everything is plain and easy; they have no difficulties in religion; they see no recondite and believe in no hidden meanings in

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Scripture, and discern no hints there sympathetic with guesses within them. Such men are used to explain away such passages as the text; to be "at peace with God," to "have access into the grace in which we stand," to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God," to them have little or no meaning. Their joy does not rise higher than what they call "a rational faith and hope, a satisfaction in religion, a cheerfulness, a well-ordered mind, and the like"—all very good words, if properly used, but shallow to express the fulness of the Gospel privileges.

In this way, then, the lesson of joy has disappeared from the Gospel, minimised by the vulgar common sense of some, foolishly exaggerated by others. Deprived of this support, the Christians of whom we are speaking stand alone, confronted with the remembrance and consciousness of their sins.

What, then, is it that these little ones of Christ lack, who, without wilful sin, past or present, on their consciences, are in gloom and sorrow? What is the doctrine which will quicken them, and make their devotion healthy? . . . What but the great and high doctrines connected with the Church? They are not merely taken into covenant with God; they are taken into His Church. They have not merely the promise of grace; they have its presence. They have not merely the conditional prospect of a reward; for a blessing—nay, unspeakable, fathomless, illimitable, infinite, eternal blessings are poured into their very hearts, even as a first step and an earnest from God our Saviour of what He will do for those who love Him. . . . When Jacob woke in the morning his first thought was not about his sins or his danger, though he rightly felt both, but about God. He said, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven." Contemplate, then, thyself, not in thyself, but as thou art in the Eternal God. . . . All the necessary exactness of our obedience, the anxiety about falling, the pain of self-denial, the watchfulness, the zeal, the self-chastisements that are required of us, as little interfere with this vision of faith as if they were practised by another, not by ourselves. We

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are two or three selves at once in the wonderful structure of our minds, and can weep while we smile and labour while we meditate.[1]

It might be said that Newman himself, in another passage which I have cited, threw doubts upon the legitimacy of this inward assurance to which he now makes appeal. This is true, for, in his eyes, this assurance becomes suspicious so soon as it takes shape in a formula, a dogma, or an argument. One word, one step in advance, and it falls into heresy. The light in which it dwells, is not that which human language can reveal. At rare moments a living ray escapes from the inmost sanctuary of being, too sudden and fugitive for the dazzled intelligence to fix it. There is no illusion, no hallucination that abides. The lightning flashes. But the world lit up by it is immediately closed before the impotent curiosity of the reasoning intelligence. When the latter desires to analyse that remembrance, to describe that impression, it loses itself in insoluble contradictions. The infinitely elastic pen of a Newman is reduced to giving embarrassed explanations of it, and quickly renounces the attempt to interpret the incomprehensible.

Now salvation doubtless *is* conditional, and the Gospel *is* a covenant . . . but then salvation is not *merely* conditional, the Gospel is not *merely* a covenant.[2]

We feel the awkwardness of this phrase, the revenge of words that we wish to bend to a description of that of which the understanding has no perception. As well might one ask of them to render the whole scale of colours and the gradations of a perfume. Man can never be sure of salvation here below. Man can be sure of being saved here below. The Yea and the Nay! "Merely," that discreet and adaptable adverb, carries with it the mark of the master of language. But to what purpose? As long as we remain in the narrow territory of formulas no feat of strength can disguise the too evident antinomy. In order that difficulties may vanish, it is necessary to descend deeper than formulas and ideas, into the complete and marvellously simple life of the soul.

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon ix., "The State of Grace," *passim*.
[2] *Id.* iv. sermon ix. 144.

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But if the pen must renounce the attempt to force a passage down to the mystery of life, it retrieves its sovereign skill in playing subtly between the two aspects of the problem, and in giving us the idea, the sense, the taste, the instinct of a solution to which of itself it could not conduct us.

> Thus he is under two feelings at once, not at all inconsistent with each other—one of present enjoyment, another of undefined apprehension; and on looking on to the day of judgment, hope and fear both rise within him.[1]

Notice the profound difference that a significant epithet marks in passing. Joy is *present* and fear *undefined*. Elsewhere we meet again with the same antithesis.

> Our privileges. They are ours to possess, that is our glory; they are ours to lose, that is our solicitude. We can keep them, we have not to gain them—but we shall not keep them without fear and trembling; still we have them, and there is nothing to hinder our rejoicing in them while we have them. For fear has reference to the future; and that we may lose them to-morrow (which God forbid), but supposing it, is no reason why we should not rejoice in them to-day.[2]

In consequence,

> Gloom is no Christian temper; that repentance is not real which has not love in it; that self-chastisement is not acceptable, which is not sweetened by faith and cheerfulness. We must live in sunshine even when we sorrow; we must live in God's presence, we must not shut ourselves up in our own hearts, even when we are reckoning up our past sins.[3]

But all this is a matter of personal experience.

> How joy and fear can be reconciled words cannot show. Act and deed alone can show how. Let a man try both to fear and to rejoice, as Christ and His Apostles tell him, and in time he will learn how; but when he has learned,

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon viii., "Peace and Joy in Chastisement," p. 124.

[2] *Id.* iv. sermon ix., "The State of Grace," p. 149.

[3] *Id.* v. sermon xix. 271.

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he will be as little able to explain how it is he does both, as he was before. He will seem inconsistent, and may easily be proved to be so, to the satisfaction of irreligious men, as Scripture is called inconsistent. He becomes the paradox which Scripture enjoins.[1]

Others, less rigorist than Newman, reserve to fear the first stage in the Christian life. He upsets in one word these artificial divisions.

We cannot understand Christ's mercies till we understand His power, His glory, His unspeakable holiness, and our demerits; that is, until we first fear Him. Not that fear comes first and then love; for the most part they will proceed together. Fear is allayed by the love of Him, and our love sobered by the fear of Him. Thus he draws us on with encouraging voice amid the terrors of His threatenings. . . . This may seem strange to those who do not study the Scriptures, and to those who do not know what it is earnestly to seek after God. But, in proportion as the state of mind is strange, so is there in it, therefore, untold and surpassing pleasure to those who partake it. The bitter and the sweet, strangely tempered, thus leave upon the mind the lasting taste of Divine truth, and satisfy it; not so harsh as to be loathed; nor of that insipid sweetness which attends enthusiastic feelings, and is wearisome when it becomes familiar.[2]

I could cull many analogous passages. If at first they attract less attention, it is because fear and joy do not speak the same language. Christian confidence is discreet and silent. It would be afraid, in asserting itself too loudly, of becoming presumption, but it is serious and self-possessed because it leans on the undoubted presence of God.

This joy that Newman preaches is the joy of his first conversion—"joy in himself, for it is the grace of God within him, it is the presence of the Eternal Comforter."[3]

"The essence of a true conversion is a surrender of himself, an unreserved, unconditional surrender,"[4] and to forget oneself

[1] "Parochial Sermons," v. sermon v. 66, 67.
[2] *Id.* i. sermon xxiii. 304, 305. [3] *Id.* v. sermon v. 69, 70.
[4] *Id.* v. sermon xvii. 241.

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in God. Such self-surrender carries its own evident justification with it. From the day on which the soul has hazarded the decisive step, it knows, it feels itself in the Divine hand. It has said to God:

> Make me what Thou wouldst have me; I bargain for nothing; I make no terms; I seek for no previous information whither Thou art taking me; I will be what Thou wilt make me and all that Thou wilt make me. I say not that I will follow Thee withersoever Thou goest, for I am weak; but I give myself to Thee, to lead me any whither.[1]

The phantoms of terror will have no more hold upon a soul which prays like this. It has placed in God's hands the care of its salvation. Its hope may suffer short eclipses, but, even when unconscious of it, that soul remains secretly and surely upheld. At times it thinks itself in the night, and nevertheless it does not cease to be guided by a cheering light. It knows not where it is, its distracted reason no longer sees where to find sure motives of confidence; but, whatever this reason may say, an infallible voice murmurs to the soul words of peace.

Yes, whatever the reason may say, the soul no longer searches—it has found, it holds God. It is lost, plunged, and, as it were, "dissolved into the kingdom of God."[2] Always modest, it hesitates to make its own the word of Peter: "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee." Nevertheless, it timidly decides: "We can say that we humbly trust."[3]

This word "trust," again, is a discovery of Newman's—one of those words whose meaning he has remodelled to suit his purposes. "Trust," for him, is to say modestly that one is not sure and yet that one is sure; a word of double meaning, which reassures the scruples of the theologian and recalls to the faithful the Divine visits which have brought him peace.[4]

From Newman's pen this word comes charged with remembrances—remembrances not of dogmatic lessons which have been learnt, but of personal experiences.

[1] "Parochial Sermons," v. sermon xvii. 248.

[2] *Id.* iv. sermon ix. 146. [3] *Id.* v. sermon v. 68.

[4] This word "trust" gives the answer to the expressions of distrust which Abbott accumulates in vain. *Cf.* Abbott, ii. 182.

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Again, every religious man may be expected to have experience of more or less wonderful providences, which he cannot speak about to others, but which make it certain to him that, in spite of his own unworthiness, God is with him . . . and surely what Jacob felt and said, will in its degree—nay, rather more abundantly—be fulfilled in our case. "I am not worthy of the least of all Thy mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant." "God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil." Is it not, I may say, most touching and affecting to read in patriarchal history things which are fulfilled in us at this latter time?—but He is the Lord, He changes not. You may see what He is to us, by what Jacob tells us He was to him. Scripture gives certain specimens or criteria, what it is to have God with us, to be guided by God, as in the history of Jacob or of David. Now consider Jacob's life and confessions, or consider David's overflowings of heart in the Psalms—are they not in our measure ours also? Is there not a sympathy of heart, is there not a concordant testimony as to God's providences in the ancient saints and in ourselves? Well, then, are we not therefore in their case? Do not we stand with them? Have not *we* the God of Jacob for our help, and is not David's Lord and David's hope ours also?

Would we have a still more direct and more precise affirmation, a more skilful blending of prudence and conviction?

A man will tell you, as an excuse for his following the wildest and most pernicious errors, that he has consulted God, that God has answered him, and that he is obeying God. What can you say in reply? Nothing. You think, and think rightly, that the man is deceiving himself. . . . Yet, because some men are presumptuous and mistaken in this most sacred subject, this does not show that another may not judge rightly. In dreams, in delirium, in madness, men think they see and hear what they do not; yet, for all that, do not men, awake and in their senses, see and hear? And, in like manner, religious men are right in thinking

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> their prayers answered . . . and the real answers which religious men receive are an evidence to them . . . of course, the more fully he realises that God is thus mercifully dealing with him, the less he will like to speak about it . . . if only that he dare not betray, if we may so speak, God's confidence. This circumstance, however, makes it the more difficult to speak on the subject without unreality. Still, I suppose it is true that religious men have their prayers answered in a wonderful way, and with sufficient distinctness to be, in addition to other evidences, a ground of confidence to them that God is with them.[1]

We have no right to imagine that we have heard this voice of God only in the course of certain moments of intenser devotion. Newman's religion is calm. The spirit which speaks to him does not herald itself with the crash of the thunder. As soon as he opens the subject, we always feel that the preacher is going back to that first religious experience which has survived all changes, and which its power in controlling his conduct has shown to be serious and Divine.

> Religious men, really such, cannot but recollect in the course of years, that they have become very different from what they were. . . . You will say that time changes a man as a matter of course . . . yet I think a religious man would feel it little less than sacrilege, and almost blasphemy, to impute the improvement in his heart and conduct, in his moral being . . . to outward or merely natural causes. He will be unable to force himself to do so: that is to say, he has a conviction, which it is a point of religion with him not to doubt, which it is a sin to deny, that God has been with him.[2]

I do not think that any theologian has fought with greater vehemence than Newman the idea of illuminism under all its forms. That is what gives such interest, such weight, such pathos to the fact that he always insists upon basing his own religion, and the entire edifice of his hopes, upon personal experience. When one who pretends to illumination tells us his visions, we shrug our shoulders, and if the fever lasts

[1] "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," xxiii. 350-353. [2] *Id.* 349-350.

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we send for the doctor. But when Newman bears his testimony, not in the fervour of a crisis, but with the calm, the self-possession of a man who acts as a witness in the law courts on a matter of capital importance, we feel that such a conviction is founded upon an experience that is certain, and we should be afraid of sinning against God Himself, if we were to attribute this assurance to the delirium of a diseased brain or to the illusions of pride.

One other remark must be made here. In all the passages, which I have quoted, Newman seems to forget his audience, and to speak only to himself. In any case, his consoling words are of no value except so far as his hearers have also the right to recall analogous experiences. But then what would become of those less favoured or weaker Christians who have never heard this inward answer from God? Deprived of this Divine counterpoise to the Biblical threats, blind to this light which puts to flight the phantoms of terror, will they be obliged to remain devoted to this religion of fear which Newman is reproached with having preached? And, lastly, will Newman himself, most happy in his election by grace, take no interest in those of his brethren who know not yet if that grace has visited them? He said in the "Apologia":

> While I considered myself predestined to salvation, my mind did not dwell upon others, as fancying them simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I only thought of the mercy to myself.[1]

Let us disregard the word "predestined," which soon ceases to qualify exactly his intimate assurance of salvation, but, as regards that which is closest to him, I do not think that his attitude sensibly changed. "I simply thought of the mercy to myself." Let us try to get a clear understanding of these words, and let us not imagine that they have been dictated by a secret egoism. What it really comes to mean is that conversion is an individual concern, the contact of two persons—the soul and God. Some, Calvinists or others, in declaring that they are saved, affirm, or imply, that the Divine favour separates them from the crowd of the damned. Newman's sense of security does not allow either affirmations or

[1] "Apologia," p. 4.

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implications of this kind. "God and myself," "myself and God." Everything happens as if the rest of the world were non-existent. There is nothing here which need surprise us. A fairly strict analysis would show an analogous exclusiveness in the majority of conversions. This sudden revelation of the presence of God necessarily makes all else a blank, whether it comes in the form of joy or terror. The soul opens itself to this outpouring of grace, as tired lungs open to the pure air; it breathes God without even knowing that it breathes Him. In this indescribable moment "nothing is any more to it, more to it is nothing."

But, if there is no conversion which is not Divinely simple, neither is there any which does not soon bring the Christian back to the thought of his brethren. Similarly, all assurance, which confirms us in the peace of God, must soon become somewhat obscured when the remembrance comes to us of those who do not share our certitude. The zeal of Newman is, perhaps, lacking in this flame of charity which we admire in the saints. He would, I think, have had no great relish for the story of that nun of the Middle Ages, who could not resign herself to entering Heaven quite alone, and returned to earth to take with her one of her sisters. But, still, the obscurity of God's judgments torments him, the problem of evil is a constant source of anguish for his mind and heart. A little while ago we heard him tell us that he had not the strength to look in the direction of Hell. It is for others that he trembles —he who has never thought that Hell was for him.

It is to the salvation of others that all his efforts will be directed through his books, his preaching, his letters, through his whole life. He teaches, he preaches the small number of the elect, but the cruel doctrine never received from him the complete adhesion of his mind. He never lived it. In a passage of his sermons, at once terrible and tender, he recalls those frightful scenes of carnage by which the zeal of the ancient Hebrews thought to accomplish the vengeance of the Lord:

> Accordingly, the more zealous a Christian is, therefore is he the more charitable. The Israelite, when he entered Canaan, was told to spare neither old nor young; the weak

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and infirm were to be no exception in the list of victims whose blood was to be shed. "Of the cities of these people, which the Lord thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth." Accordingly, when the people fought against Sihon, they "took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men, and the women, and the little ones of every city," they "left none to remain." And when Jericho was taken, "they utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old, and ox, and sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword." What an awful office was this, what an unutterably heart-piercing task—almost enough to make a man frantic, except as upheld by the power of Him who gave the command! Yet Moses, thus severely-minded to do God's will, was the meekest of men. Samuel, too, who sent Saul to slay in Amalek "man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass," was from his youth up, the wise and heavenly-minded guide and prophet of Israel. David, who had a fiery zeal, so as even to consume him, was (as we see by his Psalms) most tender-hearted and gentle in his feelings and thoughts. Doubtless, while the servants of God executed His judgments, they still could bend in pity and hope over the young and old whom they slew with the sword—merciful amid their severity—an unspeakable trial, doubtless, of faith and self-mastery, and requiring a very exalted and refined spirit successfully to undergo. Doubtless, as they slew those who suffered for the sins of their fathers, their thoughts turned, first to the fall of Adam, next to that unseen state where all inequalities are righted, and they surrendered themeslves as instruments unto the Lord, of mysteriously working out good through evil.

And shall we faint at our far lesser trials when they bore the greater? Spared the heavy necessity of piercing with the spear of Phinehas, and of hewing Agag in Gilgal—allowed to take instead of inflicting suffering, and "to make a difference" instead of an indiscriminate severity—shall we, like cowards, shrink from bearing our lighter burdens, which our Lord commands, and in which He sets us the pattern? Shall we be perversely persuaded by the

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> appearance of amiableness or kindness in those whom God's word bids us depart from as heretics, or profligate livers, or troublers of the Church? Joseph could speak strangely to his brethren, and treat them as spies, put one of them in prison, and demand another from Canaan, while he hardly refrained himself in doing so, and his bowels yearned over them; and by turns he punished them, and wept for them. Oh, that there was in us this high temper of mingled austerity and love![1]

The man who speaks thus was not exclusively the apostle of fear. The dead page protests at need against this imputation. But we have what is better than the printed text—I mean the living witness of those whom the preacher of St. Mary's formed in the Christian life. Newman's confessions perhaps contributed to give a severer tone to the piety of Keble, but not one of the sermons of St. Mary's has been known to have caused despair in a single soul. Abbott naively admits as much without suspecting that this simple avowal throws down all his scaffolding. Words, like life itself, colour, explain, correct, and transform a doctrine. On the lips of a man who has experienced the Divine goodness, the most severe statements lose the implacable element in the words which proclaim them. Whole sermons and long passages, which are Jansenistic, abound in Newman's Anglican works. Nevertheless, taken as a whole, and considered more closely, almost every detail, properly understood, contains some thought of trust and confidence. Even as he turns over the pages of the gospel of wrath, Newman seems always to be repeating, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."[2]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon xiii. 186–188.

[2] I am here concerned only with Newman, but I cannot help recognising that much of what I have said to minimise his severity of doctrine could be applied to the Puritans. *Cf.*, on this subject, a remarkable article of Mr. Moffat, *Hibbert Journal*, October 1904.

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CHAPTER IV

THE INVISIBLE REALITIES

Such is the general aspect of Newman's piety. He is neither a St. Francis de Sales nor a Saint-Cyran, but, as a final judgment, and in spite of appearances, infinitely nearer the first than the second. Having laid down this groundwork which lights up everything, we have only to follow Newman in the different manifestations of his inner life. The difficulty and the charm of this quest springs from the fact that, in his case, we never can be quite sure where mere speculation ends and real devotion begins. The invisible world interests and absorbs him as does the visible world other people. It is his true fatherland. Other Christians, of virtue equal or superior to that of Newman, find meditation an effort. A natural attraction keeps their attention fixed on the things of the senses, on the objects of art or the abstractions of science. Newman is quite otherwise. He would believe in angels, were it only for the pleasure of divining and contemplating their movements. Pointing, on occasion, to these celestial creatures as the hidden engine-drivers of the universe, he asks if this doctrine "is not as philosophical, and as full of intellectual enjoyment," as the "attempt to explain them [the movements of the natural world] by certain theories of science."[1] You see how the poet and the believer within him become indistinguishable in their adhesion to ideal realities. I am even inclined to go further, and to think that, in his inner life, his poetry aids his faith. He believes, without further discussion, whatever is beautiful to believe, whatever permits the man of ripe age to continue the pretty dreams of his childhood. He seems to say—It is too beautiful not to be true. I return to the subject of angels because it is really

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon xxix. 362.

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curious to note that they hold in the imagination and in the philosophy of Newman as great a place as in the meditations of the painter of Fiesole—and also because this helps us to understand how other dogmas, still more immaterial—the Trinity, for example—touch him, move him, and nourish his most heartfelt devotion. There are angels close beside us. "But the sin of what is called an educated age, such as our own, is . . . to ascribe all we see around us, not to their agency, but to certain assumed laws of nature." [1]

> But why do rivers flow? Why does rain fall? Why does the sun warm us? . . . How do the wind and water, earth and fire, move? Now here Scripture interposes, and seems to tell us that all his wonderful harmony is the work of angels.

"Seems" is placed here because this poet is always accurate and prudent in his interpretation of the sacred books. But the probability is not slow in changing into certainty.

> Nature is not inanimate; its daily toil is intelligent; its works are duties.

This point of view has changed entirely since the time when the children, saved from the fiery furnace, invited all creatures to praise the Lord, but we who are Christians can still repeat their canticle.

> Thus, whenever we look abroad, we are reminded of those most gracious and holy beings, the servants of the Holiest, who deign to minister to the heirs of salvation. Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in Heaven.

This thought, at the same time that it delights us, humbles our empty science, which so quickly concludes that it has got rid of mystery, which is so ready to treat nature in an offhand and very irreverent manner.

> Supposing the inquirer I have been describing, when examining a flower, or a herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light,

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon xxix.

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which he treats as something so beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden behind the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing his wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay, whose robe and ornaments those wondrous objects were, which he was so eager to analyse, what would be his thoughts? Should we but accidentally show a rudeness of manner towards our fellow-man, tread on the hem of his garment, or brush roughly against him, are we not vexed, not as if we had hurt him, but from the fear we may have been disrespectful? . . . How much has every herb and flower in it to surprise and overwhelm us! For, even did we know as much about them as the wisest of men, yet there are those around us, though unseen, to whom our greatest knowledge is as ignorance; and, when we converse on subjects of nature scientifically, repeating the names of plants and earths, and describing their properties, we should do so religiously, as in the hearing of the great servants of God, with the sort of diffidence that we always feel in speaking before the learned and wise of our own mortal race, as poor beginners in intellectual knowledge, as well as in moral attainments.

Now I can conceive persons saying all this is fanciful. . . . Surely we are not told in Scripture about the angels for nothing, but for practical purposes; nor can I conceive a use of our knowledge more practical than to make it connect the sight of this world with the thought of another . . . nor one more easily to be understood and felt by all men; for we know that at one time the doctrine of angels was received even too readily.

Finally, and this is of the last importance:

These thoughts are not without direct influence on our faith in God and His Son; for the more we can enlarge our view of the next world, the better. When we survey Almighty God surrounded by His holy angels, His thousand thousands of ministering spirits, and ten thousand times ten thousand standing before Him, the idea of His awful majesty rises before us more powerfully and impressively.

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> . . . Indeed, what do we know of the courts of Heaven but as peopled by them? And therefore doubtless they are revealed to us, that we may have something to fix our thoughts on when we look Heavenwards. Heaven indeed is the palace of Almighty God, and of Him doubtless we must think in the first place; and again of His Son our Saviour, Who died for us, and Who is manifested in the Gospels, in order that we may have something definite to look forward to: for the same cause, surely, the angels also are revealed to us, that Heaven may be as little as possible an unknown place in our imaginations.[1]

This little sermon introduces us, as an exquisite prelude, to the heart of our subject. In transcribing it, one cannot help smiling at the astonishment of some readers who have formed, *a priori*, certain ideas on Newman's modernity. They would hardly be less upset by the discovery, in the Oxford sermons, of a panegyric on St. Expedit. In truth, Newman is the least modern of men, if to be modern means to separate oneself from the past with lightness of heart and throw discredit on everything that is ancient. He did not "come to destroy" the past, any more than his Master, but to renew it by instilling into it a new life. That is another way of being "modern." In any case, Newman knew no other.

The sermon which we have just read is no more than the reconnoitring of a scout. A hand, respectful and eager, has lifted the veil which hides that other world from us, and has stretched itself out towards the hands of the heavenly guides who are charged by God to conduct the soul into those regions of piety, contemplation, and prayer. By the vehemence and definiteness of this first action we feel assured that Newman will not stop on the threshold. His true life lies on the other side of the veil, and half his works will describe to us the incessant journeys of his imagination and of his heart. As, however, we must make a choice, the best way will be to group the most important of these recollections round the two fundamental passages that may be considered as the revelations of Newman, as his "Divine Comedy"—I mean the Oxford sermon on the "Invisible

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon xxix., "The Powers of Nature."

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World" and the marvellous poem which the sexagenarian Oratorian wrote on the recent grave of the dearest of his brothers. The "Dream of Gerontius" is now within reach of all French readers.[1] For preference, I will lay most stress upon the sermon.

And what strikes us, at the outset, is the extraordinary simplicity of the style. The triumph of the imagination consists—as, indeed, is always the case with Newman—in giving the most impalpable conceptions the colour of familiar scenes. We enter the invisible world from the threshold of the visible, we look about us, we speak, we listen without even a suspicion that we have already passed the frontier. There is no foaming sea which separates this Patmos from the rest of the world. Heaven is not more magnificent than a village church. Saving certain very rare exceptions, the tone is as calm as that of a man who is giving an account of the most ordinary walk. Only some discreet touches, some living flashes, remind us here and there that we are treading on sacred ground and breathe an air of mystery.

The sermon opens with the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal"; and, almost at the first onset, Newman brings us face to face with Him, Who, to himself in particular, would give the invisible world an infinite importance and value.

> For, first of all, He is there Who is above all beings, Who has created all, before Whom they are all as nothing, and with Whom nothing can be compared. Almighty God, we know, exists more really and absolutely than any of those fellow-men whose existence is conveyed to us through the senses; yet we see Him not. . . . Once, and once only, for thirty-three years, has He condescended to become one of the beings which are seen . . . but, excepting this brief period, His presence has never been perceptible; He has never made us conscious of His existence by means of our senses. He came, and He retired beyond the veil; and to

[1] It will be found very sweetly and accurately rendered as an addition to the "Meditations and Devotions" of Newman (Lecoffre).

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us individually it is as if He had never shown Himself; we have as little sensible experience of His presence. Yet "He liveth evermore."

Take another way of realising that mysterious realm. It is the dwelling-place of the dead. To die is to quit this visible world, or, in other words, to "cease to act towards us and before us *through our senses*." You see how this short explanatory comment suggests delicately and imperiously the image of another life, parallel to ours and not less real. The relations between ourselves and these souls continue. There is only a change in the means of communication. Their "outward frame . . . dries away and shrivels up as leaves may drop off a tree. They remain, but without the usual means of approach towards us, and correspondence with us. As when a man loses his voice or hand. . . ." But, for all that, they are alive and quite close to us.

In this first general survey, how could Newman forget the angels?

> Jacob "took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep." How little did he think that there was anything very wonderful in this spot! It looked like any other spot. It was a lone, uncomfortable place: there was no house there; night was coming on; and he had to sleep upon the bare rock. Yet how different was the truth! He saw but the world that is seen; he saw not the world that is not seen; yet the world that is not seen was there. It was there, though it did not at once make known its presence, but needed to be supernaturally displayed to him. He saw it in his sleep. . . . Now let this be observed. Persons commonly speak as if the other world did not exist now, but would after death. No; it exists now, though we see it not. It is among us and around us. Jacob was shown this in his dream. Angels were all about him, though he knew it not.

What more is necessary to lead us to the conclusion that—

> we [also] are in a world of spirits, as well as in a world of sense, and we hold communion with it, and take part in it, though we are not conscious of doing so.

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Why, then, refuse to acknowledge this mystery? Is it stranger, after all, than that other universe, so real and yet so impenetrable—the world of the lower animals?

> Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do but see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is indeed a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with, creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous unearthly beings, more powerful than man and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes. . . . Is it not plain to our sense that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is? and is it difficult to faith to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us?

You see with what ease he moves in these regions in which he wishes to establish us, and with what discreet mastery he rouses in us the sense of mystery. By dint of having followed him for several pages, we insensibly find ourselves at the very heart of the invisible, surrounded, enclosed by these hidden beings who seem to await and to summon us. Why should we try to steal away? We shall not escape that law of our being which prevents us from being contented with our relations with the things of sense alone. Does not the mystery also invade our relations with other men? Between them and us, even in the same spot, what barriers there are! We see them, and yet their true nature is unknown to us. For instance, in the case of a London tradesman, and a peasant from a sleepy village which is not yet reached by the newspapers, we certainly have two worlds, as far from each other as our world and that of the angels.

He proceeds to paraphrase the words of the Apostle in which he commands us to order our existence in view of those things which we do not see. The others are not worth

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troubling about. They will pass away. Perishable veils beneath which is hidden the face of God, henceforth they are nothing.

Once only in the year, yet once, does the world which we see show forth its hidden powers, and in a manner manifest itself. Then the leaves come out, and the blossoms on the fruit-trees and flowers, and the grass and corn spring up. There is a sudden rush and burst outwardly of that hidden life which God has lodged in the material world. Well, that shows you, as by a sample, what it can do at God's command, when He gives the word. This earth, which now buds forth in leaves and blossoms, will one day burst forth into a new world of light and glory, in which we shall see saints and angels dwelling. Who would think, except from his experience of former springs all through his life, who could conceive two or three months before, that it was possible that the face of nature, which then seemed so lifeless, should become so splendid and varied? . . . Yet in God's good time leaves come on the trees. The season may delay, but come it will at last. So it is with the coming of that eternal spring, for which all Christians are waiting. Come it will, though it delay. . . . Therefore we say day by day, "Thy kingdom come," which means, "O Lord, show Thyself; manifest Thyself." . . . The earth that we see does not satisfy us; it is but a beginning; it is but a promise of something beyond it; even when it is gayest, with all its blossoms on, and shows most touchingly what lies hid in it, yet it is not enough. We know much more lies hid in it than we see. A world of saints and angels, a glorious world, the palace of God, the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, the heavenly Jerusalem, the throne of God and Christ, all these wonders, everlasting, all-precious, mysterious, and incomprehensible, lie hid in what we see. What we see is the outward shell of an eternal kingdom; and on that kingdom we fix the eyes of faith. Shine forth, O Lord, as when on Thy nativity Thine angels visited the shepherds; let Thy glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the trees. . . . They speak of Heaven, but they are not Heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim

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reflections of His image; they are but crumbs from the table. We are looking for the coming of the day of God, when all this outward world, fair though it be, shall perish; when the heavens shall be burnt, and the earth shall melt away. We can bear the loss, for we know it will be but the removing of a veil. We know that to remove the world which is seen, will be the manifestation of the world which is not seen. We know that what we see is a screen hiding from us God and Christ, and His saints and angels. And we earnestly desire and pray for the dissolution of all that we see, from our longing after that which we do not see.

He then hails with transport that most blessed moment which shall mark for each of us, among all, in the calendar of eternity, the minute of awakening, of the first revelation of the invisible, the ineffable surprise of that first look. But earth has no words which worthily correspond to such hopes.

Let us close our eyes and keep silence. All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.[1]

One of the advantages to be gained from this lesson in celestial geography consists in founding our piety on realities rather than abstractions. Newman said that there is no such thing as abstract religion. Much more is it impossible to have abstract devotion, since devotion is the most living, the most concrete form of religion. The God, towards Whom all the paths of the world invisible conduct us, is a personal God. The very surroundings in which Newman has just placed Him prevent us from forgetting this essential principle. Still further, if I may so say, His providence is doubly personal. There is nothing confused, vague, or general, either in the concrete goodness whence it flows, or in the objects to which it applies itself. I have, besides, analysed the admirable sermon on that particular providence which takes care of each one of us individually and in detail.[2]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xiii., "The Invisible World."
[2] *Id.* iii. sermon ix. *Cf.* Part III. pp. 149, 150.

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We have seen also how the God of Newman was at once both the legislator of Sinai and the Good Shepherd. He is also the God of slowness and silence. Whether He draws nigh to us or forsakes us, He walks, He glides, without noise. No thunder-clap heralds the unuttered designs pursued by His goodness and justice.

> The world seems to go on as usual. There is nothing of heaven in the face of society; in the news of the day there is nothing of heaven; in the faces of the many, of the great, or of the rich, or of the busy, there is nothing of heaven; in the words of the eloquent, or the deeds of the powerful, or the counsels of the wise, or the resolves of the lordly, or the pomps of the wealthy, there is nothing of heaven. And yet the ever-blessed Spirit of God is here; the presence of the eternal Son, ten times more glorious, more powerful than when He trod the earth in our flesh, is with us. Let us ever bear in mind this Divine truth: the more secret God's hand is, the more powerful—the more silent, the more awful.[1]

There is in Newman a whole sermon on "The Secrecy and Suddenness of Divine Visitations," with this text from St. Luke: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." He preached it on the Feast of the Purification, and he has no difficulty in attaching, to the domestic character, to the insignificance of that Gospel scene, his favourite doctrine on the silent march of Providence, the calmness and suddenness of God's interventions amongst us.

> Consider what the occurrence in question consists in. A little child is brought to the Temple, as all first-born children were brought. There is nothing here uncommon or striking, so far. His parents are with him, poor people, bringing the offering of pigeons or doves, for the purification of the mother. They are met in the Temple by an old man, who takes the child in his arms, offers a thanksgiving to God, and blesses the parents; and next are joined by a widow of great age, a widow of eighty-four years, who had exceeded the time of useful service, and seemed to be but a fit prey

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xvii. 265.

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for death. She gives thanks also, and speaks concerning the child to other persons who are present. Then all retire.

Now there is evidently nothing great or impressive in this; nothing to excite the feelings, or interest the imagination. We know what the world thinks of such a group as I have described. The weak and helpless, whether from age or infancy, it looks upon negligently and passes by. Yet all this that happened was really the solemn fulfilment of an ancient and emphatic prophecy.[1]

Silence and suddenness—such is the ordinary procedure of God in His visits, such His fashion of manifesting either His goodness or His wrath.

Let us, then, turn this festival to account. . . . Let us . . . lay up deep in our hearts the recollection how mysteriously little things in this world are connected with great; how single moments, improved or wasted, are the salvation or ruin of all-important interests. Let us bear the thought upon us, when we come to worship in God's house, that any such season of service may, for what we know, be wonderfully connected with some ancient purpose of His, announced before we were born, and may have its determinate bearing on our eternal welfare. . . . Even though He is silent, doubt not that His army is on the march towards us. He is coming through the sky, and has even now His camp upon the outskirts of our own world.[2]

The enthusiast does not understand this lesson of slowness and stillness. He ascribes to God every fit of religious fever, and keeps ever on the watch that he may not miss the theatrical stroke of a conversion experienced by the senses, thus throwing himself open to mistake over-excitement of the nerves for the certain sign of God's passage. By waiting for this mighty sound he runs the risk of not hearing the scarcely perceptible voice which alone brings the true word of salvation.

Vehemence, tumult, confusion, are no attributes of that benignant flood with which God has replenished the earth. That flood of grace is sedate, majestic, gentle in its operation.

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon x. 109, 110.
[2] *Id.* ii. sermon x. 114, 115.

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If at any time it seems to be violent, that violence is occasioned by some accident or imperfection of the earthen vessels into which it vouchsafes to pour itself; and is no token of the coming of Divine power. Sudden changes of feeling, restlessness, terror, vehement emotions, impetuous resolves, ecstasies, and transports, are no signs of it; and often they proceed from false spirits, who are but imitating heavenly influences as best they may, and seducing souls to their ruin.[1]

Newman never chooses his images at a venture. In his design of representing as exactly and judiciously as possible the manner in which grace comes to us, he deliberately omits everything which might possibly convey ideas of convulsion and crash. It comes neither as the conflagration nor the thunder, but as the silent and slow conquest of a tide whose advance is insensible.

Such has ever been the manner of His visitations, in the destruction of His enemies as well as in the deliverance of His own people :—silent, sudden, unforeseen. . . .[2]

His operation has been calm, equable, gradual, far-spreading, overtaking, intimate, irresistible. What is so awfully silent, so mighty, so inevitable, so encompassing, as a flood of water? Fire alarms from the first: we see it and we scent it; there is a crashing and downfall, smoke and flame; it makes an inroad here and there; it is uncertain and wayward;—but a flood is the reverse of all this. It gives no tokens of its coming; it lets men sleep through the night, and they wake and find themselves hopelessly besieged; prompt, secret, successful, and equable; it preserves one level; it is everywhere; there is no refuge. And it makes its way to the foundations; towers and palaces rear themselves as usual; they have lost nothing of their perfection, and give no sign of danger, till at length suddenly they totter and fall. And here and there it is the same, as if by some secret understanding; for by one and the same agency the mighty movement goes on here and there and everywhere, and all things seem to act in concert with it,

[1] "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," x. 131.
[2] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon x. 110.

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and to conspire together for their own ruin. And in the end they are utterly removed, and perish from off the face of the earth. Fire, which threatens more fiercely, leaves behind it relics and monuments of its agency; but water buries as well as destroys; it wipes off the memorial of its victims from the earth; it covers the chariot and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh, and sweeps them away; "the waters overwhelm them, there is not one of them left."

Such was the power of the Spirit in the beginning. . . . Thus He changed the whole face of the world.[1]

Thus Christ is silent before the tomb of Lazarus. He does not answer the questions of the two sisters. He acts.

"Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Such has been the judgment passed, or the doubt raised concerning Him, in the breast of the creature in every age. Men have seen sin and misery around them, and, whether in faith or unbelief, have said, "If Thou hadst been here," if Thou hadst interfered, it might have been otherwise. Here, then, was the Creator surrounded by the works of His hands, who adored Him indeed, yet seemed to ask why He suffered what He Himself had made so to be marred. Here was the Creator of the world at a scene of death, seeing the issue of His gracious handiwork. . . . There had been a day when He had looked upon the work of His love, and seen that "it was very good." Whence had the good been turned to evil, the fine gold become dim? "An enemy had done this." Why was it allowed, and how achieved, was a secret with Him; a secret from all who were about Him, as it is a secret to us at this day. Here He had incommunicable thoughts with His eternal Father. He would not tell them why it was; He chose another course for taking away their doubts and complaints. "He opened not His mouth," but He wrought wondrously.[2]

There is no need to repeat that, in all these passages,

[1] "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," x. 128, 129.
[2] "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon x. 133, 134.

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Newman reveals to us his manner of understanding the laws of the invisible world and of regulating his own life accordingly. The indefinite delays of his conversion show us this plainly.

> "Many things have happened to me [said Charles Reding to his sister], in various ways, to show me that I have not a place, a position, a home, that I am not made for, that I am a stranger in the Church of England." There was a dreadful pause; Mary turned very pale; then, darting at a conclusion with precipitancy, she said quickly: "You mean to say you are going to join the Church of Rome, Charles!" "No," he said, "it is not so. I mean no such thing; I mean just what I say; I have told you the whole; I have kept nothing back. It is this, and no more—that I feel out of place."[1]

Since he wishes to remain a Christian and does not dream of joining either the Greek Church or some Protestant sect, we do not see that any middle course is possible. But he judges of the matter differently. He goes forward or stops still, not in accordance with abstract logic, but with the light which God measures out to him. God is not in a hurry. Newman will wait. For the moment, grace gives him the impression of discomfort and exile. What will come of it, and how will the exile find a fatherland once more? For the present he does not trouble about it, and stops half-way, between the two horns of the dilemma, so long as Providence will not be more explicit.

> "Certainly [said Charles], I do wish very much to be settled either in the English Church or somewhere else. I wish I knew *what* Christianity was; I am ready to be at pains to seek it, and would accept it eagerly and thankfully if found. But it's a work of time; all the paper-arguments in the world are unequal to giving one a view in a moment. . . . Conviction is the eyesight of the mind, not a conclusion from premisses; God works it, and His works are slow. At least, so it is with me. I can't believe on a sudden; if I attempt it, I shall be using words for things, and be sure to repent it. Or, if not, I shall go right merely by hazard. I must

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. ii. chap. xii. 196.

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move in what seems God's way; I can but put myself on the road; a higher power must overtake me and carry me forward. At present I have a direct duty upon me, which my dear father left me, to take a good class. This is the path of duty. I won't put off the inquiry, but I'll let it proceed in that path. God can bless my reading to my spiritual illumination as well as anything else." [1]

Another stroke, swift and deep, shows us how much this impression of the stillness and slowness of God is rooted in the mind of Newman. He writes to his friend Bowden to condole with him on the death of Hurrell Froude:

We have indeed had an irreparable loss, but I have for years expected it. I would fain be his heir. When I was with him in October I so wished to drink out his thoughts; but found they would not flow, except in orderly course, as all God's gifts.[2]

We see how far we are from an abstract religion, and how the invisible is ever the real world for Newman. Algebraic symbols always move quickly, whether applied to theology or to the science of numbers. The premisses reach the conclusion demanded of them by the shortest possible road, and logicians lag behind only because they do not know their business or are careless. Real life is more complicated, experience slower. The relations of one person with another make in each existence a long and winding chapter whose story never ends. Now it is the most magnificent of Divine discoveries to have imagined a sure and over-mastering means of saving us from the vague and the abstract, of making our religion concrete and living. An Incarnate God runs no risk of becoming a formula. Our relations with Him will be personal or they will not. This Incarnate Deity, invisible as a remembrance, but more real than all visible creatures, forms the centre of Newman's devotion.

It is the Incarnation of the Son of God rather than any doctrine drawn from a partial view of Scripture (however

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. ii. chap. xvii. 226.
[2] "Letters and Correspondence," ii. 179.

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true and momentous it may be) which is the article of a standing or a falling Church. . . . And hence the Apostles' speeches in the book of Acts and the primitive creeds insist almost exclusively upon the history, not the doctrines, of Christianity; it being designed that, by means of our Lord's economy, the great doctrines of theology should be taught. . . . May it ever be our aim thus profitably to use that last and complete manifestation of the Divine attributes and will contained in the New Testament.[1]

Thus, in order to know the character of a Christian's devotion, it is enough to ask oneself how he has understood the Gospel, or, better still, since "understand" is an empty word by reason of its ambiguity, how he has assimilated the Gospel and how far he has thrown himself into that study which sums it all up.

We know the heart of Newman, his cautious affection, his reserve and timid isolation. If, in spite of himself, he fashions Christ in his own image, we shall be able to judge how far Christ is familiar to him. Let us see him, then, once more before the tomb of Lazarus—one of the scenes in which minds, similar to his own, often have their trysting-place.

Here I have suggested another thought which admits of being dwelt upon. Christ was come to do a deed of mercy and it was a secret in His own breast. All the love which He felt for Lazarus was a secret from others. He was conscious to Himself that He loved him; but none could tell but He how earnest that affection was. Peter, when his love for Christ was doubted, found a relief in an appeal to Himself. . . . But Christ had no earthly friend who could be his confidant in this matter; and, as His thoughts turned on Lazarus, and His heart yearned towards him, was he not in Joseph's case, who not in grief, but from the very fulness of his soul, and his desolateness in a heathen land, when his brethren stood before him, "sought where to weep"? as if his own tears were his best companions, and had in them a sympathy to soothe that pain which none could share. Was He not in the case of a parent hanging over an infant, and weeping upon it, from the very

[1] "University Sermons," ii. 35.

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thought of its helplessness and insensibility to the love poured out upon it. . . . Christ's was a different contemplation; yet attended with its own peculiar emotion. I mean the feeling that He *had* power to raise up Lazarus. . . . And our Lord and Saviour knew that . . . He had a spell which could overcome death, and He was about to use it. Is there any time more affecting than when you are about to break good news to a friend who has been stricken down by tidings of ill ?[1]

I defy any one to find in the whole of Christian preaching a more self-revealing passage. We have here what Newman himself would call, in the case of another, the " beauty of holiness " :

Let us pray God to give us *all* graces; and while, in the first place, we pray that He would make us holy, really holy, let us also pray Him to give us the *beauty* of holiness, which consists in tender and eager affection towards our Lord and Saviour; which is, in the case of the Christian, what beauty of person is to the outward man, so that through God's mercy our souls may have, not strength and health only, but a sort of bloom and comeliness; and that, as we grow older in body, we may, year by year, grow more youthful in spirit.[2]

I ought to cite here the entire sermon—one of the most beautiful among the Catholic sermons of Newman—on the spiritual sufferings of our Lord during the Passion; but another, from which it is easier to detach some portions, will enable us to lay our finger on that which is real and human in his devotion.

Since, then, Scripture compares Him to this inoffensive and unprotected animal [the lamb], we may without presumption or irreverence take the image as a means of conveying to our minds those feelings which our Lord's sufferings should excite in us. I mean, consider how very horrible it is to read the accounts which sometimes meet us of cruelties exercised on brute animals. . . . I do not like to

[1] " Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon x. 135, 136.
[2] *Id.* vii. sermon x. 134.

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go into particulars for many reasons; but one of those instances . . . seems more shocking than the rest . . . when the poor dumb victim is fastened against a wall, pierced, gashed, and so left to linger out its life. Now do you not see that I have a reason for saying this, and not using these distressing words for nothing? . . . Take another example . . . the cruelties shown to a little child. . . . I do not like to go into details of such cruelty; they would be so heartrending. What if wicked men took and crucified a young child? What if they deliberately seized its poor little frame, and stretched out its arms, nailed them to a cross-bar of wood, drove a stake through its two feet, and fastened them to a beam, and so left it to die? It is almost too shocking to say; perhaps you will say it *is* too shocking, and ought not to be said. O my brethren, you feel the horror of this, and yet you can bear to read of Christ's sufferings without horror. For what is that little child's agony to His? And which deserved it more? Which is the more innocent? which the holier? Was he not gentler, sweeter, meeker, more tender, more loving, than any little child? Why are you shocked at the one? why are you not shocked at the other?[1]

But Newman is always afraid lest our shaky and confused orthodoxy should separate from the Word of God that human nature which, to gain our hearts, has permitted and willed such lowly reconciliation.

Till then we do not realise that Object of faith, which is not a mere name on which titles and properties may be affixed without congruity and meaning, but has a personal existence and an identity distinct from everything else. In what true sense do we "know" Him, if our idea of Him be not such as to take up and incorporate into itself the manifold attributes and offices which we ascribe to Him? What do we gain from words, however correct and abundant, if they end with themselves, instead of lighting up the image of the Incarnate Son in our hearts? . . . We speak of Him in a vague way as God, which is true, but not the whole truth; and, in consequence, when we proceed to

[1] "Parochial Sermons," vii. sermon x. 136–139.

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consider His humiliation we are unable to carry on the notion of His personality from heaven to earth. He who was but now spoken of as God, without mention of the Father from Whom He is, is next described as a creature; but how do these distinct notions of Him hold together in our minds? We are able to continue the idea of a Son into that of a servant, though the descent was infinite, and, to our reason, incomprehensible; but when we merely speak first of God, then of man, we seem to change the nature without preserving the Person. In truth His Divine Sonship is that portion of the sacred doctrine on which the mind is providentially intended to rest throughout, and so to preserve for itself His identity unbroken. But when we abandon this gracious help afforded to our faith, how can we hope to gain the one true and simple vision of Him? how shall we possibly look beyond our own words, or apprehend, in any sort, what we say? In consequence we are too often led, as a matter of necessity, in discoursing of His words and works, to distinguish between the Christ Who lived on earth and the Son of God most High, speaking of His human nature and His Divine nature so separately as not to feel or understand that God is man and man is God. I am speaking of those of us who have learnt to reflect, reason, and dispute, to inquire and pursue their thoughts, not of the incurious or illiterate, who are not exposed to the temptation in question; and of the former I fear I must say (to use the language of ancient theology), that they begin by being Sabellians, that they go on to the Nestorians, and that they tend to be Ebionites and to deny Christ's Divinity altogether.[1]

What must be here noticed is not the dogmatic accuracy of the disciple of St. Athanasius, but the seriousness and fervour of the Christian who wishes to give his prayer an object which is personal and living. Or, it is better to say that, in Newman's case, prayer and theology are indistinguishable. On his lips the learned formulas of the Councils resemble a hymn of praise and love. Often in the course of his sermons he repeats, comments upon, and chants the Creed, enlivening

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon xii. 169–171.

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the text by some living touches which show that he is not contented with reciting the letter of a catechism, but that he speaks of some one, and to some one, who is very real, very much loved and very close to him.[1]

I could cite numerous examples, but, when we wish to have the final expression of Newman's devotion, the surest and shortest way is to come back to "Callista."

> Cæcilius was silent for a moment, and seemed at loss for an answer. At length he said, "Every man is in that state which you confess of yourself. We have no love for Him Who alone lasts. We love those things which do not last, but come to an end. Things being thus, He Whom we ought to love has determined to win us back to Him. With this object He has come into His own world, in the form of one of us men. And in that human form He opens His arms and woos us to return to Him, our Maker. This is our Worship, this is our Love, Callista."
>
> "You talk as Chione," Callista answered; "only that she felt and you teach. She could not speak of her Master without blushing for joy. . . . And Agellius, when he said one word about his Master, he too began to blush. . . ."
>
> It was plain that the priest could hardly command his feelings, and they sat for a short while in silence. Then Callista began, as if musing on what she had heard.
>
> "A loved One," she said, "yet ideal; a passion so potent, so fresh, so innocent, so absorbing, so expulsive of other loves, so enduring, yet of One never beheld;—mysterious! It is our own notion of the First and only Fair, yet embodied in a substance, yet dissolving again into a sort of imagination. . . . It is beyond me."
>
> "There is but one Lover of souls," cried Cæcilius, "and He loves each one of us as though there were no one else to love. He died for each one of us as if there were no one else to die for. He died on the shameful cross. *Amor meus crucifixus est.* The love which He inspires lasts, for it is the love of the Unchangeable. It satisfies, for He is inexhaustible. The nearer we draw to Him, the more triumphantly does He enter into us; the longer He dwells

[1] *Cf.*, among others, "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon iii.

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in us, the more intimately have we possession of Him. It is an espousal for eternity. This is why it is so easy for us to die for our faith, at which the world marvels." [1]

It may be said that such passages prove nothing, and that talent would supply at need what was wanting in the personal devotion of the writer. Newman would not know his business if, having to bring a priest on the scene, a future martyr, he had not made him talk in this fashion. I quite agree. But, if the reader will only pay attention, he will notice, in each passage that I quote, a line, a trace, some trifling touch, through which there bursts the inimitable ray of involuntary disclosures. Is anything further needed to illuminate the whole page with holiness? In this place, for example, it would not have occurred to one who was merely a skilled writer, or, at least, he would never have dared, to transcribe so simply Callista's recollection :—My slave could not speak of her Master without blushing for joy, nor Agellius either.—As a sign of the love of God, a profane writer would try to find words or actions of a more striking nature. He would not think of looking for the most simple, the most instinctive, and the most intimate of the manifestations of human love, the quick, chaste, and timid colour which is its first avowal. Such an idea would never occur to any one who wanted to describe effectively the emotions of a Christian soul, and this stroke of the pen is sufficient, it seems to me, to convince us that Newman is here speaking out of the fulness of his heart, and is translating impressions which are not unfamiliar to him.

There is, in "Callista," another wonderful passage of subtle anxiety and restrained affection, a passage breathing the very essence of Newman's spirit, and which one is never weary of reading again. Agellius is Christian, Callista still pagan. Agellius loves Callista, and would like to marry and to convert her at the same time. These two ardent desires commingle with a touching awkwardness in the advances which he makes to the young Greek lady. At the moment in which he offers her his heart he mutters the prayer of Polyeuctes : "Lord, of thy goodness, grant the boon I crave."

But Callista shows herself less accommodating than Pauline.

[1] "Callista," p. 174.

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Worshippers have not been wanting to her hitherto, and, if she has noticed this young man, it was precisely because she thought that, not being a pagan like the rest, he could help her out of her trouble by revealing to her a better religion. Now observe how he spoils everything by his declaration of love.

Callista answered with impetuosity, "Your Master! Who is your Master? what know I of your Master? what have you ever told me of your Master? I suppose it is an esoteric doctrine which I am not worthy to know; but so it is, here you have been again and again, and talked freely of many things, yet I am in as much darkness about your Master as if I had never seen you. I know He died; I know, too, that Christians say He lives. In some fortunate island I suppose; for, when I have asked, you have got rid of the subject as best you could. You have talked about your law and your various duties, and what you consider right, and what is forbidden, and of some of the old writers of your sect, and of the Jews before them; but if, as you imply, my wants and aspirations are the same as yours, what have you done towards satisfying them? What have you done for that Master towards Whom you now propose to lead me? No!" she continued, starting up, "you have watched those wants and aspirations for yourself, not for Him; you have taken interest in them, you have cherished them, as if you were the author, you the object of them. You profess to believe in one true God, and to reject every other; and now you are implying that the hand, the shadow of that God is on my mind and heart. Who is this God? where? how? in what? O Agellius, you have stood in the way of Him, ready to speak for yourself, using Him as a means to an end."

"O Callista," said Agellius, in an agitated voice, when he could speak, "do my ears hear aright? Do you really wish to be taught who the true God is?"

"No, mistake me not," she cried passionately, "I have no such wish. I could not be of your religion. Ye gods! how have I been deceived! I thought every Christian was like Chione. I thought there could not be a cold

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Christian. Chione spoke as if a Christian's first thought were goodwill to others; as if his state were of such blessedness, that his dearest heart's wish was to bring others into it. Here is a man, who, so far from feeling himself blest, thinks I can bless him! comes to me—me, Callista, a herb of the field, a poor weed, exposed to every wind of heaven, and shrivelling before the fierce sun—to me he comes to repose his heart upon. But, as for any blessedness he has to show me, why, since he does not feel it himself, no wonder he has none to give away. I thought a Christian was superior to time and place; but all is hollow. Alas! alas! I am young in life to feel the force of that saying, with which sages go out of it, 'Vanity and hollowness!' Agellius, when I first heard you were a Christian how my heart beat! I thought of her who was gone; and at first I thought I saw her in you, as if there had been some magical sympathy between you and her; and I hoped that from you I might have learnt more of that strange strength which my nature needs, and which she told me she possessed. Your words, your manner, your looks, were altogether different from others who came near me. But so it was, you came, and you went, and came again: I thought it reserve, I thought it timidity, I thought it the caution of a persecuted sect; but O my disappointment when I first saw in you indications that you were thinking of me only as others think, and felt towards me as others may feel; that you were aiming at me, not at your God; that you had much to tell of yourself, but nothing of Him! . . . *What* can you give me? There was one thing which I thought you *could* have given me, better than anything else; but it is a shadow. . . . Poor, poor Agellius! But it was not his fault, it could not be helped," she continued, as if in thought; "it could not be helped; for, if he had nothing to give, how could he give it? After all, he wanted something to love, just as I did; and he could find nothing better than me."

Upon this Agellius sees clearly into his own heart:

"One word will I say for myself; nay, not for myself, but for my Master. Do not for an instant suppose that what you thought of the Christian religion is not true. It

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reveals a present God, Who satisfies every affection of the heart, yet keeps it pure. I serve a Master," he continued, blushing from modesty and earnestness as he spoke, "I serve a Master Whose love is stronger than created love. God help my inconsistency! but I never meant to love you as I love Him. You are destined for His love. I commit you to Him, your true Lord, Whom I never should have rivalled. . . ."

He did not trust himself to look at her as he turned to the door, and left the room.[1]

The ray is there, I think. Here again the simple and youthful love betrays itself by blushing. As for the rest, I have no difficulty in recognising that the whole chapter is the work of a very amateur novelist. That is why I am so fond of it. For it is really a question of romance or fact! Callista, who does not understand that God and His creature can be loved at one and the same time, Agellius, who blushes as soon as he speaks of his Master, are both one and the same person—Newman himself in the transparent reality of his personal devotion to our Lord.

Where this devotion is concerned we can open Newman's works indifferently at any page whatever. His attitude on this fundamental point was settled very early, and that is why I have had no scruples in piecing together scraps of Anglican sermons and a chapter of "Callista." It could not be so with the devotion of Newman to the Blessed Virgin. The passages, in which this devotion is expressed, bear their date. In the first years of his University life he does not explain himself yet, as he will do at the height of the Tractarian crusade, and one can still catch different shades of expression in proportion as his Catholic piety becomes more self-conscious. At first he seems to guard himself against an instinctive attraction which draws him towards Mary. There is no enduring Calvinistic or anti-Roman influence; he remains in a sort of state of affectionate expectancy, as if he foresaw that one day the ice which separates him from the Mother of the Saviour will be melted. Eager to think that she had always occupied his mind, he notes in the "Apologia,"

[1] "Callista," chap. xi., 101–105.

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as an important detail, the strange inspiration which made him draw a sort of a rosary on a college note-book. When Francis Newman came to join his eldest brother at Oxford, the latter hung up in the room of the young student an image of the Blessed Virgin. Francis had it removed, and an altercation followed, in the course of which John Henry violently attacked the presumptuous ignorance of Protestants. "They have forgotten," he said, "those great words: 'Blessed art thou amongst women.'"[1] Hurrell Froude came up soon after, and was the means of his friend deciding to rid himself of his vain scruples. It was Froude, we read in the "Apologia," who "in his familiar conversations was always tending to rub the idea [prejudice against devotion to the B.V.M.] out of my mind."[2] The reading of the Fathers and of the lives of the saints did the rest. Henceforth Newman's fervour seemed to wish to take a kind of revenge for so many years of hesitation and involuntary lukewarmness. In the course of his long and arduous labours on the development of dogma, brought face to face with the Blessed Virgin by the subject itself, he forgets for a moment the severe style which he had prescribed himself for this work, and cries out:

> But there were other texts [he is writing of the Arian controversy] which did not admit of this interpretation, and which, without ceasing to belong to Him, might seem more directly applicable to a creature than to the Creator. He indeed was really the "Wisdom in whom the Father eternally delighted," yet it would be but natural, if, under the circumstances of Arian misbelief, theologians looked out for other than the Eternal Son to be the immediate object of such descriptions. And thus the controversy opened a question which it did not settle. It discovered a new sphere, if we may so speak, in the realms of light, to which the Church had not yet assigned its inhabitant. . . . Thus there was "a wonder in Heaven": a throne was seen, far above all other created powers, mediatorial, intercessory; a title archetypal; a crown bright as the morning star; a glory issuing from the Eternal Throne; robes pure as

[1] Francis Newman, "Early Life of Cardinal Newman," p. 34. *Cf.* Abbott, pp. 72, 73.

[2] "Apologia," p. 53.

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the heavens; and a sceptre over all; and who was the predestined heir of that majesty? Since it was not high enough for the highest, who was that Wisdom, and what was her name, "the Mother of fair love, and fear, and holy hope," "exalted like a palm-tree in Engaddi, and a rose-plant in Jericho," "created from the beginning before the world" in God's everlasting counsels, and "in Jerusalem her power"? The vision is found in the Apocalypse, a Woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. The votaries of Mary do not exceed the true faith, unless the blasphemers of her Son came up to it. The Church of Rome is not idolatrous, unless Arianism is orthodoxy.[1]

The capital importance of the dogma of the communion of saints in Newman's religious philosophy will be explained at length elsewhere, but the description of the invisible world, in which his prayer has its movement, would be much too incomplete if, after God, Christ, the Virgin, and the angels, we did not show him in constant and familiar relations with the happy souls of the predestinated.

Like all affectionate and timid natures, Newman is at home with the dead. When the prejudices of his education kept him still a Protestant, at least superficially, he was already in revolt against the "scholastic subtleties," and the selfish sophistry, which mutilate the heart by forbidding it all commerce with our friends that are no more.

> Can any form of society or any human doctrine fetter down our hearts, and make us think and remember as it will? Can the tyranny of earth hinder our holding a blessed and ever-enduring fellowship with those who are dead, by consulting their wishes, and dwelling upon their image, and trying to imitate them, and imagining their peaceful state, and sympathising in their "loud cry," and hoping to meet them hereafter?

There we have the subject of an admirable sermon on Purgatory. He then depicts, with his quick irony, the satisfied egoism of those who act as if all were ended at the tomb.

[1] "An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," chap. iv. section ii. subsection 8, pp. 143, 144.

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If he ever speaks of the dead, it is in a way half kind, half contemptuous, as of those who are helpless and useless, as he would speak of men still living who are in dotage or in mental incapacity.

It is impossible to imagine how greatly such an attitude threatens to deform the character.

It teaches them to limit their belief to what they see. They give up a most gracious means divinely provided for their entering into "that which is within the veil," and seeing beyond the grave.[1]

Yet further, "this same error casts them upon the present instead of the past." In the eyes of Newman there are few graver faults or more fatal imprudences than to forget the past. Notice with what a swift and sure leap he passes from the homage of the dead to the grand Catholic dogma of the continuity of the Church, thereby unveiling for us, in the very depth of his thought, obscure and indistinct premisses, the germ of a conversion still very far off, and yet already assured.

They lose their reverence for antiquity; they change the plans and works of their predecessors without scruple; they enjoy the benefactions of past ages without thankfulness, as if by a sort of right; they worship in churches for which "other men laboured," without thinking of them; they forget they have but a life-interest in what they possess, that they have received it in trust, and must transmit as they have received.

Insensibly we have wandered from the immediate remembrance of our dead and joined ourselves to the long procession of the saints of old, of whom they are the last connecting link. The saints! There is nothing like that vision to draw us aside from the worry of controversies; whatever may be the actual situation of the churches.

The early times of purity and truth have not passed away! They are present still! We are not solitary, though we seem so. Few now alive may understand or sanction us; but

[1] *Cf.* also "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon xviii.

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those multitudes in the primitive time who believed and taught, and worshipped, as we do, still live unto God, and, in their past deeds and present voices, cry from the altar. They animate us by their example; they cheer us by their company; they are on our right hand and on our left, Martyrs, Confessors and the like, high and low, who used the same creeds, and celebrated the same mysteries, and preached the same Gospel as we do. And to them were joined, as ages went on, even in fallen times, nay, even now in times of division, fresh and fresh witnesses from the Church below. In the world of spirits there is no difference of parties. It is our plain duty, indeed, here to contend even for the details of the truth according to our light; and surely there is a truth in spite of the discordance of opinions. But that truth is at length simply discerned by the spirits of the just; human additions, human institutions, human enactments, enter not with them into the unseen state. They are put off with the flesh. Greece and Rome, England and France, give no colour to those souls which have been cleansed in the One Baptism, nourished by the One Body, and moulded upon the One Faith. Adversaries agree together directly they are dead, if they have lived and walked in the Holy Ghost. The harmonies combine and fill the temple, while discords and imperfections die away. Therefore is it good to throw ourselves into the unseen world, it is "good to be there," and to build tabernacles for those who speak a "pure language" and "serve the Lord with one consent"; . . . thereby encouraging our faith, enlivening our patience, sheltering us from thoughts about ourselves, keeping us from resting on ourselves, and making us seem to ourselves (what really we ought ever to be) only followers of the doctrine of those who have gone before us, not teachers of novelties, not founders of schools.[1]

I hope I may be permitted to recall here the famous passage in which Newman seemed to make the world an immense desert in which only two beings were left—"myself

[1] This and the immediately preceding quotations are taken from "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon xxv. I have suppressed a few Protestant expressions against the formal invocation of the saints.

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and my Creator." Here, then, we see the desert peopled by the Blessed Virgin, the saints, and the innumerable multitude of the elect. This new vision does not annul the first, but completes, humanises it, and takes away from it a suspicion of too much pride and harshness. Not that any of the inhabitants of the invisible world can ever become the centre and the All of the Christian soul. There is but one centre, there is but one All, by which the most lovable of the creatures order themselves. It seems at first as if nothing should occupy and detain the faithful on the steep mount which conducts them to God. But no; on this narrow way Providence has placed flowery stages, and, as it were, altars of repose. He who has not understood and loved this idea, who persuades himself that to put his hand in the hand of the saints is to run the risk of forgetting the unique and supreme End, understands nothing of the human heart. The dogma of the communion of saints, realised in a concrete manner, and penetrating the whole life, is the eternal virtue, the compelling attraction, the poetry of Catholic prayer.

The Church obliges us to live in the past; the so-called Reformed, in spite of their appeal to primitive Christianity, try to establish an individualistic religion and to entrench us in the present. Now, here is a new principle of fruitful variety. From this past, every believer, in accordance with his particular tendencies, detaches a shred. It will often be sufficient, in order to distinguish different minds from one another, to recite the names of the saints whom they have chosen as their friends. Many external causes intervene in this necessary selection; nevertheless each of these preferences serves to indicate the mental temperament. Sir Walter Scott and romanticism inclined us towards the saints of the Middle Ages; the school of hagiography, grouped around the Bishop of Orleans, extended the field of choice. We have seen, in these latter days, a current of Franciscan piety reappear; and it may be affirmed, in one word, that there will never be, amongst ourselves, a Christian revival which will not renew, together with the love of God, the taste for the lives of the saints. It is possible, from this point of view, that the series edited by M. Joly was a sign and promise of such revival. In any case, an enterprise of the

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same kind marked the opening, and sensibly quickened the progress, of the Oxford Movement. If Newman did not finish any one of those little books himself, he followed and closely supervised the common work which to-day still bears his name. And, for all that, curiously enough, the "English Saints," whose memory he wished thus to revive, are not those saints of his choice, of whom I was just now speaking. His piety passed through the Middle Ages, and was delicately shaded in its passage by certain new qualities; but it did not stay there. He ever returns to what he calls "the Church of the Fathers," to the doctors and martyrs of the first centuries. To the series of the "English Saints" he has only given short prefaces, and, here and there, some touches of his own, but, where the Fathers of the Church are concerned, he is never tired of speaking about them, of telling their histories, and of commenting upon them. These are his bosom friends; and when, one morning of March 1864, he wished to write a few last sentences "in view of death," the Fathers are almost the only saints who have a place in that testament of his soul:

> I commit my soul and body to the most Holy Trinity, and to the merits and grace of our Lord Jesus, God Incarnate, to the intercession and compassion of our dear Mother Mary; to St. Joseph; and St. Philip Neri, my father, the father of an unworthy son; to St. John the Evangelist; St. John the Baptist; St. Henry [his patrons]; St. Athanasius, and St. Gregory Nazianzen; to St. Chrysostom, and St. Ambrose.
>
> Also to St. Peter, St. Gregory I., and St. Leo. Also to the great Apostle, St. Paul.[1]

Is it due to the influence of the Fathers, or to a natural inclination, that a certain taste for extraordinary and terrifying visions must be attributed to him? This slight remark, in any case, is necessary to complete the map of the world invisible, as Newman conceived it. In a sermon on "Fasting" he lays down that, for Our Lord as for ourselves, self-mortification opens the door to temptation, and he adds:

[1] "Meditations and Devotions," p. 608 (end of the volume).

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> And, perhaps, this is the truest view of such exercises, that in some wonderful unknown way they open the next world for good and evil upon us, and are an introduction to somewhat of an extraordinary conflict with the powers of evil. Stories are afloat (whether themselves true or not matters not; they show what the voice of mankind thinks likely to be true) of hermits in deserts being assaulted by Satan in strange ways, yet resisting the Evil One, and chasing him away, after our Lord's pattern, and in His strength.[1]

One of the Oxford tracts reproduced four sermons, of terrifying colours and Apocalyptic images, on the epoch, the religion, the town, and the persecution of Antichrist. What is still more remarkable, Newman, as a Catholic, re-edited this tract, and wished it to figure in the final edition of his works.[2] Lastly I will recall the horrible witch who exercises her malevolence in the course of the exquisite story of "Callista." Towards the end of the novel Newman complacently describes, in detail, the phases of a case of diabolic possession, from the frenzied rush of the poor Juba, bitten by a hellish ape, down to the gradual curing of the sick man after he had been carried to the tomb of the martyr. From an artistic standpoint, some of these pages surpass, perhaps, the famous chapter of the same novel on the invasion of the locusts. I think I see another reason for putting side by side these two literary achievements. As I take it, Newman is here writing more as an artist than anything else. When he writes out of the fulness of his heart, he writes in another style, and he enlarges with far less complacency on the subjects which he really has at heart. The wicked sorceress interests that historical curiosity which was always very active in him; and as, besides, the Jubas were not wanting in the Primitive Church he tries to dress up again, in considering these unhappy incidents, the very sentiments of the Fathers. He does the same thing, with much greater reason, when his thought busies itself on Antichrist and the end of the world. Whether it be an artist's fantasy, an historian's scruple, the anxiety of a delicate conscience which is always afraid of being too contented,

[1] "Parochial Sermons," vi. sermon i. 7, 8.
[2] "Discussions and Arguments."

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Newman may do what he likes, he is not at home in the dark places of the invisible world. His look turns naturally towards the angels, his hand rests in the hand of the saints, and when he ventures upon the threshold of terror he is like those children who only ask for stories to excite their fears when they feel themselves firmly held, safe from phantoms, in the arms of their mother.

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CHAPTER V

PRAYER

THERE is a certain vagueness of action, as illusory in itself, as fatal to the will, as the vagueness of abstractions is to the mind. Each of our actions is at the same time effort and pleasure. We should like to dissociate this necessary connection, to keep the pleasure and be rid of the effort. This temptation is one to which religious activity is peculiarly prone, and which, if we yield to it ever so little, threatens soon to reduce to nothing every kind of prayer. Newman did not receive the special graces which make the man of prayer, and prayer, the really active prayer, was as difficult to him as to the faithful generally. But there is no fear of this strict and lucid mind trying to evade the matter. His teaching on this great subject is a model of precision and rigour, and, as was always the case with him, we are able to state positively, by sure indications, that this doctrine simply interprets his own inner life. When he preaches on prayer he betrays to us, in spite of himself, the habits, the methods, the difficulties and the joys of his own devotion. Leaving out of account what he said on the public prayer of the Church, I will select two little sermons of his, very full of matter, the first on "The Times of Private Prayer," the second on "The Forms of Private Prayer."

At the outset he solemnly bids adieu to "easy prayer."

> But, in what I shall now say concerning prayer, I shall not consider it as a privilege, but as a duty; for, till we have some experience of the duties of religion, we are incapable of entering duly into the privileges; and it is too much the fashion of the day to view prayer chiefly as a mere privilege, such a privilege as it is inconsiderate, indeed, to neglect, but only inconsiderate, not sinful; and optional to use.

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In a certain sense the Christian is praying all day long. But this devotion of temperament and of general attitude is not sufficient, or, rather, it is neither serious nor possible, when there is no recurring and regular act to maintain it.

> If we leave religion as a subject of thought for all hours of the day equally, it will be thought of in none. . . . Stated times of prayer put us in that posture (as I may call it) in which we ought ever to be; they urge us forward in a heavenly direction, and then the stream carries us on.

Ingenious as we are in disguising our laziness to ourselves, we maintain that these trivial observances do not strike us as being of capital importance.

> It is easy to see why it is irksome; because it presses upon us and is inconvenient. It is a duty which claims our attention continually, and its irksomeness leads our hearts to rebel; and then we proceed to search for reasons to justify our own dislike of it. Nothing is more difficult than to be disciplined and regular in our religion. It is very easy to be religious by fits and starts, and to keep up our feelings by artificial stimulants; but regularity seems to trammel us, and we become impatient. This is especially the case with those to whom the world is as yet new, and who can do as they please. Religion is the chief subject which meets them, which enjoins regularity; and they bear it only so far as they can make it like things of this world, something curious, or changeable, or exciting. Satan knows his advantage here. He perceives well enough that stated private prayer is the very emblem and safeguard of true devotion to God, as impressing on us and keeping up in us a rule of conduct. He who gives up regularity in prayer has lost a principal means of reminding himself that spiritual life is obedience to a Lawgiver, not a mere feeling or a taste.

How are we to pray? Some thoughtless people wish at the present day to shake off the constraint of the formulas of devotion which the Church puts before them. They have only, think they, to set themselves to prayer, and the words will come of themselves. Against these advocates of free prayer Newman shows the advantages of formulas. It is not

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that he would repress all spontaneity and all freedom from constraint. As soon as converse with God becomes more intimate and more urgent, the stereotyped expressions no longer suffice. Sooner or later we must, indeed, break with formulas, but we shall do it then with so much the less inconvenience, in proportion as these same formulas have habituated us to an attitude of quiet reverence. They will have given us the tone, and we shall no longer be in danger of confusing with the seriousness of genuine prayer the disordered effusions of superficial emotions. Newman is aware of the dilemma: either a man prays in earnest, and then "he will soon find words," or else he never prays at all, and, in that case, what is the good of forms? But "what is meant by being in earnest?" If this word is used to indicate those great and profound shocks of joy or sorrow, of remorse or fear, which sometimes upset the mind, no formula can serve to express feelings of such overwhelming strength. Certain religious writers have attempted to compile, for these occasions, which they seem to think frequent, manuals of a more burning devotion. This literature is not to Newman's taste.

> As a general rule, forms of prayer should not be written in strong and impassioned language; but should be calm, composed, and short. Our Saviour's own prayer is our model in this respect How few are its petitions! how soberly expressed! how reverently! and at the same time how deep they are, and how comprehensive!

Why, then, deviate from this model? No words written beforehand will ever be in harmony with the sudden movements of an impetuous devotion, and, by trying to adapt religious literature to such situations, there is too much risk of committing the faithful to extraordinary methods in which serious illusions await them.

> To be excited is not the ordinary state of the mind, but the extraordinary, the now-and-then state. Nay, more than this, it ought not to be the common state of the mind; and if we are encouraging within us this excitement, this unceasing rush and alternation of feelings, and think that this,

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and this only, is being in earnest in religion, we are harming our minds, and (in one sense) I may even say grieving the peaceful Spirit of God, who would silently and tranquilly work in our hearts. This, then, is an especial use of forms of prayer, when we are in earnest, as we ought always to be; viz., to keep us from self-willed earnestness, to still emotion, to calm us, to remind us what and where we are, to lead us to a purer and serener temper, and to that deep, unruffled love of God and man, which is really the fulfilling of the law and the perfection of human nature.

As for those who lack fervour, how can it be maintained that forms of prayer are useles to them? A beginning must be made, and they will direct the beginner. Besides, in reality, objectors are always pursuing the same chimera.

However, the persons I speak of think that prayer is nothing else but the bursting forth of strong feeling, not the action of a habit, but an emotion, and, therefore, of course to such men the very notion of learning to pray seems absurd. But this indulgence of an emotion is in truth founded on a mistake.

Forms of prayer, indispensable to the faithful Christian, also watch over the heavy slumbers of the prodigal, expecting and hastening his awakening. Those few words fixed in the memory are often all the religion which remains to the sinner; but the last remnants of a thing so holy still have their value.

And, again, on their repentance (should they be favoured with so high a grace), what friends do they seem to find amid their gloom in the words they learnt in their boyhood —a kindly voice, aiding them to say what otherwise they would not know how to say, guiding and composing their minds upon those objects of faith which they ought to look to, but cannot find of themselves, and so (as it were) interceding for them with the power of the Blessed Spirit.[1]

This humble and rooted love of forms of prayer is the characteristic note of Newman's personal devotion. He needs

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermons xix. and xx. All the quotations which have just been made on the subject of prayer are taken from these two sermons.

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a settled order of words, because prayer is for him above all things a duty, and because he expects no good from the vague unction of an extempore prayer. He wants a fixed order of words, simple, short, and quiet, which can be followed without effort or insincerity. His temperament, his reason, and his faith are at one in rejecting those inflamed addresses which assume ecstasy to be the normal attitude. He has little taste for the mystics, so long as their transports are not marked with the green rust of antiquity. At least, he cannot endure that this exceptional literature should become the common and regular food of the faithful. All that exalts the feelings, all that threatens to set us on the way of undue excitement, causes him alarm. He wants a prayer that each can make his own without suggesting to him feelings which he does not experience, simple forms which the quiet devotion of the universal Church employed before us.

It is not that Newman forbids himself to add anything to the devotions of the past, but he likes every new prayer to retain a liturgical colour and tone. Why insist upon it? We have in our hands the little book which sums up and traces back the history of his devotion during several years, and which would have remained to the end his book of devotions for Mass, if, in the fervour and scruples of his conversion to Catholicism, he had not thought it his duty to part from it for ever.

The Tractarian crusade was not only a campaign of discussions and of controversies, but also, and chiefly, a religious "agitation." It cannot be better defined than by comparing it to a "mission." Side by side with the re-editions of the Fathers destined for the clergy, were published periodically the numbers of the "Lives of English Saints," and it was the object of the "Tracts" to revive and spread, by turns, the doctrines and the practices of "Catholicism." It was under these circumstances that Newman had devoted one of his "tracts" to the re-editing of a little book of prayers, which forthwith appeared, under this title: "Devotions of Bishop Andrewes, translated from the Greek and arranged anew."

Andrewes is one of the saints of Anglicanism. I am not called upon to pronounce here upon the virtues, at once timid

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and sincere, of this personage. Besides, the book of his devotions, translated and "arranged anew," is altogether Newmanian. Newman loved the conciseness and richness of these forms of prayer, their Biblical odour, the truly Catholic instinct which chose them. Thanks to him, the private notes of the Anglican bishop have become the devotional manual of a multitude of souls. Like the liturgical prayers, they are outlines, plans and sketches which the religion of each must fill up. The typographical arrangement, in its apparent strangeness, reminds us that each of these phrases must be spoken and relished drop by drop. Here, for example, is the "commendation" which concludes the evening prayer:

To my weariness, O Lord,
vouchsafe Thou rest,
to my exhaustion
renew Thou strength.
Lighten mine eyes that I sleep not in death.
Deliver me from the terror by night, &c.[1]

The "Forms of Intercession" give a very accurate idea of Catholic prayer as Newman loved it. He often repeats in his letters that he prays for each of his friends by name. "It has been my privilege to think in prayer of your now happy sister, morning and evening, up to this day."[2] And he recalls in his sermons the duty of praying for the whole Church.[3]

The example of Andrewes encouraged him in this attitude. The king, the queen, the princes of the blood, the city of London, the parish of his baptism, the two schools through which he passed, the three dioceses which touched him nearest, all are provided for in minute detail, and every day of the week enwreathed with detailed and precise mementos. Newman takes pleasure in translating and reciting these œcumenical forms. With Andrewes he prays for:

[1] "Bishop Andrewes' Devotions," edited by J. H. N. Published by James Parker and Co., 1898.

[2] "Letters and Correspondence," ii. 79.

[3] *Cf.* "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon xx. *Cf.* also the fine universal prayer of Cæcilius in "Callista."

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The creation, the race of man,
all in affliction and in prosperity,
in error, and in truth,
in sin, and in grace;
the Church Ecumenical,
Eastern, Western, our own,
Rulers, Clergy, people.[1]

And he continues the enumeration without forgetting either "Parliament," or "the Commons," or "the Law Courts," or "the army," or "the artisans," or the peasants, or the "mean workmen, and poor." Like the monk calligraphists, he wishes that everything should be exquisite in this work, of which only a living faith could know the value. The English of these "Devotions" is wonderful in tone, in feeling and in clearness. Newman also desires that these short prayers should not be arranged at haphazard. He prescribes to the printer the design of each of these fragments. Nothing is small in matters in which the heart is engaged. That is why the dedications of his books have been finished off with care, on the model of ancient inscriptions, made flowing and harmonious like stanzas of beautiful verse.

As a Catholic he will add to his devotion an indescribable touch of greater freedom and joyousness. But he will scarcely change anything in the strict simplicity of this outline. He planned a little volume of litanies adapted to the different seasons of the liturgical year. Generally the prayers are in English, but, for his dear St. Philip, he has translated the litanies into Latin.

Sanctus amabilis,
Heros umbratilis,
Pater suavissimus . . .
Cor flammigerum . . .
Lux sanctæ lætitiæ . . .
Imago pueritiæ . . .
Piscator fluctuantium . . .
Hospes Anglorum . . .
Qui parvulis amanter serviisti . . .
Qui tot corda ad Deum allexisti,
Qui sermones dulces cum Mariâ contulisti.[2]

[1] "The Private Devotions of Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, sometime Lord Bishop of Winchester," pp. 75, 76.
[2] "Meditations and Devotions," pp. 179, 180, 181.

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Is it not a joy and, for some, a surprise, to recall that these things, so humble and devout, have been patiently and lovingly written, corrected, and translated by that same hand to which we owe so many immortal pages!

In that manual of devotion which he had not time to finish, some series of prayers and short meditations are mingled with litanies and other exercises of the same kind. The precious fragments which remain to us of this book abundantly confirm what I have just said on Newman's devotion. I will shortly show how, after his conversion, the somewhat strained reverence of his Anglican mode of prayer was modified by familiarity and tenderness, but up to the last Newman's devotion was a stranger to transports of eloquence. There is nothing in it which the least enlightened Christian cannot understand, nothing which the most timid and the most upright mind could not, without a shadow of insincerity, venture to appropriate.

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CHAPTER VI

THE SILENCE OF GOD

All that has been said up to this point leaves behind it a certain sense of uneasiness, a vague disquiet, which is sufficient to warn us that we find ourselves in the presence of a contradiction, of a conflict and a war. What, in fact, do we see? On the one hand two elements of assurance, of readiness and of gladness. All this spiritual life reposes on a solid impression of confidence, on the conviction that God has spoken and that He has taken possession of the soul for ever. Newman, besides, seems admirably prepared to correspond to this clear predestination and to the requirements which flow therefrom. The great obstacle which arrests the progress of so many Christians has no existence for him. The things of the senses do not attract him at all; the invisible world is wide open to him. Now notice that, on the other hand, we find him constantly hesitating, fearing, reflecting on himself. This believer, who has received abundantly the natural gifts which seem a pressing invitation to the mystical life, distrusts, nevertheless, these gifts themselves and takes refuge in an exact and laborious obedience to the most humble exercises of prayer. We expect from him visions and spiritual songs; he brings to us the little traditional devotions, the simple meditations within reach of everybody, litanies, and, so to speak, exercises in imitation of the liturgy. Are we not justified in feeling somewhat disappointed and in seeing here an admission of embarrassment and impotence? If I do not deceive myself, one word explains and sums up the inward drama which these incongruities reveal to us. It is only the imagination of Newman that is mystical; his heart is not so. Others adapt themselves easily to this unequal distribution, and writers are not wanting who dress up the real poverty of their emotional faculties in a rich robe of poetry. By dint

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of singing about love, whether of the Creator or of the creature, we end by believing that we love. Fine phrases, which, after all, are only half untrue, overcome the last remaining scruples of a conscience which suffers at first from recognising in itself a secret divorce between the productive heat of ideas and the inactivity of the feelings. Newman does not attempt to make this illusory reconciliation. Too strict a Christian to persuade himself that religion can be an affair of poetry, too sincere with himself to feign emotions which he does not feel, instead of taking pleasure in the splendours of his religious ideas, he turns back incessantly to examine, to judge and condemn his own devotion, which is undoubtedly earnest, but without sensible relish, initiative, or ardent affection. Let us not forget that we are in the presence of a man who is naturally distrustful of himself. He knows his own value well enough, but, when he feels depressed, he belittles himself at pleasure. Without any suggestion from outside, as we have seen, he treats himself as a rhetorician who appropriates the discoveries of another. An analogous distrust is still more conspicuous in his spiritual life. He finds himself cold, or at best lukewarm. His prayer has no wings, his piety no fire. He says it, and he suffers from it. Sometimes he asks himself if this lukewarmness is not the penalty for old acts of negligence; sometimes, when more clear-sighted, he consoles himself with the thought that God Himself, in endowing him with somewhat cold feelings, has chosen for him that devotion which borders on dryness, and is never free from effort. It is very true that the devotion of the greater number of people rarely raises itself above this modest level. But when, in other respects, they have been familiarised with the fairest prospects of faith, they find it harder to resign themselves to this mediocrity. It is harder not to enter into a promised land, when one has had full liberty to view that country on one of those clear days which reveal all the wonders of the scene. If any one has been endowed with the imagination of a St. Theresa, he suffers twice as much when he feels only the faint heart of a Nicolas beating in his breast. Such was, it seems to me, the inward trial of Newman. He is a stranger to those strong passions which could alone be adequate to the visions of his mind. Devotion, in his case, often difficult, sometimes very

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sweet, is never ardent. It is sensible of God's presence only in a very indirect and distant fashion. No one will be surprised who recalls what we observed above on the defects of his emotional life. We love God as we love men. Though the object is different, the limitations and character of our feelings remain the same. Would I insinuate that Newman has no heart? God forbid! Lasting, unvarying, and deep affections filled his life. His style is permeated with affection as much as, and more than, with irony. But affection is not love. In his affectionate relations with his friends he gives them something of himself, but it is not he that gives the most. Remember, besides, in what a hurry he was to assume in advance the airs, the words, and the manner of an old man. He felt so clearly that this rather chilly mildness of autumn suited him better than the heats of summer. Am I mistaken in saying that the youth of his devotion was short, and soon gave place to another kind that was serious, manly, rather slow and laboured, an affair of the will rather than the feelings?

The inward opposition which I have just pointed out, seems to me clearly marked in the contrast which Newman somewhere establishes between faith and love:

> And thus I answer the question concerning the connection between love and faith. Love is the condition of faith; and faith in turn is the cherisher and maturer of love; it brings love out into works, and therefore is called the root of works of love; the substance of the works is love, the outline and direction of them is faith. . . . Love is the true ruling principle of the regenerate soul, and faith ministers to it. Love is the end, faith the means; and if the means be difficult, much more is the end. St. Paul says that faith which could remove mountains will not avail without love; and, in truth, faith is only half-way (as it were) to heaven. By faith we give up this world, but by love we reach into the next world; and it often happens, from one cause or another, men are able to get as far as the one without going on to the other. Too true is it that the mass of men live neither with faith nor love. . . . But I speak of religious persons; and these, I think, will confess

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that distaste of the world is quite a distinct thing from the spirit of love. As years go on, the disappointments, troubles, and cares of life wean a religious mind from attachment to this world. A man sees it is but vanity. He neither receives, nor looks for enjoyment from it. He does not look to the future with hope; he has no prospects; he cares not for the world's smile or frown; for what can it do, what can it withhold? Nay, even his friends are nothing to him; he knows they cannot help him really in his greatest needs, and he has no dependence that they will be continued to him. And thus, in course of time, with a very scanty measure of true Divine love, he is enabled, whatever his sphere is, to act above the world, in his degree; to do his plain, straightforward duty, because reason tells him he should do it, and because he has no great temptation seducing him from it. Observe *why* he keeps God's commandments; from *reason*, because he knows he ought, and because he has no strong motives keeping him from doing so. Alas! not from *love* towards those commandments. He has only just so much of the spirit of love as suffices to hinder his resignation from being despondency, and his faith from being dead. . . . Faith at most only makes a hero, but love makes a saint; faith can but put us above the world, but love brings us under God's throne; faith can but make us sober, but love makes us happy. It warns us that it is possible for a man to have the clearest, calmest, exactest view of the realities of Heaven; that he may most firmly realise and act upon the truths of the Gospel; that he may understand that all about him is but a veil, not a substance; that he may have that full confidence in God's word as to be able to do miracles; that he may have such simple, absolute faith as to give up his property, give up all his goods to feed the poor; that he may so scorn the world, that he may with so royal a heart trample on it, as even to give his body to be burned by a glorious martyrdom——

We can feel the pathos of this breathless suspense. How is Newman going to conclude, how will he finish this period? He does not finish it; he has not the courage:

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and yet—I do not say, be without love; God forbid! I do not suppose the Apostle means there ever was actually such a case, but that it is abstractedly possible; that no one of the proper acts of faith, in itself, and necessarily, implies love; that it is distinct from love.

What, then, is he to do? How is he going to reconcile his own disquieting experiences with the grandeur of the true notion of the love of God and the duty of trust in any case? Newman escapes the difficulty by attenuating through insensible gradations the definition of love. He speaks of it first as a flame, according to the formula consecrated by usage, then as the peaceful radiance of an invisible light.

> We are Christ's [he continues], not by faith merely, nor by works merely, but by love. . . . We are saved . . . by that heavenly flame within us, which, while it consumes what is seen, aspires to what is unseen. Love is the gentle, tranquil, satisfied acquiescence and adherence of the soul in the contemplation of God; not only a preference of God before all things, but a delight in Him because He is God, and because His commandments are good; not any violent emotion or transport, but, as St. Paul describes it, long-suffering, kind, modest, unassuming, innocent, simple, orderly, disinterested, meek, pure-hearted, sweet-tempered, patient, enduring. Faith without charity is dry, harsh, and sapless; it has nothing sweet, engaging, winning, soothing; but it was charity which brought Christ down. Charity is but another name for the Comforter."[1]

Do we require a more explicit confession? Then let us open a sermon which bears upon its very title the admission of inability and trial: "Difficulty of Realising Sacred Privileges." This sermon, a masterpiece of candour, of subtlety, of faith, and of the will-to-love, was delivered one Easter Day. From the text onwards the struggle manifests itself: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it!" It is easy to say "rejoice": but is he really able to do so? Has he the right to join in the common gladness? Easter is a feast for him as for the Church. Has he the

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xxi. 315–318.

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power to sing the "Alleluia" without hypocrisy? Happy those who are contented never to ask themselves such questions; but since, in his sincerity, Newman asks them, he must do what he can to solve them.

> It is always very difficult to realise any great joy or great sorrow. We cannot realise it by wishing to do so. What brings joys and sorrows of this world home to us, is their circumstances and accompaniments. When a friend dies, we cannot believe him taken from us at first; we cannot believe ourselves to be in any new place when we are just come to it. When we are told a thing, we assent to it; we do not doubt it, but we do not feel it to be true, we do not understand it as a fact which must take up a position or station in our thoughts, and must be acted from and acted towards, must be dealt with as existing: that is, we do not realise it. This seems partly the reason why, when Almighty God reveals Himself in Scripture to this man or that, he, on the other hand, asks for some sign whereby he shall know that God has spoken.

Gideon, for instance, himself chooses the miracles which shall remove his doubts:

> He could not bring himself to believe that he was to be what God's angel had declared. What? he, the least of his father's house, and his family poor in Manasseh, how could he understand that he was to be the greatest champion of Israel against the Midianites? Not that he doubted it, for God had said it; but he could not feel, think, speak, act, as if it were true. If he attempted to do so, it was in an unreal way, and he spoke and acted unnaturally and on a theory, on a view of things which he had mastered one minute and which was gone the next. The special favour of God towards him, according to the words, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour!" seemed like a dream, and confused him. So he said, "If now so it be, certain consequences flow from it; if God is with me, it is the God of miracles Who is with me, Who can change the creature as He will; may He then vouchsafe to do so! that I may have the full impression on my soul, heart, and

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mind, of what my reason receives ; that I may be familiarised to this strange and overpowering Providence."

So with us Christians born in the kingdom of God. It is no good our knowing and believing ourselves to be heirs presumptive of Heaven if we do not laboriously learn the reality of our privileges.

And here we are, even on this great day, this day of days on which Christ arose from the dead,—here we are, on this very day as infants, lying helpless and senseless on the ground, without eyes to see or heart to comprehend who we are.

Whence comes this insensibility ? For once in a way Newman forgets to search his own heart in order to find in some secret misery the cause of this powerlessness. No, says he, if Christianity is not more real to us, at the bottom it is not our fault. The fulness of Divine favours filled us at baptism, when we were still without reason, and the experience of God, like other experiences, will develop itself in us only through a long series of efforts.

St. Paul says that whereas Christ is risen, He " hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." . . . This is . . . our place, position, situation as " children of God, members of Christ, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." We are risen again and we know it not. We begin our catechism by confessing that we are risen, but it takes a long life to apprehend what we confess. We are like people waking from sleep, who cannot collect their thoughts at once, or understand where they are.

We can see whither this circuitous introduction is leading us—to make us contented with believing without seeing, to accustom us to the idea that we love God, even when we do not feel that we love Him. That is, perhaps, the keystone of spiritual direction, to relieve a mind, troubled by its own lukewarmness, by giving it to understand that this disquiet itself is reassuring. To suffer because one does not love is already to love. Or, to put it plainly, since from the time of Pascal there are no longer two ways of saying these things, to search for God is to have found Him. All those of us

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who have been obliged, either on our own account or to help other troubled souls, to appeal to this supreme consolation, know how delicate a matter it is to dwell upon this subtle thought without giving it the appearance of a sophism, and without irritating the wound which we try in vain to soothe. But when it is a question of bringing out the force of one of those truths which seem improbable, our Newman always triumphs. This truth lies nearer to his heart than any other, and with good reason. This is what he says about it:

> While, then, we feel keenly, as we ought, that we do not honour this blessed day with that lively and earnest joy which is its due, yet let us not be discouraged, let us not despond at this. We do feel joy; we feel more joy than we know we do. We see more of the next world than we know we see. If we have duly improved the sacred season which is now past; if we have in good earnest, and without trifling with ourselves, denied ourselves in meat and drink, and other indulgences, according to our strength; if we have been frequent in prayers according to our opportunities; it cannot be but that a blessing has come upon us, and is upon us now. We may not be sensible of it, but by-and-by we shall know it, when we look back upon it. What has already happened in our past experience surely is enough to assure us of this. We know in what way we have been hitherto brought to recognise so much as we do recognise of our Christian blessedness: how very gradually, how silently. We may recollect, perhaps, one or other striking occurrence. Perhaps, as I have said, we can put our hand, as it were, on a time in our childhood, when the thought first came on us that we had relations towards other beings, and they towards us, and we marvelled what we were, and why we existed. Perhaps, in after life, we recollect seasons when the force of Divine truth came on us more sensibly and distinctly; but for the most part it is not so. For the most part we have gained truth, and made progress from truth to truth, without knowing it. We cannot tell when we first held this, or first held that doctrine, which is now our joy and treasure. It is "as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep and rise night and

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day, and the seed should spring and grow up he knoweth not how—first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." One may see this on all sides; one may see it especially at this time. God Almighty seems at this time to be mercifully leading numbers on to the full truth, as it is in Jesus. He is leading them on, and they do not know it themselves. They are gradually modifying and changing their opinions, while they think they remain stationary. Others, perhaps, see how it is with them: they do not; in due time they will. Such is God's wonderful way. Jacob was at Bethel before he knew it. We too are in the kingdom of grace without knowing it. . . .

The peroration is touching. In reading it we think of those invalids who dare not trust their strength after having been laid up for several months, or of a poor man who, in suspense between the joy of an unexpected windfall and the fear of being tricked, rings a piece of gold several times over. I have not the heart to abridge this delightful passage, this cry of a child in its glad surprise, this imperfect, timid, and trembling joyfulness—a joy of reason as much as, and more than, that of feeling. It represents Newman's devotion as it really is.

In quoting this passage I ask the reader's permission, in order to spare him my tiresome comments, to underline the words which show signs of qualification, a feeling of hesitation and effort. It is not the fashion, nowadays, to lay such detailed stress on the words of a writer, but Newman, as such, is a man of an earlier age: he always knows exactly what he wants to say, and he says it. It is better not to open his books at all than to read them hurriedly.

And, now, to conclude, for it is hardly befitting on this day to speak much, when God has done His greatest work. Let us think of it and of Him. Let us rejoice in the day which He has made, and let us be "willing in the day of His power." This is Easter Day. *Let us say this again and again to ourselves with fear and great joy.* As children say to themselves, "This is the spring," or "This is the sea," *trying to grasp the thought and not let it go;* as travellers in a foreign land say, "This is that great city," or "This is that famous building," knowing it has a long history through

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centuries, *and vexed with themselves that they know so little about it;* so let us say, This is the day of days, the royal day, the Lord's day. This is the day on which Christ rose from the dead; the day which brought us salvation. It is a day which has made us *greater than we know.* It is our day of rest, the true Sabbath. Christ entered into His rest, and so do we. It brings us, in figure, through the grave and gate of death to our season of refreshment in Abraham's bosom. *We have had enough of weariness, and dreariness, and listlessness, and sorrow, and remorse. We have had enough of this troublesome world. We have had enough of its noise and din.* Noise is its best music. But now there is stillness; and it is a stillness that speaks. We know how strange the feeling is of perfect silence after continued sound. *Such is our blessedness now.* Calm and serene days *have begun;* and Christ is heard in them, and *His still small voice,* because the world speaks not. Let us only put off the world, and we put on Christ. The receding from one is *an approach* to the other. . . .[1]

At first sight, the reader may be inclined to question whether these different quotations really mean what I have made them to mean. But, candidly, how can we expect that Newman, the declared enemy of open confessions, should admit unreservedly the grievous dryness and seeming coldness of his devotion? He suffers, that is certain. Scrupulous though he always is, ready though he be to suspect within himself the active presence of an old leaven of sin, yet here it does not occur to him to attribute his misfortune to the unhappy influence of "secret faults." That is as much as to say that his piety will not change its nature when less imperfect and more holy, but will remain a duty rather than a pleasure, a resigned sweetness rather than a thrill of joy. Just now we compared it to the softness of autumn; let Newman conjure up another image of attenuation and twilight.

On such a day, then, from the very intensity of joy which Christians ought to feel, and the trial which they have gone through, they will often be disposed to say little.

Rather, like sick people convalescent, when the crisis is

[1] "Parochial Sermons," vi. sermon viii. *Cf.* Abbott, ii. 164.

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past, the illness over, but strength not yet come, they will go forth to the light of day and the freshness of the air, and silently sit down with great delight under the shadow of that Tree, whose fruit is sweet to their taste. They are disposed rather to muse and be at peace, than to use many words; for their joy has been so much the child of sorrow . . . that though it is a joy only the greater from the contrast, it is not, cannot be, as if it had never been sorrow.[1]

Is it not, also, rather for the same reason that the piety of Newman, in quest of celestial models and patrons, passed quickly by the young, ardent, and joyous story of the saints of the Middle Ages, to place itself in the school of Theodoret and of Chrysostom, of Gregory and of Basil, of Antony and of Athanasius? We do the same thing when, as we are growing old, we begin to prefer the calm style of the classics to that of flashy writers. The Latin and Greek Fathers are the classics of Christian piety. The lapse of time, which separates us from them, gives them an importance which is almost solemn. Whether Greeks or Latins, their words have for us the slowness and impressiveness of an old man's speech. Thus at least did Newman fashion them to his own image. And did he not even go so far as to discover the devotion of a Newman in a patriarch of the ancient law!

Jacob's distinguishing grace, then, as I think it may be called, was a habit of affectionate musing upon God's providences towards him in times past.

He has faith, without doubt, but not the faith of Abraham. He is less heroic and more human. See, for example, his sentiments towards "the sons of his old age," and compare them with the attitude of Abraham towards Isaac—do you not "feel Jacob to be more like ourselves than Abraham was?"

What, then, was Jacob's distinguishing grace, as faith was Abraham's? I have already said it: I suppose, thankfulness. Abraham appears ever to have been looking forward in hope—Jacob looking back in memory: the one rejoicing in the future, the other in the past; the one setting his

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xxiii., "Keeping Fast and Festival," p. 335.

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affections on the future, the other on the past; the one making his way towards the promises, the other musing over their fulfilment. Not that Abraham did not look back also, and Jacob, as he says on his death-bed, did not "wait for the salvation" of God; but this was the difference between them, Abraham was a hero, Jacob "a plain man, dwelling in tents."

The self-revelations continue:

Jacob seems to have had a gentle, tender, affectionate, timid mind—easily frightened, easily agitated, loving God so much that he feared to lose Him, and, like St. Thomas, perhaps, anxious for sight and possession from earnest and longing desire of them. Were it not for faith, love would become impatient, and thus Jacob desired to possess, not from cold incredulity or hardness of heart, but from such a loving impatience. Such men are easily downcast, and must be treated kindly; they soon despond, they shrink from the world, for they feel its rudeness, which bolder natures do not. Neither Abraham nor Jacob loved the world. But Abraham did not fear, did not feel it. Jacob felt and winced, as being wounded by it. . . . Accordingly, as I have said, his happiness lay, not in looking forward to the hope, but backwards upon the experience, of God's mercies towards him. He delighted lovingly to trace, and gratefully to acknowledge, what had been given, leaving the future to itself.

Newman then quotes and ingeniously comments on the texts upon which this psychology rests, and he finishes:

And further on, when he speaks of waiting for God's salvation, which is an act of hope, he so words it as at the same time to dwell upon the past: "I have waited," he says, that is, all my life long, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." Such was Jacob, living in memory rather than in hope, counting times, recording seasons, keeping days; having his history by heart, and his past life in his hand.[1]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," v. sermon vi. 76–82.

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No, I am not refining. This determination to live in the past shows that he is not at his ease—I do not say only in the future, but even in the present. There we have, certainly, one of the essential aspects of Newman's devotion. All his spiritual life, as we have already seen in part, arranges itself, and gravitates, around a lively impression of his childhood. He comes back incessantly to this first conversion, to that visit of God which was, if not an overwhelming glory, at least a light that might be felt. To the anxieties, to the feebleness of sensible devotion, to the inveterate disappointments of the present, he opposes triumphantly the certainty, the fulness, the joy of those far-off moments in which he saw God. Who will say if the incomparable "amulet" might not, perhaps, have played a like part in the inner life of Pascal? Who knows, again, if the history of the saints, more thoroughly searched, might not present us with situations almost similar? In the present, darkness and distress, and, below, very far off, one shining point which lights and warms up everything. Who knows, lastly, if the merciful office of "comforter" is not often confined to making those pages of our life, which deployed, also, in their time, "under a cloud," appear to us, in the distance, all beautiful and radiant? Religious psychology has no more attractive problem. In any case, let us hold as certain that Newman's devotion lights itself by the pale reflection, warms itself by the tepid flame of remembrance. I find a new and decisive proof of it in a sermon whose title sums up all that I have just said: "Christ Manifested in Remembrance." Here Newman is not afraid to magnify at the outset his particular experience.

> God's presence is not discerned at the time when it is upon us, but afterwards, when we look back upon what is gone and over.

He proves it by a series of Biblical examples, and he repeats:

> Such is God's rule in Scripture, to dispense His blessings, silently and secretly; so that we do not discern them at the time, except by faith, afterwards only. . . .
>
> Wonderful providence indeed, which is so silent, yet so

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efficacious, so constant, so unerring! This is what baffles the power of Satan. He cannot discern the hand of God in what goes on; and though he would fain meet it and encounter it, in his mad and blasphemous rebellion against heaven, he cannot find it. Crafty and penetrating as he is, yet his thousand eyes and his many instruments avail him nothing against the majestic, serene silence, the holy, imperturbable calm which reigns through the providences of God. Crafty and experienced as he is, he appears like a child or a fool, like one made sport of, whose daily bread is but failure and mockery, before the deep and secret wisdom of the Divine Counsels. He makes a guess here, or does a bold act there, but all in the dark. . . . If even devils, sagacious as they are, spirits by nature and experienced in evil, cannot detect His hand, while He works, how can we hope to see it except by that way which the devils cannot take, by a loving faith? how can we see it except afterwards as a reward to our faith, beholding the cloud of glory in the distance, which, when present, was too rare and impalpable for mortal sense?[1]

Amid so many beauties, what strikes us most here is the admirable way in which he holds the scales between the poetry which deifies the past and the prose which imagines itself to have discovered that the past was once also the present and that every present is contemptible. Both of them are right and wrong. The present is God hiding Himself, the past is God letting Himself be seen.

Such passages explain to us, more than the terrible sermons on sin and on the Divine wrath, the invincible opposition which the religious ideas of Newman encounter in a genuine Protestant. I have no intention of presenting, as an adequate representative of Catholic mysticism, a man who, as a matter of fact, never deviated from the beaten track. But, in the humble prayers of Newman, as in the highest forms of supplication, we meet with that feeling of timidity and distrust of self which moderates the excesses of too absolute a certainty. This hesitation is not doubt. Conviction is always present—at least as much conviction as is necessary to prevent the will from

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xvii. 256–260.

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feeling paralysed. But, instead of intoxicating itself with the evidences of the present, the more favoured soul loves to refresh itself at the less turbulent springs of the past. In this respect, again, Newman appears to us a Catholic by instinct a long time before his conversion. Being of that well-balanced mind to which the raptures of ecstasy are alien, an Anglican minister who is contented to repeat the golden prayers of Bishop Andrewes, he speaks on one of the fundamental questions of the spiritual life, as spoke, two centuries before him, a Catholic, a Spaniard, one of the princes of modern mysticism :

I know the fountain ever springs and flows,
Though night be dark and still,
Unceasing, nor its secret will disclose,
Although its passage well my spirit knows,
When night is dark and still.

I know of nothing which has purer grace ;
Of heaven and earth it doth renew the face
While night is dark and still.
All creatures call upon it, all who drain
Its waters, hidden though its source remain,
When night is dark and still.[1]

[1] St. John of the Cross, "Various Verses," song of the soul which rejoices at having arrived at the knowledge of God by faith.

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CHAPTER VII

PRESAGES

But if this soul knew no surer, sweeter joy than to go back, in thought, to the times in which it was able, now, to believe that the presence of God had been felt by it then, it has no right so to wrap itself in its recollections as to forget the new duties that each day brings with it. Very much to the contrary. God will not make Himself felt in the past except by those who have tried to divine Him in the present. Since grace, in its passage, makes so little noise, we are obliged to be constantly listening, to watch without ceasing. Some of Newman's finest sermons turn on this point; and this prepossession, common as it is to every Christian, takes on, in his case, a rather strange and very marked form, which it is necessary for us to describe.

We have seen that he had to renounce, and with good reason, the direction of his spiritual life by the illuminations and consolations of his own devotion. How, then, was he to know exactly what God wanted of him? The heavens are dark; the vanished stars will not reappear again till a certain stage has been passed. In this night how is he to guide himself? One of the masterpieces of French mysticism, the letters of Father de Caussade, have really solved the problem. The guiding voice of God presents itself to us, not as a luminous whole, but broken up into an indefinite series of small and obscure glimmering lights. It is the large prism of "present duty," which splits up every instant the Divine ray, and shows us, instead of the long list of directions for the way which our imagination would demand, just what is necessary for us to see in order to take one step in advance.[1] Take this doctrine, interpret it in English fashion—that is to say, by

[1] The letters of P. de Caussade have been collected and arranged in a volume by Father Ramiere under the title, "De l'Abandon à la Providence Divine."

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making it more vivid and arresting, and by throwing into relief those mystical elements which the French book leaves in the shade—and you will know one of the first principles of Newman's piety.

The originality of this teaching consists in bringing home the doctrine of Providence, in presenting it to the religious conscience no longer as a far-off sanction, but as a rule that is immediate, direct, and precise. It is the "Discourse on Universal History" adapted to each particular existence. A sovereign hand holds and crosses at His pleasure the threads of all created activities; a wisdom, eternal and minutely attentive, foresees, chooses, predetermines, follows close, is imminent in, the slightest details of the events which cross the path of each life. God, an ever-present witness, an actor always on the stage, awaits and watches us without intermission, and the most insignificant of coincidences is big, perhaps, with some Divine project.

Realised in its fulness, this splendid commonplace would upset the majority of minds. Only a sound brain and a sturdy heart can assimilate such notions without running the risk of capsizing in the waters of despair or madness. Newman, an Englishman twice over, both in his good sense and in his love of mystery, is about to show us how these giddy truths are for him the keynote to the drama of the whole spiritual life, without troubling his soul to its depths. He admits the complete dogma without reserve.

> Let us . . . lay up deep in our hearts the recollection, how mysteriously little things are in this world connected with great; how single moments, improved or wasted, are the salvation or ruin of all-important interests.[1]

A backward glance shows us how

> critical were moments and acts, which at the time seemed the most indifferent: as, for instance, the school he was sent to as a child, the occasion of his falling in with those persons who have most benefited him, the accidents which determined his calling or prospects, whatever they were.[2]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii., sermon x., "Purification of B.V.M.," p: 114.
[2] *Id.* iv. sermon xvii. 261.

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But this is still too vague and impersonal. Here we have something which brings everything to a point:

> You say, that it is not probable that Christ will come at this time, and therefore you cannot expect it. Now, I say you can expect it. You must feel there is a chance that He will come. Well, then, dwell on that chance; open your mind to it; treat that chance just as you so often treat the chance of fire, or peril by sea, or peril by land, or thieves. Our Lord says, that He shall come as a thief in the night. Now you know that if there has been some remarkable robbery, people are frightened far more than according to the chance of their being themselves robbed. They are haunted by the idea; it may be that the probability of their own houses being attempted is but small, yet . . . they are moved by the risk. And, in like manner, as regards the coming of Christ; I do not say we must be excited, or unsettled, or engrossed with the thought, but still we must not let the long delay persuade us not to watch for it.[1]

Thus, then, it is necessary to watch, to watch without relaxing our vigilance. How lamentable the torpor of those who watch not, because they lack for nothing—because, in short, they are comfortable here below!

While they are asleep the procession of the Lamb is preparing and already starting. Dully they hear it coming, get up, rub their eyes; but it is too late.

> When He comes, they will one and all want time; their head will be confused, their eyes will swim, then their tongue falter, their limbs totter, as men who are suddenly awakened. They will not all at once collect their senses and faculties. O fearful thought! The bridal train is sweeping by—angels are there—the just made perfect are there—little children, and holy teachers, and white-robed saints, and martyrs washed in blood; the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. She has already attired herself: while we have been sleeping, she has been robing; she has been adding jewel to jewel, and grace to

[1] "Parochial Sermons," vi. sermon xviii. 258.

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grace; she has been gathering in her chosen ones, one by one, and has been exercising them in holiness.[1]

Thus, like all the Fathers, Newman sets before us the symbols and promises, which supported the first Christians while waiting for the Lord's coming, that he may keep us awake during these long hours of watching. The reader stops me in order to observe that he has heard already a score of sermons of this sort. The parable of the foolish virgins is one of four or five allegories to which the imagination of artists and the eloquence of preachers is always coming back. I do not deny it; but, for all that, I see a characteristic feature in this sermon of Newman's. To be conventional is not to repeat what everybody has said, but to use again, confidently and mechanically, some common subject, without having previously renewed it by personal experience, conviction, and emotion. Another sermon will show us that for Newman the expectation of Christ is something else than a fine subject for an harangue.

The following sermon is extraordinary. Imagine the state of mind of a Christian of the first century who had gone to sleep one evening with the thought that the world was near its end, and who woke up, after a sleep of eighteen centuries, in the middle of our contemporary society, whose peace of mind is certainly not disturbed by the threats of the Apocalypse. What would be the impressions of that believer? Manifestly, the kingdom of God is not yet there. Some error must have introduced itself into what we supposed was a necessary conclusion from the preaching of the Apostles. What does that matter? The word remains, as infallible as when it escaped red-hot from the lips of the last prophet: "He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Our Christian—that is, Newman himself—asks nothing better, and he sets himself to wait. The scoffers see no harm in bantering this simple-minded perseverance.

How is it possible, it may be asked, ever to be expecting what has so long been delayed? What has been so long

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iv. sermon xxii. 329, 330.

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coming may be longer still. It was possible, indeed, for the early Christians, who had no experience of the long period which the Church was to remain on earth, to look out for Christ; but we cannot help using our reason: there are no more grounds to expect Christ now than at those many former times, when, as the event showed, He did not come. Christians have been ever expecting the last day, and ever meeting with disappointment. They have seen what they thought symptoms of His coming, and peculiarities in their own times, which a little more knowledge of the world, a more enlarged experience, would have shown them to be common to all times. They have ever been frightened without good reason, fretting in their narrow minds, and building on their superstitious fancies. What age of the world has there been in which people did not think the day of judgment coming? Such expectation has but evidenced and fostered indolence and superstition; it is to be considered as a mere weakness.

Newman answers: He who proves too much proves nothing. For, after all, Christ will certainly come some day or other, and that day, if we listen to you, will find us all asleep. . . . Madness for madness, ours is the wiser. Better to wait for it always than never to wait for it. Besides, have not you, who speak so well, been prophesying for a long time past the imminent end of the Church? You see plainly that, on either side, we are always waiting for something, always at bottom the same, which appears to each of us under different aspects. "Ever since Christianity came into the world it has been, in one sense, going out of it." It is so little at home, here below. It staggers, it agonises every instant. Its death may come at any moment, and it is good for us to live as if that hour is about to strike.

But does not this, at one stroke, open an unchecked career for superstition? This fixed idea that the end is near will make us see everywhere the signs that herald the catastrophe. The most ordinary event will appear to us miraculous, and, forsaking the Gospel, we shall imagine a religion of fantasy. Such is the objection. We can be quite sure that this reproach

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of superstition will not trouble Newman at all. He has no fear either of the thing itself or of the word:

> I observe, then, that though Christians might be mistaken in what they took to be signs of Christ's coming, yet they were not wrong in their state of mind; they were not mistaken in looking out, and that for Christ. Whether credulous or not, they only acted as one acts towards some person beloved, or revered, or admired on earth.

In the same way faithful subjects admit without hesitation the traces of goodness which popular legend assigns to their princes. Critics make light of this credulity; but "it is, a great thing, truly, after all, to be able to detect a few misstatements, and to expose a few fictions, and to be without a heart!"

> I had rather be he, who, from love of Christ and want of science, thinks some strange sight in the sky, comet or meteor, to be the sign of His coming, than the man, who, from more knowledge and from lack of love, laughs at the mistake.

He is annoyed. That is as it should be. With him, when the ironical vein appears, one can be sure that his whole soul is in the debate. This first clash of steel promises us that he will soon take the offensive; but, before that, he wishes to minimise still further the error of the early Christians.

> And you will observe that, in the case of which I am speaking, persons who are looking out for Christ are not only, *in that* they look out, acting in obedience to Him, but are looking out—in their very *way* of looking out, through the very signs through which they look out—in obedience to Him. Always since the first, Christians have been looking out for Christ in the signs of the natural and moral world. If they have been poor and uneducated, strange sights in the sky, or tremblings of the ground, storms, failure of harvest or disease, or anything monstrous and unnatural, has made them think that He was at hand. If they were in the way to take a view of the social and political world, then the troubles of States—wars, revolutions, and the like—have been additional

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> circumstances which served to impress them, and kept their hearts awake for Christ. Now all these are nothing else but those very things which He Himself has told us to dwell upon, and has given us as signs of His coming. . . . One day the lights of heaven *will* be signs; one day the affairs of nations also *will* be signs; why, then, is it superstitious to look towards them? It is not. We may be wrong in the particulars we rest upon, and may show our ignorance in doing so; but there is nothing ridiculous or contemptible in our ignorance, and there is much that is religious in our watching. It is better to be wrong in our watching than not to watch at all.[1]

Besides, how do we know that they are wrong? Might not God have countermanded the catastrophe which was already muttering in the signs that heralded its approach? The Christian has never affirmed that in fact Christ had come, but only that He was on His way. He is coming. He is coming now. It is true. It is always true.

Enough has been said about the end of the world. For Newman this long Apocalyptic prelude has no other aim than to anchor us firmly in the supersensuous world. Thus familiarised with the marvels of the last day, we shall open our hearts with greater ease to the expectation of that other "coming," less striking and more intimate, promised to every Christian.

> Surely there can be no great harm, and nothing very ridiculous, where men are religious, in thus thinking the events of their day more than ordinary . . . for, let it be observed, Scripture sanctions us in interpreting all that we see in the world in a religious sense, and as if all things were tokens and revelations of Christ, His providence, and will.

Thus all that we see may be a sign, not only of the final appearance of Christ, but of all His particular providences.

> Yet, certainly, so it is, that in spite of the world's evil, after all, He is in it and speaks through it, though not loudly. . . . Who is there, for instance, but has been favoured with

[1] "Parochial Sermons," vi. sermon xvii. *passim*.

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answers to prayer, such that, at the time, he has felt he never could again be unbelieving? Who has not had strange coincidences in the course of his life which brought before him, in an overpowering way, the hand of God? Who has not had thoughts come upon him with a kind of mysterious force, for his warning or his direction? And some persons, perhaps, experience stranger things still. Wonderful providences have, before now, been brought about by means of dreams; or in other still more unusual ways Almighty God has at times interposed. And then, again, things which come before our eyes, in such wise take the form of types and omens of things moral or future, that the spirit within us cannot but reach forward, and presage what it is not told from what it sees. And sometimes these presages are remarkably fulfilled in the event. And then, again, the fortunes of men are so singularly various, as if a law of success and prosperity embraced a certain number, and a contrary law others. All this being so, and the vastness and mystery of the world being borne in upon us, we may well begin to think that there is nothing here below, but, for what we know, has a connection with everything else; the most distant events may yet be united, the meanest and highest may be parts of one; and God may be teaching us and offering us knowledge of His ways, if we will but open our eyes, in all the ordinary matters of the day. This is what thoughtful persons come to believe, and they begin to have a certain faith in the Divine meaning of the accidents (as they are called) of life, and a readiness to take impressions from them, which may easily become excessive, and which, whether excessive or not, is sure to be ridiculed by the world at large as superstition. Yet, considering Scripture tells us that the very hairs of our head are all numbered by God, that all things are ours and that all things work together for our good, it does certainly encourage us in thus looking out for His presence in everything that happens, however trivial, and in holding that to religious ears even the bad world prophesies of Him.

Besides, we cannot, any more than the early Christians, demonstrate by arguments the legitimacy of our state of

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expectation. Tangible proofs, absolute certainties, wherewithal to close the mouths of unbelievers, are lacking to us.

> God does not so speak to us through the occurrences of life, that you can persuade others that He speaks. He does not act upon such explicit laws, that you can speak of them with certainty. He gives us sufficient tokens of Himself to raise our minds in awe towards Him; but he seems so frequently to undo what He has done, and to suffer counterfeits of His tokens, that a conviction of His wonder-working presence can but exist in the individual himself. It is not a truth that can be taught and recognised in the face of men; it is not of a nature to be urged upon the world at large, nay, even on religious persons as a principle. God gives us enough to make us inquire and hope; not enough to make us insist and argue.[1]

Admire these feats of moderation and of even balancing. Newman, though very much at his ease when he shouts with a loud voice his mystical defiance beneath the walls of the unbelieving, insensibly modifies his standpoint. Just now he refused to entertain that word "superstition," which the irony of his adversaries threw at him; now that he turns himself to the real believers he feels the necessity of dissipating a dangerous ambiguity. There is nothing more holy than to see Christ in everything; but let us take care this vision is not a "principle." In these delicate matters, where we ourselves are the sole judges, illusion ever threatens us. Far from controlling the teachings of the Scriptures and the Church, these shifting lights need themselves a rigorous control. To spell out the riddle of the world we need the lessons of a master of infallible truth. Left to ourselves, religious mania would lead us into all sorts of excesses. Here, then, is the Christian in the state of mind which Newman desires, persuaded that God is going to speak in the accidents of life, and, further, put on his guard against the illusions of false alarms and precipitate convictions. Now he can mount his watch-tower and listen attentively, ready to catch the still small voice, which will not fail to call him, and resolved to answer it by an absolute submission. The sermon on "Divine Calls" tells us of the emotions and

[1] "Parochial Sermons," vi. sermon xvii. 247–250.

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surprises of this state of expectancy. Dr. Abbott has pointed out, with irony, that each of the examples, brought forward in the sermon, recalls a personal experience of Newman. Let us leave out of account the irony, which is of middling quality, and keep the commentary.

> For in truth we are not called once only, but many times; all through our life Christ is calling us. He called us first in baptism; but afterwards also; whether we obey His voice or not, He graciously calls us still. If we fall from our baptism, He calls us to repent; if we are striving to fulfil our calling, He calls us on from grace to grace, and from holiness to holiness, while life is given us. . . . It were well if we understood this; but we are slow to master the great truth, that Christ is, as it were, walking amongst us, and by His hand, or eye or voice, bidding us follow Him. We do not understand that His call is a thing that takes place now. We think it took place in the Apostles' days; but we do not believe in it, we do not look out for it in our own case.

Let us have no fear lest Newman should here abandon himself to one of those vague developments, in which a certain so-called pious literature excels. The subject touches him too closely for him to forget his habits of clear, concrete, and detailed analysis.

> Now what I mean is this: that they who are living religiously, have from time to time truths they did not know before, or had no need to consider, brought before them forcibly; truths which involve duties, which are in fact precepts, and claim obedience. In this, and such like ways, Christ calls us now. There is nothing miraculous or extraordinary in His dealings with us. He works through our natural faculties and circumstances of life. Still what happens to us in providence is in all essential respects what His voice was to those whom He addressed when on earth: whether He commands by a visible presence, or by a voice, or by our consciences, it matters not, so that we feel it to be a command.[1]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," viii. sermon ii. 23.

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These Divine callings are ordinarily sudden and unexpected, like the accidents through which they come to us. A dream, for instance, may be the means chosen by God for this purpose. Newman attached a serious importance to dreams. He received, by this means, enlightenment on certain matters. We read in his private memoranda, dated June 1, 1821 (he was then nineteen years old) :

> About a week ago I dreamed that a spirit came to me and discoursed about the other world. I had several meetings with it. Dreams address themselves so immediately to the mind, that to express in any form of words the feelings produced by the speeches themselves of my mysterious visitant, were a fruitless endeavour. Among other things it said that it was absolutely impossible for the reason of man to understand the mystery of the Holy Trinity, and in vain to argue about it; but that everything in another world was so very, very plain that there was not the slightest difficulty about it. . . . I thought I instantly fell on my knees, overcome with gratitude to God for so kind a message.
>
> It is not idle to make a memorandum of this, for out of dreams often much good can be extracted.[1]

Or God makes use of some unexpected trial to open before us new horizons of holiness.

With and by means of that trial, if we know how to receive it, our ideas of virtue become extended, enlarged, completed, and transformed. Nothing is more striking, when we embrace our past life in one general view, than to establish this gradual ascent towards an ideal of perfection more and more lofty.

> I do not scruple to say, that these differences may be as great as that which may be supposed to have existed between St. Peter's state of mind when quietly fishing on the lake, and that new state of mind when called to be an Apostle.

Now, the upsetting of our views about virtue and happiness, this influence of new ideas and requirements, this constant modification of our inward life, is all the consequence of our forwardness to correspond to each of the Divine calls.

[1] "Letters," i. 55.

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We expect and wish for examples. Whence will Newman take them, except from his own recollections ?

> Perhaps it may be the loss of some dear friend or relative through which the call comes to us ; which shows us the vanity of things below, and prompts us to make God our sole stay. We through grace do so in a way we never did before ; and, in the course of years, when we look back on our life, we find that that sad event has brought us into a new state of faith and judgment, and that we are as though other men from what we were. . . .

Here Newman silently calls up the remembrance of the charming girlhood, the sudden death of his sister Mary :

> Or, again, perhaps something occurs to force us to take a part for God or against Him. The world requires of us some sacrifice which we see we ought not to grant it. Some tempting offer is made us ; or some reproach or discredit threatened us ; or we have to determine and avow what is truth and what is error. We are enabled to act as God would have us act ; and we do so in much fear and perplexity. We do not see our way clearly ; we do not see what is to follow from what we have done, and how it bears upon our general conduct and opinions : yet perhaps it has the most important bearings. That little deed, suddenly exacted of us, almost suddenly resolved upon and executed, may be as though a gate into the second or third heaven—an entrance into a higher state of holiness, and into a truer view of things than we have hitherto taken.

This sudden event is no less than the candidature of Sir Robert Peel at the elections of 1830. At this date the Oxford reformers have come to a clear consciousness of their mission, and soon the propaganda of the tracts is organised. In the course of this campaign, opportunities are not wanting to Newman to explain himself on the question as to what is truth and what is error.

> Or, again, we get acquainted with some one whom God employs to bring before us a number of truths which were

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closed on us before; and we but half understand them, and but half approve of them; and yet God seems to speak in them, and Scripture to confirm them.

He here recalls what he owes to the best friend of his youth. Certainly he exaggerates in no respect. If Newman had not met Hurrell Froude, perhaps he would have died a peaceful Anglican, the dean of some old cathedral, of St. Paul's or of Westminster.

Or, again, we may be in the practice of reading Scripture carefully, and trying to serve God, and its sense may, as if suddenly, break upon us, in a way it never did before. Some thought may suggest itself to us, which is a key to a great deal in Scripture, or which suggests a great many other thoughts. . . . We may be able to enter into the manner of life of the early Christians . . . and be led to understand that it is very different from the life which men live now. Now, knowledge is a call to action: an insight into the way of perfection is a call to perfection.[1]

To find again the recollections, to which he here alludes, we should have to run over afresh all the Oxford sermons, which are a spiritual diary, a summary of Newman's meditations. I think also that he is making allusion, in terms which to this moment he alone could understand, to the article of Wiseman which made him first have doubts on the solidity of the foundation of Anglicanism. The sermon is dated October 27, 1839. Now, on September 22 of the same year Newman wrote to Rogers:

Since I wrote to you, I have had the first real hit from Romanism that has happened to me. R. W., who has been passing through, directed my attention to Dr. Wiseman's article in the new *Dublin*. I must confess it has given me a stomach-ache. . . . And now comes this dose at the end of it. It does certainly come upon one that we are not at the bottom of things. At this moment we have sprung a leak; and the worst of it is that those sharp fellows, Ward, Stanley and Co., will not let one go to sleep upon it. *Curavimus Babylonem et non est curata* was an awkward

[1] "Parochial Sermons," viii. sermon ii. 23 ff.

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omen. I have not said so much to any one. I seriously think this is a most uncomfortable article on every account. . . . I think I shall get Keble to answer it. . . .

And now, *carissime*, good-bye. It is no laughing matter. I will not blink the question, so be it; but you don't suppose I am a madcap to take up notions suddenly—only there is an uncomfortable vista opened which was closed before.[1]

Newman's correspondence informs us, still better than the sermons, about this curious state of mind, which I should like fully to describe. It is, besides, the only thing which can make us understand how literally Newman took this curious doctrine and tried to translate it word for word into the conduct of his own life. I said above that his humble style of prayer does not recall in any respect the upliftings of heart of the great mystics. What is mystical, and in the highest degree, in his case, is the idea which he has of his own place in the universe, of his mission, of the direct and constant influence which God exerts upon him.

There are no such things as insignificant events. That is true in a certain sense, in which all Christians are agreed; but ordinarily, in our own case, we do not press this truth too hard. It enlightens us, it consoles us when our Heaven is veiled, when strange events disconcert us. We believe that God has numbered all the hairs of our head, and this conviction is enough to establish us in confidence and peace. There we stop. We do not refine further. We do not ask that a mystery should be changed into a clear revelation; we renew at the bottom of every fresh page of life a blank cheque which covers, *a priori*, with our trust, everything that it shall please God to write on that page. As for criticising afterwards every stroke, every erasure, as for musing over every smallest thing that happens to us to discover with what Divine intentions, with what consequences it was big, we do not even dream of it; or, rather, did we dream of it, we should be afraid of attributing too much importance to ourselves, of regarding ourselves too much as the centre of the world, and even, confusedly, of showing towards God, by these retrospective

[1] Abbott, ii. 185.

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calculations, some degree of uneasiness or distrust. Newman does not experience any fear of this kind. His religion is never more intense, his faith never more absolute, than when he goes back upon the recollections of his past. It is there, and in the most simple incidents, that he recognises, that he blesses, that he touches the very hand of God, Who has wrought his happiness and his salvation for him, Newman. To any one who has not grasped this characteristic of Newman's mysticism the correspondence and the autobiographical notes, which accompany it, offer insoluble riddles.

From the very first, for instance, we strike upon the inexplicable. In the first years of his sojourn at Oxford Newman prepares himself for an important examination. He has clearly, and every one declares it, the very best chance of success. But he becomes too jaded during the last weeks, and, in short, he fails. Very quickly he summons his resolution, consoles his parents, and thinks of something else. But, the further this incident sinks into the past, the more it becomes surrounded with a halo of mystery, and the more its proportions become exaggerated—so much so that, at last, when he had come to the end of his career, Newman, in editing the notes for the publication of his letters, enlarges indefinitely on this untoward event. Wounded vanity? No; but the humiliation of this failure was like a providential stroke of the whip. Recovered from his fatigue, he thought only of repairing his losses, of winning an honourable and permanent place in his dear university, and of "bounding on his prey." His prey is Oriel. Boldly he offers himself as candidate for the next election at this college, which was then the first in Oxford. This time there is no chance. He is much too young, and the reflection of a recent check still rests upon him. His friends, who dare not dissuade him from his project, prepare him gently to bear with fortitude the imminent defeat. Wonder, joy, triumph, he is received! Forty years afterwards the exultation of this victory still stirs the soul of the peaceful Oratorian. He relates to posterity the smallest details of this achievement—the embarrassment of the messenger who brought the great news, and who finds Newman busy with his violin; the apparent coolness with which the communication is received; then, when the man has gone, the violin cast aside,

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the stairs descended four at a time, the faces of the servants and tradesmen turned in the streets to mark the passage of the victor. Vanity, it will be said again. No, not more than in the first instance. Newman knows his value, and that a fellowship does not constitute a diploma of eminence. Do not see in him the petty evil pleasure of the mediocre writer who thinks that he gives a lesson to the indifference of the public by forcing the gates of the "Institut." Something quite different is in question. God has directed everything, and that obscure "current event" renews the miracle of the Red Sea.

Oriel is the promised land, the land where his youthful glory is about to mature, the seat which will give authority to his action, resonance to his sermons and the pamphlets of his propaganda. There illustrious and beneficent friendships await him. There will be forged the chain between him and the young men of Oxford. The benefice of St. Mary's, the church of the "Parochial Sermons," is in the patronage of Oriel College. Littlemore is also in the gift of Oriel. Littlemore will at last yield Newman to his true mother, the Church of Rome. How could he forget the fateful day on which he was elected fellow of Oriel?

> As to Mr. Newman [it is he who is speaking], he ever felt this twelfth of April, 1822, to be the turning-point of his life, and of all days most memorable. It raised him from obscurity and need to competency and reputation. He never wished anything better or higher than, in the words of the epitaph, "to live and die a Fellow of Oriel." Henceforth, his way was clear before him; and he was constant all through his life, as his intimate friends know, in his thankful remembrance year after year of this great mercy of Divine providence. Nor was it in its secular aspect only that it was so unique an event in his history; it opened upon him a theological career, placing him upon the broad and high platform of University society and intelligence, and bringing him across those various influences, personal and intellectual, and the teaching of those various schools of ecclesiastical thought, whereby the religious sentiment in his mind, which had been his blessing from the time he

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left school, was gradually developed and formed, and brought on to its legitimate issues.[1]

Let us smile, if we will, at the indefinite proportions which the remembrance of a collegiate success can assume in the memory of a great man. But let us not forget that, after all, Newman's fault, if such it is, would be his resemblance in this respect to the common run of men. They do not always avow it, they do not always write their memoirs, but, in the long run, there is one history which, in the eyes of every one, comes before all—that is, their own; and for ourselves the remainder of the world has never so much importance as when it falls in with our own universe. But Newman's autocentrism is not like that of everybody else. The reader has already been able to form his opinions about this. Newman is thus absorbed in contemplating the small events of his life only because the eternal Wisdom is itself absorbed in foreseeing them, in preparing them to make them serve for great designs. If that is pride, it is a pride which assuredly differs from a vulgar self-esteem. He thus exalted the value of his soul only to impose on himself in consequence a loftier and stricter moral rule. A strange and particular instance leaves us in no doubt on this question.

Travelling in Sicily, Newman thought he was going to die of an attack of fever. This event made an extraordinary impression upon him. He develops, he comments on it as if it were a passage of Scripture, an action or a word of God. A twofold narrative brings vividly before us the smallest details of the incident. First the series of letters written day by day, immediately before and after the crisis; then a full and methodical account, composed on his bed, taken up again and completed from time to time as new recollections recurred to the mind of the author, always on hand during fifty years, and fondled with a sort of love, like the portrait of some dear friend or of some favourite writer. These two accounts furnish a first-class psychological document. What would we not give to have analogous pages from the hand of Pascal or of Bossuet! Sickness is a great revealer, and, in my opinion, the value of these pages has not been sufficiently understood—

[1] "Letters," i. 73.

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particularly of that last morsel in which Newman studied to revive the scenes of his illness in Sicily.

A preliminary touch, clearly marked in the letters, spiritualises the whole story. It is a caprice of his own will that brings Newman to Sicily. He had already visited Egesta, Palermo, and Messina in company with Hurrell and the Archdeacon Froude. Having gone back to Rome, as soon as the time has come for the return journey, a sudden fancy seizes him to go alone to view again those scenes which so intensely delighted him. So he sees his two companions off for France, strolls again for a bit in the streets of Rome, and then starts off in the opposite direction. He goes, his head rather excited, his heart now light, now heavy.

> I have lost my companions, and I was going among strangers into a wild country to live a wild life, to travel in solitudes, and to sleep in dens of the earth—and all for what? for the gratification of an imagination, for the idea of a warm fancy which might be a deceit, drawn by a strange love of Sicily to gaze upon its cities and mountains. For half an hour I may be said to have repented of my choice of having thrown myself out of the society of others for a country which I had seen.[1]

Naples, Catania, Syracuse. We already perceive the fever mounting. A doctor, who had read his letters at the time, would have been able to foresee the sequel of this fine escapade.

> The two last miles we diverged from the road up a steep path, and soon came to the ancient stone ascent leading to Taurominium. I never saw anything more enchanting than this spot. It realised all one had read of in books about scenery—a deep valley, brawling streams, beautiful trees, the sea (heard) in the distance. But when after breakfast, on a bright day, we mounted to the theatre and saw the famous view, what shall I say? I never knew that nature could be so beautiful; and to see that view was the nearest approach to seeing Eden. O happy I! It was worth coming all the way, to endure sadness, loneliness,

[1] "Letters," i. 383.

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weariness to see it. I felt, for the first time in my life, that I should be a better and more religious man if I lived there.[1]

Before Etna, the same ecstasy:

The scene was sombre with clouds, when, suddenly, as the sun descended upon the cone, its rays shot out between the clouds and the snow, turning the clouds into royal curtains, while on one side there was a sort of Jacob's ladder. I understood why the poets made the abode of the gods on Mount Olympus.

Is it really Newman who is speaking in this manner? Yes, but already shaking with fever. He goes to bed, worn out, in a wretched inn. "The bed was on a board, and the bed-things looked dirty, and I fancied it would all come to pieces in the night." He asks himself: "What if I should lose my reason?" After eight hours of sound sleep he gets up again with fresh courage. He muses over a Psalm and continues his excursion. The road is bad, provisions are short, the scarlet fever is ravaging the country. On May 1 he is obliged to camp a hundred kilometres from Palermo. He remains there three days, without a doctor, a prey to the fever. The last night, a strange (and providential)[2] certainty possesses him that he is completely cured. He starts to ride in the direction of Girgenti. But soon he is obliged to dismount, and lies down on the ground, in a hut, by the side of the road. Then he drags himself painfully as far as Castro Giovanni. There he goes to bed, and remains during eight days between life and death.[3]

Hitherto I have only made use of letters written on the eve or morrow of the events. A year afterwards—August 31, 1834—Newman, during the long vacation, commenced again the story of this incident. He returns to it in December of the same year, in March and in September 1835, then at Littlemore in March 1840. The last edition, with a date, is of April 24, 1874; but we know that Newman reviewed

[1] "Letters," i. 397.

[2] It is he himself who added, a long time after, this word "providential," wishing to recall by this that if he had not left that accursed village he would have died.

[3] "Letters," i. 383–407.

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since then these eighteen pages, that he elucidated them with short notes—in a word, that he kept them ready for the impression which they should make after his death. I do not know in the whole of autobiographical literature a single document which presents itself with greater guarantees of accuracy in trifling details. The reader will, then, not be surprised that I analyse it somewhat minutely.

> [August 31, 1834].—I have wished for some time to write in this book an account of my illness in Sicily, for the remembrance is pleasant and profitable. . . . I felt it was a punishment for my wilfulness in going to Sicily by myself. What is here to be noticed is its remarkable bearing on my history, so to call it. . . . Well, in an unlooked-for way, I come to Sicily. From that time everything went wrong. . . . What I first wanted to speak of was the providence and strange meaning of it. The fever was most dangerous; for a week my attendants gave me up, and people were dying of it on all sides; yet all through I had a confident feeling I *should* recover. I told my servant so, and gave as reason (even when semi-delirious, and engaged in giving him my friends' direction at home, and so preparing externally for death) "that I thought God had some work for me." These, I believe, were exactly my words, and when, after the fever, I was on the road to Palermo, so weak I could not walk by myself, I sat on the bed on the morning of May 26 or May 27, profusely weeping, and only able to say that I could not help thinking God had something for me to do at home. This I repeated to my servant, to whom the words were unintelligible, of course. Now it certainly is remarkable that a new and larger sphere of action had opened upon me at the very moment I returned. . . . In August I wrote and printed four [tracts]. . . . Then followed my sermons, published in February or March of this present year. . . .

As can be seen, this is a general view of the mysterious and prophetic importance of that illness. Everything contributes to lead up to the curious inspiration which makes him say, on the threshold of delirium, and to repeat in the first days of

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a still feeble convalescence: "God has some work for me to do at home."

> Now for the particulars of my illness. . . . On the whole, I suppose I went forty-two miles that day on my mule, but with great pain. I set out walking, the mules coming after, and fell to tears thinking of dear Mary as I looked at the beautiful prospect. . . . I think it was Friday, May 3rd, that I began to think what I could take to do me good . . . till it struck me camomile would do me good. . . . I had seen some growing wild at Corfu, and . . . bade my servant inquire. . . . At first he made me some tea of the leaves, which was very rough, and I had some comparison for it, I believe, at the time, but I forget what. . . . I felt God was fighting against me, and felt—at last I knew *why*—it was for self-will. . . . Yet I felt and kept saying to myself, "I have not sinned against the light," and at one time I had a most consoling, overpowering thought of God's electing love, and seemed to feel I was His. But I believe all my feelings, painful and pleasant, were heightened by somewhat of delirium, though they still are from God in the way of Providence.

In this clearness of mind due to exalted sensibility he comes to the study, the description, and the judgment of himself.[1] Then he passes in review the faults of his life, but still concludes with that admirable refrain, "I have not sinned against the light."

> I cannot describe my full misery on this Saturday, May the 4th. . . . My feelings were acute and nervous in a high degree. I forced myself up to keep my mind from thinking of itself, I kept counting the number of stars, flowers, &c., in the pattern of the paper on the walls to occupy me. Just at this time (before or after) the miserable whine of Sicilian beggars was heard outside my door, the staircase communicating with the street. Who can describe the wretchedness of that low, feeble, monotonous cry? which went on I cannot say how long (I am unable to do anything),

[1] There are in it some sentences of a wonderful subtlety; of which we have already made use.

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till my servant released me after a time. Now in my lowest distress I was relieved first by some music from some travelling performers. . . . The music, I believe, was such as harp and clarionet. And now I think it was that my servant proposed a walk. . . . There, I sat down on a bank under a fig-tree (the leaves, I believe, were out) and wondered how it should be that I was there. . . . I had a strange feeling on my mind that God meets those who go on in *His way* . . . some texts of this kind kept haunting me.

On May 6, when on the road and consumed with thirst, he sucks several oranges, and thinks of what he can say about these fruits to his mother and his sisters. He feels a sense of suffocation in his throat, and commences to eat the leaves of the trees that he finds within reach of his hand. Two pages follow telling about that terrible journey, during which he remained for a long time insensible in a shepherd's hovel. At last he reaches Castro Giovanni, and is placed in the hands of a doctor.

I corresponded with the doctor in Latin. I have the papers still with me. He, I suppose, was no deep Latin scholar, and pretended that my Latin was nonsense; but it is very good, particularly considering that I was so ill. I was light-headed in these days, and barely recollect things. . . . I had some miserable nights. . . . How I dreaded the long nights! . . . I wanted to get some one to sit up with me, but did not succeed. . . . (When I first got there, there were some camomile flowers on the table near the bed, which were most refreshing, and I begged they might not be removed.) I continually had most oppressive almost faintings. . . . They had nothing but vinegar to relieve me, which the muleteer with his great bullet tips of fingers (so I remember I called them, while he administered it with them) applied to my nose in the middle of the night. When I got better I used to watch for the day, and when light appeared through the shutter, for there was no blind or curtain, I used to soliloquise: "O sweet light! God's best gift," &c. By-the-bye, I discharged the muleteer after some days with a quarrel. . . . What distressed me most

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was the daily Mass bell (I suppose it was in a neighbouring church). I used quite to writhe about, and put my head under the bed-clothes, and asked Gennaro if it could be stopped. He answered with a laugh of surprise that it should not annoy me, and of encouragement, as if making light of it. . . . Gennaro ruled me almost entirely. I was very submissive, and he authoritative. The master of the house was very civil. He heard I liked music, and he got some performers to play to me in the next room. It was very beautiful, but too much for me.

When convalescent they seat him at the door of the hotel, opposite an ancient column, and at the sight of the brilliant sky he begins to weep. After this, he explains what had made the blood go to his head at the beginning of the crisis.

The immediate cause of the rush of blood to my head was receiving a letter from home ; it came up from Palermo, and I think this was from five correspondents. I pored over it, small writing, without my glasses, with great avidity, hoping to see the news of the Oriel election, but it was not there. . . . I first saw the news of it in a *Galignani* at Palermo, and on seeing that Rogers was elected, I kissed the paper rapturously.

On March 25, 1840, Newman takes up his story again for the purpose of adding to it some strange dreams which he had in the course of his illness, then other rather interesting details—for instance, the visit of a priest, with whom he would have liked to argue. At length he is well again. His strength and his appetite return—" I was always coaxing Gennaro for cakes."

All through my illness I had depended on Gennaro so much I could not bear him from the room for five minutes. I used always to be crying out, for I don't know how long together, " Gen-na-ro-o-o-o-o-o."

When the time came for parting, Newman would have liked to give this good fellow something to keep as a remembrance.

But what he thought of was an old blue cloak of mine, which I had had since 1823; a little thing for him to set

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his services at—at the same time a great thing for me to give, for I had an affection for it.[1]

We must not let this profusion of picturesque and self-revealing details make us forget that this long story is, above all, in Newman's opinion, a sort of prayer and elevation of heart to God. He himself canonised that pleasing habit of returning to the past, of musing on old memories, when he told us that such was once the special grace of the patriarch Jacob. Certainly all the elements of such a practice are not, strictly speaking, religious. But Newman did not impose on himself, any more than did the historians of God's people, the rule of excluding from the spiritual song of his life all details from which it is less easy to extract the supersensuous meaning. It is enough for him that this story, taken as a whole and in its main features, illustrates the designs of Providence towards him. In whole and in details, such as it is, God has vouchsafed to write it, choosing, by a decree of His eternal wisdom, the place where the scene shall be enacted, the precise nature and phases of the illness, naming the different persons who, from far or near, had a part to play in connection with this young Englishman agonising in a foreign land. In whole and in details, the story of that Sicilian illness is a sacred history.

Besides, whoever realises the dogma of Providence, in the same way as Newman, is able, and is obliged, to ask himself if the smallest accidents do not carry with them some prophetic message. God has perhaps loaded with meaning an obscure coincidence which profane thought declares insignificant. This conviction should make us very attentive in observing, round about us, possible signs of the coming, of the call of Christ. Later on all becomes clear, and, when it is only a question of interpreting the past, there is no trouble in tracing the wake of the Divine pilot, but, at the very moment itself in which God's plan is being executed, the Christian soul should take up the attitude of a watcher who tries to disentangle the confused noises, the long silences, all the riddles of the night. This anxiety, which does not wish to lose any present graces, entails a painful tension. The sweetness will

[1] "Letters," i. 413–430 *passim*.

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not come till afterwards, when, in turning towards the past, we shall see clearly limned the harmonious lines of the plan of Providence. The present is fruitless and hard, like the ascent of one of those mountains which do not repay us for our trouble until we have reached the summit. The history of Newman's conversion helps us to realise the persevering faith, the vigilance, the disappointments, the long distress of a seeker after signs. The story has often been told, but we are studying it here only from that point of view.

Let us consider Newman at the moment in which the final issues of the process become clearly established in his mind. It is quite settled: history and theology are alike adverse to the Anglican claims. The Roman Church alone remains as the genuine representative of the Church of the Fathers. His reason is satisfied. Besides, his heart has spoken to him also. Newman to-day loves devotedly this Rome, at one time cursed.

From each page of that breviary—which he took from Froude's library, and which he recites every day almost without changing anything in it—"the enchantress" seems to invite him to wait no longer. In truth, the thing is as good as done. It is only an affair of days. Round about him Catholics and Anglicans either count upon or fear the impending catastrophe. Newman himself warns his intimates to hold themselves ready for anything. He talks and acts like a traveller who, with his luggage packed, is waiting for the next boat. And yet weeks, months, years go by, and he does not leave. Is this due to final intellectual difficulties, or to the last revolts of religious feeling? No, nothing of the kind. It is simply that he is "waiting for the wind," consulting the omens, seeking for clear tokens of the will of Heaven. The discussions of the intelligence, the sympathies of the heart, count for nothing in a matter in which salvation is concerned.

Let God speak, let Him show Himself beneath the cloud of human events, let Him in one way or another declare His will explicitly, and Newman will obey Him without further delay.

About this time—1840—the English Catholics, forgetting, by a miracle, their political prejudices, made common cause with O'Connell. Not content with passing a severe judgment

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on these politics, Newman thinks that he there sees a sign, a providential indication, by which God shows him that he must not be in a hurry to take refuge in a Church which is guilty of such compromises.

Theoretically the difficulty has no existence. The true Church is by no means faultless—Newman knows it better than any one. But what then! In default of more abundant light, we are really obliged to try to distinguish the feeble glimmers which cross our sky.

> But you will, perhaps, ask, "Is there no chance of Christ ever leaving a home where once He was? and, if His presence leaves it, must we not leave it also?" Yes, verily; did He leave His home, we must follow Him; who doubts it? But let me ask: Does He commonly leave without tokens that He is leaving? and if we have tokens that He is still with us, we have sufficient tokens that He has not yet left us. Doubtless there was a time when even from Jerusalem, the Holy City, it was a duty to depart; but Our Lord gave a sign when it was to be. . . . The Lord had come upon the Jewish people with miracles; and with miracles He left them.[1]

Just so, there is a chance of a miracle. Newman had run hurriedly up to London to help one of his best friends on his death-bed. This meeting between him and Bowden was a solemn one. From the day when he had felt his Anglican convictions tottering to their fall, Newman had scrupulously avoided that dear house which was the centre of the Tractarian agitation in London. He would not have wished, for all the world, to disturb by his disclosures his friend's tranquil sense of security. With an anxious and delicate hand Bowden tried to probe, with discreet aloofness, that suffering which he had divined without suspecting its real cause. He now possessed the key to the riddle. Newman did not doubt, in fact, that this upright and generous soul had already received his reward, and he asked his dead friend to relieve him of his own anguish.

As he knelt by the side of Bowden's coffin, we can determine with sufficient exactness the thoughts, the desires, and

[1] "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," sermon xxi. 320, 321.

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the prayers which pressed upon each other at that time in his inmost soul. Without dictating to God the course He ought to follow, he was evidently waiting there for a sign, an answer.

The coffin remained silent, the answer did not come.

> I sobbed bitterly over his coffin [wrote Newman later], to think that he had left me still dark as to what the way of truth was, and what I ought to do in order to please God and fulfil His will." [1]

He says again :

> I had expected that his last illness would have brought light to my mind, as to what I ought to do. It brought none.[2]

Disappointed in that quarter, he gropes about blindly in search of other faint gleams. His Anglican friends, who had no further doubts as to the final result of this long crisis, timidly tried vague and affectionate letters which gently pointed out the danger, without saying anything which could add to the pains and scruples of that agony.

In default of anything better, these poor letters were received as so many "signs." In giving him to understand that his conversion would not surprise them, his friends become the instrument of a delicate attention of Providence, who wished to spare Newman the trouble of having to send a letter which should admit them into his confidence too unexpectedly. His friends, moreover, forget to put him on his guard against the capricious seductions of self-love. Again it is God Who speaks through this silence and Who gently invites Newman to cut short all his examinations of conscience. In fact, hitherto he had always been asking himself if Providence, to punish him for some secret fault, was not allowing him to be deceived by empty phantoms.

> This I am sure of, that such interposition as yours [he answers to one of these letters], kind as it is, only does what *you* would consider harm. It makes me realise my own views to myself; it makes me see their consistency; it assures me of my own deliberateness; it suggests to me

[1] "Letters," ii. 438. [2] Abbott, ii. 360.

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the traces of a Providential hand; it takes away the pain of disclosures; it relieves me of a heavy secret.[1]

All that is very subtle. But we shall see what is still more subtle. How can we be surprised at it, when we remember that Newman lives in the expectation of some revelation, disguised under the appearances of the most common events?

In May 1844 he writes to his sister:

> Unless anything happened which I considered a Divine call, and beyond all calculation, I never should take any one by surprise, and therefore you need not alarm yourself as if anything were happening.[2]

On May 15, 1845, a few months before his conversion, he lets us see, in a touching letter, to what distressing uncertainties he remains a prey:

> May one not resign oneself to the event, whatever it turns out to be? May one not hope and believe, though one does not see it, that God's hand is in the deed, if a deed there is to be; that He has a purpose and will bring it to good, and will show us that it is good, in His own time? Let us not doubt, may we never have cause to doubt, that He is with us. Continually do I pray to Him to discover to me if I am under a delusion; what can I do more? What hope have I but in Him? To whom should I go? Who can do me any good? Who can speak a word of comfort but He? Who is there but looks on me with a sorrowful face?—but He can lift up the light of His countenance upon me. All is against me—may He not add Himself as an adversary! May He tell me, may I listen to Him, if His will is other than I think it to be![3]

The miracle, the decisive sign, never came at all. Newman seems then, conjectures Dr. Abbott with some subtlety, to guide himself by coincidences relatively insignificant. Seven is a sacred number. He will wait, then, seven years, reckoning from the day when the "Phantom" appeared to him. When this period is accomplished, if there is no change in his convictions, he will abjure Anglicanism. In the interval he will

[1] Abbott, ii. 365. [2] *Id.* ii. 365. [3] "Letters," ii. 460, 461.

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write his theory of "Development," which will bring him to 1846.[1] A letter of his confirms this conjecture:

> You can understand how painful this doubt is; so I have waited, hoping for light, and using the words of the Psalmist, "Show some token upon me." But I suppose I have no right to wait for ever for this. . . . So, if I had my will, I should like to wait till the summer of 1846, which would be a full seven years from the time that my convictions first began to fall upon me.[2]

He says again to his sister:

> If I went by what I wished, I should complete my seven years of waiting.[3]

At last the hour of the supreme decision has struck.

> On October 8, while expecting Father Dominic every hour, he wrote a circular letter, which was not to go till he had been formally received. To his Tractarian friends he enumerated the "tokens" . . . how the Passionist from his youth had been "led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England," how, "after thirty years (almost) of waiting," he was sent to this country "without his own act," how Newman saw him last year "for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's Day." The letter concludes: "He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ."[4]

In reality, Newman, at the moment that he writes this letter, has reached his final conviction and decision. An Italian Religious, moved by the grace of seeking the conversion of the English; sent to England, without any action of his own will, after having, like our Lord, waited thirty years; meeting with Newman, not on an ordinary day, but on the Feast of St. John the Baptist; one of Newman's two patrons —this bundle of coincidences took the place of a miracle. As an additional indication, this same Father Dominic came on September 29 to receive Dalgairns, one of the solitaries

[1] *Cf.* Abbott, ii. 373.
[2] *Id.* ii. 398.
[3] "Letters," ii. 459.
[4] *Cf.* Abbott, ii. 399–405.

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of Littlemore. Dalgairns, on coming back to see Newman, had told the story of the wonderful career of the missionary, and had added that Father Dominic was passing through Oxford again on his way to Italy.

On Dalgairn's pressing him to see the Father, " Newman's consent was obtained, but on the express condition that the Father should not be informed of what was, possibly, pending." By this means he reserved a last chance for Divine grace, if it should be pleased to hinder, by a supreme illumination, the conversion on which he had now resolved. Grace spoke no word, and, when Father Dominic left Littlemore, the future Cardinal Newman had renounced Anglicanism for ever.[1]

When, a few years after, Newman wrote, in a form which was often but thinly disguised, the story of his conversion, he was far from forgetting that supreme sign which put an end to his last doubts. At that time he had fuller knowledge of the religious Order to which Father Dominic belonged, and he could trace back to a much more distant past the series of wonderful providences which, by the will of God, were one day to bring him back to the true faith.

> Two centuries after the memorable era when St. Philip and St. Ignatius, making light of those bodily austerities of which they were personally so great masters, preached mortification of will and reason . . . Father Paul of the Cross was Divinely moved to found a congregation in some respects more ascetic than the primitive hermits and the Orders of the Middle Ages. . . . Nor was it to their own countrymen alone that this self-consuming charity extended . . . the heart of Father Paul was expanded towards a Northern nation, with which, humanly speaking, he had nothing to do . . . the thought of England came into his ordinary prayers ; and, in his last years, after a vision during Mass, as if he had been Augustine or Mellitus, he talked of his " sons " in England.
>
> . . . After the venerable founder's death, his special interest in our distant isle showed itself in another of the same religion. On the Apennines, near Viterbo, there dwelt a shepherd-boy in the first years of this century, whose

[1] *Cf.* Abbott, ii. 399–405.

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mind had early been drawn heavenward; and one day, as he prayed before an image of the Madonna, he felt a vivid intimation that he was destined to preach the Gospel under the Northern sky. There appeared no means by which a Roman peasant should be turned into a missionary; nor did the prospect open, when this youth found himself, first, a lay-brother, than a Father, in the congregation of the Passion. Yet, though no external means appeared, the inward impression did not fade; on the contrary, it became more definite, and in process of time, instead of the dim North, England was graven on his heart. And, strange to say, as years went on, without his seeking, for he was simply under obedience, our peasant found himself at length upon the very shore of the stormy Northern sea, whence Cæsar of old looked out for a new world to conquer; yet that he should cross the strait was still as little likely as before. However, it was as likely as that he should ever have got so near it; and he used to eye the restless, godless waves and wonder with himself whether the day would ever come when he should be carried over them. And come it did; not, however, by any determination of his own, but by the same Providence which, thirty years before, had given him the anticipation of it.[1]

Thus by a series of marvellous steps Providence had prepared for the conversion of Newman.

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. iii. chap. x. 327.

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CHAPTER VIII

VISIO PACIS

As we have seen, my only purpose in returning to the story of that conversion, after so many others have traversed the same field, is to bring out one of the most important features of the inward life of Newman.

We shall never know exactly what were his religious emotions on the eve, at the very instant, and on the morrow of his conversion. Perhaps the publication of the whole of his correspondence may yield for us some interesting revelations on this subject. While awaiting this, we can only conjecture. For my part, I am strongly inclined to think that no vivid spiritual joy came to sweeten the bitterness of the sacrifice. That conversion necessarily lacked enthusiasm and gladness, after it had been so long prepared, had been admitted and decided as a principle, regarded as the more than probable goal of years of searching and anguish, and coldly envisaged in the rigour of its consequences. As in the case of all the acts of his religious life, Newman will find no comfort in it except in proportion as it recedes into the past. In it, once more, Newman met with disappointment. I do not wish to be misunderstood as suggesting that he ever had the shadow of a regret. Rome was no more responsible than was Anglicanism for that relative absence of sensible devotion from which Newman, more or less, had to suffer till the last. Only, he had perhaps hoped for a delicious oasis, a wave of feeling lasting several minutes, in the presence of Him for whom he thus searched by such ways of sorrow. He reckoned that this day of his conversion to Rome would bring him a second time the emotions and the convictions of that first conversion of his childhood, on which his resigned and grateful piety had nourished itself for more than twenty years. His novel "Loss and Gain," written in 1848, shows us clearly the ideal

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which he had formed to himself. Charles Reding has just renounced Anglicanism, and he prolongs during an hour his act of thanksgiving after his first communion.

> He was still kneeling in the Church of the Passionists before the Tabernacle, in the possession of a deep peace and serenity of mind, which he had not thought possible on earth. It was more like the stillness which almost sensibly affects the ears, when a bell which had long been tolling stops, or when a vessel, after much tossing at sea, finds itself in harbour. It was such as to throw him back in memory on his earliest years, as if he were really beginning life again. But there was more than the happiness of childhood in his heart; he seemed to feel a rock under his feet; it was the *soliditas Cathedræ Petri.* He went on kneeling, as if he were already in Heaven, with the throne of God before him and angels around; and as if to move were to lose his privilege.
>
> At length he felt a light hand on his shoulder, and a voice said, "Reding, I am going; let me just say farewell to you before I go." He looked around; it was Willis, or, rather, Father Aloysius in his dark Passionist habit, with the white heart sewed in at his left breast. Willis carried him from the church into the sacristy. "What a joy, Reding!" he said, when the door closed upon them; "what a day of joy! St. Edward's Day, a doubly blessed day henceforth. My Superior let me be present; but now I must go. You did not see me, but I was present through the whole." "Oh," said Charles, "what shall I say!—the Face of God! As I knelt, I seemed to wish to say this, and this only, with the Patriarch, 'Now let me die, since I have seen Thy Face.'"[1]

The face of God! We see the exact resemblance between the impressions of Reding and the first conversion of Newman. Here we should naturally be tempted to believe that he is telling us, under an assumed name, his own experiences of that great day. The reader is free, if it pleases him, to yield to this temptation. As far as I am concerned, I consider that the actual story was, I do not say less beautiful,

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. iii. chap. xi. 334, 335.

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but simpler and less emotional. This, doubtless, is the way in which Newman would like to have been converted, these are the sentiments which he expected to experience. In truth, I believe that he experienced them only, if I may say so, in the past, when the rather dull reality had been coloured and transfigured inevitably in the flame of recollections. Dreams and hopes, at first disappointed, were thus realised little by little.

On October 9, 1845, he wrote to his friend Allies this note, in which no enthusiasm is perceptible :

> May I have only one-tenth part as much faith as I have intellectual conviction where the truth lies! I do not suppose any one can have had such combined reasons pouring in upon him that he is doing right. So far I am most blessed; but, alas! my heart is so hard, and I am taking things so much as a matter of course, that I have been quite frightened lest I should not have faith and contrition enough to gain the benefit of the sacraments. Perhaps faith and reason are incompatible in one person, or nearly so.[1]

This witness is important, since it dates from the very moment of conversion. I am willing to leave it out of account, yet it still seems to me, in default of precise information, that my interpretation of Newman's sentiments on such a day corresponds more exactly with what we know of his devotional habits.[2]

However this may be, a new life began for him which was to give a freer course to his real disposition, which till then had been suppressed by so many scruples and doubts. Those perpetual self-questionings and paralysing hesitations were over for ever. The ground no longer trembled under his feet. He had found peace, the solidity of Peter's See. In

[1] Quoted in "A Short Life of C. Newman," by J. S. Fletcher, p. 87.

[2] The attentive reader will not cast in my teeth that I have myself often explained the true thought of Newman in conformity with passages from "Callista," from "Loss and Gain," or from the "Sermons." The whole work of criticism consists precisely, in such a case, in trying to determine what is autobiographical in a book and what is not. Even if we had not the letter to Allies, I should remain convinced that Newman, in his story of the conversion of Charles Reding, was writing simply as a novelist.

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a certain sense he only exchanged his trials for others. Everybody knows the new disappointments and bitter experiences which await this convert, the distrust which will hinder his work in the Church.[1] But we may here pass over such vexations, since they do not appreciably modify the development of his inward life. Hitherto all the moral and religious distress, from which Newman suffered, came from the religious system in which he was born. It is men only who now will make him suffer. Such trouble is nothing beside the other. Neither the suspicions nor the injustices which will too often be the answer to his zeal, and which his excessive sensitiveness will sometimes exaggerate more than is reasonable, can do anything to hinder the influence of Catholic ideas, feelings, and devotions on Newman's method of prayer. Let us attempt, briefly, to define that influence.

Let us not dwell upon a certain ephemeral exaltation which is to be noticed in him during the first years which followed his conversion. No one is altogether himself, either on the eve or on the morrow of these upheavals. A recent convert often runs to extremes in order to react more thoroughly against the errors which he leaves behind. In the excess of their first zeal nothing seemed too "Catholic" to the Oxford men who had just been reconciled to Rome. These nineteenth-century Englishmen would have liked to return to the practices of the Middle Ages, and tried to assimilate those same forms of Italian devotion which, but a short while back, inspired in them so much repugnance. The lives of Father Faber and of Ward illustrate this point in a strange and touching manner. Newman himself had the idea of following both of them in this direction. The hero of "Loss and Gain," passing through a wood in the dusk, discerns the outline of a Catholic who is engaged in administering the discipline to himself; he hears the strokes, and is so moved by it, that he thinks for a moment of doing a Catholic action and recommending himself to the prayers of the saints.

I do not know if Newman would still have written this passage twenty years afterwards. It would, besides, take too long to show here how greatly tendencies of this nature contrasted with the traditional habits of the English Catholics.

[1] *Cf.* Part I. Chapter II., "The Suspect."

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The utmost delicacy was observed on all hands in giving me advice: only one warning remains on my mind, and it came from Dr. Griffiths, the late Vicar-Apostolic of the London district. He warned me against books of devotion of the Italian school, which were just at that time coming into England; and when I asked him what books he recommended as safe guides, he bade me to get the works of Bishop Hay. By this I did not understand that he was jealous of all Italian books, or made himself responsible for all that Dr. Hay happened to have said; but I took him to caution me against a character and tone of religion, excellent in its place, not suited for England.

And he continues:

If at that time I was betrayed into any acts which were of a more extreme character than I should approve now, the responsibility, of course, is my own; but the impulse came, not from old Catholics or Superiors, but from men whom I loved and trusted, who were younger than myself. But to whatever extent I might be carried away, and I cannot recollect any tangible instances, my mind in no long time fell back to what seems to me a safer and more practical course.[1]

This safer and more practical course must, however, not be confused with that which the English Catholics then followed. In practice and principles these drew very close to our Gallicans. The Oxford converts, like Lamennais, Lacordaire, Gerbet, and Dom Guéranger in France, actively contributed to the "Ultramontanising," if I may use such a word, of the religious life of their fellow-countrymen. To-day, devotion recognises no frontiers. A "pifferaro" who comes to say his prayers at the London Oratory may imagine himself to be in Italy, and some Anglican ministers are grieved to find that the parish priests of Zermatt and of Lugano refuse them permission to say Mass in a Catholic church. Newman played a considerable part in this crusade, which overthrew in less than fifty years the insular and national barriers erected

[1] "Certain Difficulties Felt by Anglicans," ii., section 2, pp. 21, 22, letter addressed to Dr. Pusey.

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by the long work of centuries. The little manual of prayers which he prepared was only, in his idea, a continuation, an adaptation, of the Italian "Raccolta." With its stations of the Cross, novenas, and short meditations for the rosary, an Englishman, Frenchman, or Italian can take this little book as their manual of devotion. It is the *ne plus ultra* of Catholicism. But it is essential to observe that, when the fervours of this first state of exaltation, which I just mentioned, were over, Newman knew how to remain at the same time both very English and very Roman. To his ancient patrons, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, the neophyte added a new one of his choice, as little as possible like the saints of Anglicanism. The marvel is to see with what pious and ingenious power of adaptation he has Anglicised and Newmanised this patron. St. Philip Neri, such as he preaches him, has passed through Oxford and Birmingham. He went several times to Abbotsford on a pilgrimage to the house of Sir Walter Scott. He freely criticised the extremes of Faber and Ward. He was even heard one day to make fun of the Latin of the Pontifical encyclicals in the drawing-room of the Dean of St. Paul's. So English was he, in a word, that the thoughtless and the passionate could denounce, as an Anglican, this man who was to the very end the most loyal and the most uncompromising of Catholics.[1] The general impression which we experience, in passing from the Oxford sermons to the books which followed Newman's conversion, is one of relief, of enfranchisement, and of relaxation. In the main lines, his religious ideas are changed in no respect, and almost everything which has been said already, is, on the whole, just as applicable to the Catholic as to the Anglican Newman. Only, his prayer becomes more confident, more familiar, his religion more human and more tender.

In order to convince ourselves of this, it is only necessary to turn over at random the leaves of that exquisite little book of "Meditations and Devotions." I know but few spiritual

[1] *Cf.*, in his letter to Pusey, his very sharp criticism of certain forms of devotion, contrary to the English genius. He came one day to the house of his friend Church with a newspaper containing the text of an encyclical of Leo XIII., and he dismissed its fine Latin without further ceremony. I have this fact from one of the eye-witnesses of the scene.

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memoranda which are more like a private and familiar conversation, which answer more exactly to the definition of "colloquy" given by St. Ignatius, the great master of modern devotion, *Velut amici ad amicum.* Certainly no concession supervenes to minimise or weaken the doctrine of the Oxford sermons on the enormous gravity and the terrible consequences of sin.

Thou art the all-seeing, all-knowing God. Thy eyes, O Lord, are in every place. Thou art a real spectator of everything which takes place anywhere. Thou art ever with me. Thou art present and conscious of all I think, say, or do. *Tu Deus, qui vidisti me*—"Thou God, Who hast seen me." Every deed or act, however slight; every word, however quick and casual; every thought of my heart, however secret, however momentary, however forgotten, Thou seest, O Lord, Thou seest and Thou notest down. Thou hast a book; Thou enterest in it every day of my life. I forget; Thou dost not forget. There is stored up all the history of my past years, and so it will be till I die—the leaves will be filled and turned over—and the book at length finished. *Quo ibo a Spiritu Tuo?*—"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit?" I am in Thy hands, O Lord, absolutely.

My God, how often do I act wrongly, how seldom rightly! how dreary, on the whole, are the acts of any one day! All my sins, offences, and negligences, not of one day only, but of all days, are in Thy book. And every sin, offence, negligence, has a separate, definite punishment. That list of penalties increases, silently but surely, every day. As the spendthrift is overwhelmed by a continually greater weight of debt, so am I exposed continually to a greater and greater score of punishments catalogued against me. I *forget* the sins of my childhood, my boyhood, my adolescence, my youth. They are all noted down in that book. *There* is a complete history of all my life; and it will one day be brought up against me. Nothing is lost, all is remembered. O my soul, what hast thou to go through! What an examination that will be, and what a result! I shall have put upon me the punishment of ten thousand sins—

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I shall for this purpose be sent to Purgatory. How long will it last? when shall I ever get out? Not till I have paid the last farthing. When will this possibly be?[1]

But a new note of confident affection softens the agonies of contrition:

O my God, I am utterly confounded to think of the state in which I lie! What will become of me if Thou art severe? What is my life, O my dear and merciful Lord, but a series of offences, little or great, against Thee! O what great sins I have committed against Thee before now, and how continually in lesser matters I am sinning! My God, what will become of me? What will be my position hereafter if I am left to myself! What can I do but come humbly to Him Whom I have so heavily affronted and insulted, and beg Him to forgive the debt which lies against me? O my Lord Jesus, Whose love for me has been so great as to bring Thee down from heaven to save me, teach me, dear Lord, my sin—teach me its heinousness—teach me truly to repent of it—and pardon it in Thy great mercy!

I beg Thee, O my dear Saviour, to recover me! Thy grace alone can do it. I cannot save myself. I cannot recover my lost ground. I cannot turn to Thee, I cannot please Thee, or save my soul without Thee. I shall go from bad to worse, I shall fall from Thee entirely, I shall quite harden myself against my neglect of duty, if I rely on my own strength. I shall make myself my centre instead of making Thee. I shall worship some idol of my own framing instead of Thee, the only true God and my Maker, unless Thou hinder it by Thy grace. O my dear Lord, hear me! I have lived long enough in this undecided, wavering, unsatisfactory state. I wish to be Thy good servant. I wish to sin no more. Be gracious to me, and enable me to be what I know I ought to be.[2]

Further on he says:

[1] "Meditations and Devotions," pp. 469–471.

[2] *Id.* pp. 456–458. Notice carefully that in all the passages it is only Purgatory which is ever in question. *Cf. ante*, "The Fear of Hell." Newman recognised, however, that eternal punishment is the only real measure of the sinfulness of sin.

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O my dear Lord, have mercy upon me! I trust Thou hast forgiven me my sins—but the punishment remains. In the midst of Thy love for me, and recognising me as Thine own, Thou wilt consign me to Purgatory. There I shall go through my sins once more, in their punishment. There shall I suffer, but here is the time for a thorough repentance. Here is the time of good works, of obtaining indulgences, of wiping out the debt in every possible way. Thy saints, though to the eyes of man without sin, really had a vast account—and they settled it by continual trials here. I have neither their merit, nor their sufferings. I cannot tell whether I can make such acts of love as will gain me an indulgence for my sins. The prospect before me is dark—I can only rely on Thine infinite compassion. O my dear Lord, Who hast in so many ways shown Thy mercy towards me, pity me here! Be merciful in the midst of justice.[1]

As in times past, this scrupulous soul suffers from a dryness and coldness in prayer which it continues to attribute, from time to time, to some secret fault; but its broken-hearted complaint is now changed into a sweet song of resignation and of hope.

O my God, in Thy sight I confess and bewail my extreme weakness, in distrusting, if not Thee, at least Thy own servants and representatives, when things do not turn out as I would have them, or expected! Thou hast given me St. Philip, that great creation of Thy grace, for my master and patron—and I have committed myself to him—and he has done very great things for me, and has in many ways fulfilled towards me all that I can fairly reckon he had promised. But, because in some things he has disappointed me and delayed, I have got impatient; and have served him, though without conscious disloyalty, yet with peevishness and coldness. O my dear Lord, give me a generous faith in Thee and in Thy servants![2]

Make me, then, like Thyself, O my God, since, in spite of myself, such Thou canst make me, such I can be made. Look on me, O my Creator, pity the work of Thy hands,

[1] "Meditations and Devotions," pp. 471, 472.
[2] *Id.* pp. 530, 531.

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ne peream in infirmitate meâ—"that I perish not in my infirmity." Take me out of my natural imbecility, since that is possible for me, which is so necessary. Thou hast shown it to be possible in the face of the whole world by the most overwhelming proof, by taking our created nature on Thyself, and exalting it in Thee. Give me in my own self the benefit of this wondrous truth, now it has been so publicly ascertained and guaranteed. Let me have in my own person, what in Jesus Thou hast given to my nature. Let me be partaker of that Divine Nature in all the riches of its attributes, which in fulness of substance and in personal presence became the Son of Mary. Give me that life, suitable to my own need, which is stored up for us all in Him who is the Life of men. Teach me and enable me to live the life of Saints and Angels. Take me out of the anger, the irritability, the sensitiveness, the incapability, the anarchy, in which my soul lies, and fill it with Thy fulness. Breathe on me, that the dead bones may live. Breathe on me with that breath which infuses energy and kindles fervour. In asking for fervour, I ask for all that I can need, and all that Thou canst give; for it is the crown of all gifts and all virtues. It cannot really and fully be, except where all are present. It is the beauty and the glory, as it is also the continual safeguard and purifier of them all. In asking for fervour, I am asking for effectual strength, consistency, and perseverance; I am asking for deadness to every human motive, and simplicity of intention to please Thee: I am asking for faith, hope, and charity in their most heavenly exercise. In asking for fervour I am asking to be rid of the fear of man, and the desire of his praise; I am asking for the gift of prayer, because it will be so sweet; I am asking for that loyal perception of duty, which follows on yearning affection; I am asking for sanctity, peace, and joy all at once. In asking for fervour, I am asking for the brightness of the cherubim and the fire of the seraphim, and the whiteness of all Saints. In asking for fervour, I am asking for that which, while it implies all gifts, is that in which I signally fail. Nothing would be a trouble to me, nothing a difficulty, had I but fervour of soul.[1]

[1] "Meditations and Devotions," pp. 596–598.

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We remark also in Newman, dating from his conversion to Catholicism, another transformation which is of no slight importance. As tutor of Oriel, as the originator of the "Tracts," as the preacher of St. Mary's, he cannot be accused, without injustice, of having been wanting in charity and zeal. Nevertheless it may be thought that he did not get outside himself enough, that he was too rigorously faithful to his motto, "God and myself." As a Catholic, he keeps this motto, but he adds to it, he wishes for, another—*Cor ad cor loquitur*; and when, after his election as Cardinal, he writes these four words above his coat of arms, everybody sees in this radiant sympathy the characteristic and dominant note of his life. The Newman of the legend is to be found almost quite complete in this motto, and the legend turns out to be right in the end.

In truth, the attractive and winning goodness of one of the most self-absorbed of men, that has ever been known, is for us a delightful mystery of nature and grace. The solitary of Edgbaston is a lover of souls; he takes a detailed, active, and cordial interest in all those who come to him. He does not go out to meet them, as less timid and more impassioned apostles. He awaits them, he fascinates them, he knows that they will not long resist the enchantment which emanates from his person, from his retired life, from his books, from the whole romance of his existence They fall into his hands, said one of them, like birds taken in a snare. Heretofore, in the Oxford days, they also came; but he dared not receive them. He did not trust them; he shunned the responsibilities of a direction about which he felt too much hesitation and uncertainty. Now he is less fearful. Old and new friends, Anglicans anxious to be converted, and Catholics, write to him from all quarters. He answers, he always answers; and the publication of his letters will tell us with what delicacy, with what grace, and with what freedom from constraint he does so.

There is nothing abstract, nothing impersonal in them, nothing which betrays the constraint of a task undertaken solely as a duty. He takes an evident interest in each correspondent; he enters into his life and lets him enter into his own, happy in this affectionate confidence and ready to spare

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no pains to correspond to it. Further, I will not say that from the day on which he found the *soliditas Cathedræ Petri* his devotion became more ardent, but only more confident and restful.

He remains faithful to his doctrine about Providence, but he has now no longer need to consult the omens continually. The sacraments of the Church preserve him from this feverish and disquieting expectation, which formerly paralysed him. He does not feel God's presence more, but he knows, without any doubts, where God abides. Confession and the Holy Eucharist become the two poles of his inward life, Holy Mass the power and light of every day. Studied at close quarters, the Oratorian of Edgbaston corresponded in no respect to the idea which we ordinarily form of sanctity. He would even have been very mortified at any one regarding him, or treating him, as a saint. Nevertheless, he became transfigured at the altar. His Mass left an extraordinary impression upon all. It cannot be doubted that the Mass was for him to the very end, and in the fullest sense of the word, a solemnity full of strange marvels—"a wonderful solemnity,"[1] and that habit never made it conventional. If we are to believe their biographers, many holy personages made it a matter of devotion to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice as slowly as possible. Newman's Mass was, on the contrary, brisk and rapid. He wished, of set purpose, to have it so. In "Loss and Gain" he brings out admirably the meaning, the poetry, and the gladsomeness, the sublimity of that swift passage.

> To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is among us. I could attend Masses for ever and not be tired. . . .
>
> He becomes present on the altar in flesh and blood, before whom angels bow and devils tremble. This is that awful event which is the end, and is the interpretation, of every part of the solemnity. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not mere addresses to the throne of grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick;

[1] "Callista," p. 264.

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for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go; for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon; as when it was said in the beginning, "What thou doest, do quickly." Quickly they pass; for the Lord Jesus goes with them, as He passed along the lake in the days of His flesh, quickly calling first one and then another. Quickly they pass; because as the lightning which shineth from one part of the heaven unto the other, so is the coming of the Son of Man. Quickly they pass; for they are as the words of Moses. . . . And as Moses on the mountain, so we too "make haste and bow our heads to the earth and adore." [1]

For the last time I call the reader's attention to the fact that this Christian is a poet, an incomparable master of words. His pen transfigures, without ever perverting, everything that it touches, and I am sure that his written prayer runs more easily, and has more sweetness, than his actual prayer. The remark will not lessen him in the eyes of those who think. In the inward life of Newman, effort and will come before everything. He is less devout than religious, and it may be said, in a certain sense, that some of his friends who remained Anglicans, Keble or Pusey, for example, would have derived more profit, than he, from the riches of Catholicism. Everything which the author of the "Christian Year" meets with, on the road that leads to God, enchants, and seems almost to suffice, him. The bells and the shining windows of churches, choir-boys, canticles, flowers and turf round the old church, churchyard yews—all these represent a world of which he never exhausts the lessons and the joys. For all that Newman adapts himself, with the submission of a child, to the humblest practices of Catholicism, yet he remains to the end the man who said that for him there were "two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." From the "Oxford Sermons" to "Callista," from "Callista" to the "Dream of Gerontius," nothing supervenes to complicate the magnificent unity of his life. As a word-craftsman of the first rank, the best efforts of his art were spent in rendering palpable and transparent the

[1] "Loss and Gain," pt. ii. chap. xx. 252.

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realities of the invisible world. As a religious philosopher, all his doctrine amounts to making the expectation, the desire and the need of God the foundation of all apologetic and the very basis of the act of faith. Though too like the generality of mankind for Rome to canonise him, he keeps, and will yet keep, the glory of being one of those rare individuals marked out by destiny for impressing, on every one who approaches them, the thought of God.

Let others celebrate in him the implacable controversialist, the man who had a genius for irony, the master of analysis and subtle phraseology; for me the true Newman is, before and above all, that "Agellius" who blushes with timid affection when he pronounces the name of Christ—he is that "Gerontius" whose soul sinks down before the throne of God:

ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name!
The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which, with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorch'd, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

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CONCLUSION

THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF NEWMAN

A LETTER of Newman's, which is quite invaluable, may well serve as preface to this conclusion. The author of the "Grammar of Assent" is a pioneer. That is to say, he neither finished in advance and made superfluous the task of the philosophers for whom he prepares the way, nor completely destroyed the systems to which he succeeds. Since, whether of set purpose or not, we have ventured to criticise his teaching, we have been obliged to assume, by turns, the state of mind of those who have much in common with him and of those who are opposed to him. He did not say the last word on the controversies which fill the Christian thought of to-day, but he foresaw the problem of modern times, and his books help us to state it clearly. That is what we are about to attempt, with an independence not wanting in respect, and without ignoring the seriousness and force of the objections which scholastics may raise against Newman's philosophy. Father Harper having published in *The Month* some articles against the "Grammar of Assent," Newman seized the opportunity, which his articles offered, to explain to a friend his attitude towards the various criticisms which his books had aroused. The letter bears the date of February 5, 1871.

> MY DEAR FR. COLERIDGE,—I began to read Fr. Harper's papers, but they were (to my ignorance of theology and philosophy) so obscure, and (to my own knowledge of my own meaning) so hopelessly misrepresentations of the book, that I soon gave it over. As to my answering, I think I never answered any critique on any writing of mine in my life. My Essay on Development was assailed by Dr. Brownson, on one side, and Mr. Archer Butler on the other, at great length. Brownson, I believe, thought me a Pantheist, and

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sent me his work to Rome, by some American bishop. Mr. Butler has been lauded by his people as having smashed me. Now, at the end of twenty years, I am told from Rome that I am guilty of the late Definition by my work on Development, so orthodox has it been found in principle, and, on the other side, Bampton lectures have been preached, I believe, allowing that principle, the *Guardian* acknowledges the principle as necessary, and the Scotch editors of Dorner's great work on our Lord's Person, cautioning, of course, the world against *me*, admit that development of doctrine is an historical fact. I shall not live another twenty years, but, as I waited patiently as regards my former work for "Time to be the Father of Truth," so now I leave the judgment between Fr. Harper and me to the sure future.

Fr. Mazio said of my "Development," "I do not know how it is, but so it is that all these startling things, Mr. Newman brings them round at the end to a good conclusion"; and so now the *Quarterly* (if I recollect) talks in a kind sense of my surprises, and the *Edinburgh* of my audacity. I do not mean myself to surprise people or to be audacious, but somehow, now, at the end of life, I have, from experience, a confidence in myself, and (though with little of St. Cyprian's sanctity, but with more of truth, as I trust, in my cause) I am led to take to myself some portion of the praise given him in Keble's line, and to "trust the lore of my own loyal heart." I trust to having some portion of an "inductive sense," founded in right instincts. My book is to show that a right moral state of mind germinates, or even generates, good intellectual principles. This rejoices the *Quarterly*, as if it were a true principle—it shocks the *Edinburgh*, as if Pascal and others were much more philosophical in saying that religion, or religiousness, is not ultimately based on reason. And the *Guardian* says that whether this view will or will not hold is the problem now before the intellectual world, which coming years are to decide.

Let those who think I ought to be answered, those Catholics, first master the great difficulty, the great problem, and then, if they don't like my way of meeting it, find another. Syllogising won't meet it.

You see, then, I have not the very shadow of a reason

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against Fr. Harper's future papers, as I think they will all go ultimately, after I am gone, to the credit of my work.

While I say this, of course I am fully sensible it may be full of defects, and certainly characterised by incompleteness, and crudeness, but it is something to have started a problem, and mapped in part a country, if I have done nothing more.[1]

The best, the only way of setting forth accurately Newman's religious philosophy is to give an account of his inner life. Having accomplished this task to the best of my power, the pen falls from my hands. Picture to yourself a pupil of M. Carrière obliged to go and finish his own canvasses in the studio of M. Carolus Duran. But, since we are Frenchmen, we are obliged to finish the study of a philosopher with some account of his teaching.[2] Nevertheless, in the course of the present chapter the reader must keep well in mind that there is a certain amount of illusion involved in making a set synthesis of Newman's religious principles, in formulating in abstract terms a manner of thought which was never meant to be separated from its deep roots, nor to envisage itself as one of those independent creations which are self-sufficient. Not that, yielding to the illusions of a topsy-turvy intellectualism, I isolate that thought like a flower without a stalk, and lend to it a sort of frail but enduring existence, a solitary and detached reality; nor, further, that I am going to pretend that a Newman was able to do without system altogether—he who, on the one hand, accepts with a firm faith the whole theoretical system of doctrine and—let us not shirk the word—scholasticism taught by the Roman Church, and who, on the other, as logician, apologist, subtle and ingenious weaver of theories, constantly endeavoured, if not to demonstrate, at least to defend his belief. I only say that his intellectual activity presupposes, continues, explains, interprets, and formulates moral or religious experiences in which the whole of the inner life is engaged, and in which abstract

[1] *The Month*, March 1903, "*The Month* and J. H. Newman."

[2] The two most original aspects of this doctrine—that is to say, the theory of development and the psychology of faith—have been studied more at leisure in the first two volumes of the "Pensée Chrétienne" (Bloud), which have been devoted to Newman.

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reasoning plays no part. I am well aware that the same remark is applicable, in some degree, to every thinking man. The philosophers, who undertake to set before us systems of pure thought only, are deceiving themselves. Since they cannot cease to be men, even while claiming to be nothing but calculating machines, no effort of abstraction can ever change them into pure intelligences, no mutilation will ever dry up in them the inner sap, the flesh and the blood which give life to their theorems. But, when everything has been said, it is easy for us to abandon or yield ourselves to their illusion. We can take them at their word, accept their hypothesis, treat them as they treat us and as they invite us to treat them in our turn. Intellectualists, "Rationalists," as they are, zealous for the mechanical reason, one flaw in their bricks, one crack in their masonry, one broken link in the chain of their deductions, is enough to give us the right to overthrow their whole building with a single word. On the other hand, I defy any one to arrange Newman's philosophy in a synoptic table. Apart from the doctrinal system which is imposed upon him from without, he never attaches anything but secondary importance to systems and arguments, and if, by chance, we catch him in the very act of contradicting himself, we shall have effected nothing against him. "A more inspiring teacher," said Hort, "it would be difficult to find, but the power of building up was not one of his gifts."[1] He had not got it—nothing is more true; but, to be exact, it should be added that he did not wish to have it. It is reason which builds up systems, and Newman "lives by faith." Certainly, books with a system abound in his work, but he does not need much pressing to make him admit the essential brittleness and contingency of these provisional structures. Having come to the last chapter of the vigorous book in which he had dug the foundations of a new theory of Anglicanism, he casts a sorrowful look upon the timber-yard which he previously surveyed with so much apparent confidence. His words are these:

> And now, that our discussions on what may fitly be called the Prophetical office of the Church draw to a close, the

[1] "Life and Letters of F. J. A. Hort," ii. 424.

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thought, with which we entered on the subject, is apt to recur, when the excitement of the inquiry has subsided, and weariness has succeeded, that what has been said is but a dream, the wanton exercise, rather than the practical conclusions, of the intellect. Such is the feeling of minds unversed in the disappointments of the world, incredulous how much it has of promise, how little of substance; what intricacy and confusion beset the most certain truths; how much must be taken on trust, in order to be possessed; how little can be realised except by an effort of the will; how great a part of enjoyment lies in resignation. Without some portion of that Divine philosophy which bids us consider "the kingdom of God" to be "within us," and which, by prayer and meditation, by acting on what is told us, and by anticipating sight, develops outwardly its own views and principles, and thus assimilates to itself all that is around us, not only the Church in this age and country, but the Church Catholic anywhere, or at any time, Primitive, Roman, or Reformed, is but a name.[1]

And let no one bring up against me the more decided attitude of some of his other books. The "Grammar of Assent," for instance, is full of confident statements. I do not forget it; but what he affirms so strongly is the impossibility of affirming anything, for any one who has not made himself, and surrendered himself to, believe. "How much must be taken on trust, in order to be possessed; how little can be realised except by an effort of the will; how great a part of enjoyment lies in resignation." These sentences from the "Prophetical Office" contain in germ the whole religious philosophy of Newman. But since, after all, people will have systems, and such as are consistent, or at least have the appearance of being such, I will endeavour to collect in one bundle of doctrine the different observations we have made in studying Newman's emotion, intellectual activity, and inmost life.

I will, then, make a study, following faithfully the order of their importance, of the three essential dogmas of Newman's philosophy—the primacy of conscience, the communion of saints and the infallibility of the Church. It will be another way

[1] "Prophetical Office," lecture xiv. 392, 393.

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of telling his story and of describing him; for if, on the one hand, these three dogmas correspond to the three stages of his life—the first conversion, the meeting with the Fathers, and the second conversion—on the other, they reveal the three principal aspects of that soul, consisting of moral strength, of poetry, and of logic. I would add, if I were justified in entertaining such ambitions, that this plan helps us to determine Newman's place in the religious history of his time with greater accuracy. At once a bold pioneer and a man of the past, he follows, he accelerates, and also moderates, the irresistible current which sweeps onward contemporary thought. In putting conscience, Christian experience, and personal realisation of the Divine, at the base of the whole religious structure, he collaborates, without knowing it, in the work of Schleiermacher and his disciples. At one and the same time he discovers, with the Romanticists, the poetry of the past, and restores, with Joseph de Maistre and Lamennais, the idea of a social, organic, and international Catholicism, thus hastening the fall of the "respectable" Christianity of the England of 1830 and of Protestant individualism.

It is possible, indeed, that Newman succeeded but imperfectly in reconciling logically the principle of the primacy of conscience with that of dogmatic Catholicism. But the systems which were suggested to him, by the necessity of solving these apparent antinomies, induced him to open new roads to Catholic thinkers or to give new life to old ideas. Newman's psychology of faith is like an introduction to "pragmatism" and the philosophy of "Action." For a long time to come, the young science of the history of dogmas will acknowledge its indebtedness to Newman.

Section I.—The Primacy of Conscience

A thousand shades of meaning, of which not one seems to me to be negligible, distinguish the different phenomena of consciousness which those poor words, religious sentiment, Christian experience, and Christian realism, try to interpret. Nevertheless, nobody will find any difficulty in recognising a sort of fundamental identity between them. It would take too

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long to recall here the large outlines of Schleiermacher's religious philosophy. I will only recall some sentences of Herder which indicate clearly enough the inspiring principle of that great system: "The three miracles of the baptism, of the transfiguration, and of the resurrection of our Lord are true because our human heart pleads their cause." [1] Newman could have put his seal upon, and made his own, these sentences and the philosophy of which they are a summary. After what we have remarked on the limitations of his own religious feeling, there are those who will doubtless find this reconcilement rather strange. It seems to me just, nevertheless, and well calculated to make us feel the originality of Newman.

For him, in fact—and this is indisputable—the whole religious edifice rests on the conscience. He is quite different in this respect from so many other Christian thinkers who require religion to be, so to speak, the foundation of conscience. On the contrary, he wishes, as far as he is concerned, that all religion should be founded on the conscience, and this substitution of one principle for the other has infinite consequences. "It is obvious," he says, "that conscience is the essential principle and sanction of religion in the mind." [2]

He himself explains to us in a hundred places in what way we ought to understand this axiom. The "Grammar of Assent" has for its object to show us that the conscience is the only means of arriving at a religious knowledge of religious truths. The whole of this book is nothing but a long definition of the "illative sense," and this "illative sense" is the name taken by the conscience when in quest of religious truth.

But it is not only a principle of knowledge—it is also the end of all religion, whether natural or revealed. Dogma and practice, all that which is, properly speaking, religious, necessarily regulates itself by it.

[1] *Cf.* Pfleiderer, "Evolution of Modern Theology" (English edition), p. 38. Newman seems not to have read Herder, but he was, more than he imagined himself, under the influence of Coleridge, that English Herder. In this connection I may be allowed to insist on the extraordinary importance of Coleridge. He is the splendid herald of so many thoughts which are part of our life to-day. I permitted myself to say that one of our most distinguished young Anglophiles was preparing an essay on Coleridge.

[2] "University Sermons," sermon ii. section 7

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Speaking of one of the dogmas to which he was most attached, he said himself:

> Apostolical Order is an ethical principle, or it is not worth much.[1]

That brings us, you will say, to the complete independence of morals, and, in any case, takes us as far as possible from Schleiermacher.[2] Does not Newman seem to subordinate all religious activities, religious sentiments, Christian realism, and Christian experience to the mere consciousness of right and wrong, such as a pagan or an unbeliever can and ought to have? Not by any means. For him, in fact, this moral consciousness is nothing else than a religious sentiment, a Christian experience, a "realisation" of Christian dogmas. All these different words have for him the same sense. We heard him just now declare that no dogma was anything which was not found to be also a moral principle. Elsewhere he tells us, similarly, that, in the doctrinal selection he was obliged to make, he was guided by his experience as a Christian.

> . . . The Evangelical teaching, considered as a system and in what was peculiar to itself, had from the first failed to find a response in his own religious experience.[3]

For him, to listen to the voice of conscience is to hear directly the voice of God; and not the God of natural religion, but the God of revelation. Let us not fall into the error of trying to make out Newman to be a mystic in the rigorous sense of that word.[4] He does not claim that each perception of a moral truth brings him directly into touch with the Absolute. His conscience says nothing else to him except "Do this; do not do that," but by an irresistible association he immediately regards each of these commands or prohibi-

[1] "Essays Critical and Historical," i. 370. *Cf.* "University Sermons," sermon v. sections 2 and 3.

[2] I have tried to translate in the "Psychologie de la Foi," pp. 252, 255, a passage from the first book of Newman ("History of the Arians") which would seem to be inspired by Schleiermacher.

[3] "Letters," i. 122. In this autobiographical note he speaks in the third person.

[4] *Cf.* in the "Psychologie de la Foi," pp. 129–160, and No. X. of the "University Sermons," which is very explicit on that point.

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tions as the infallible expression of the will of God in Three Persons, of the Incarnate Word. Thus each of the affirmations of his conscience is, if I may say so, charged with dogmas. And I know well that it does often so happen; but what is extraordinary enough is that it should never have occurred to Newman to dissociate, in thought, such distinct elements, and that this indirect experience of God should always have had for him, if not the delight, at least the certitude of an immediate experience and of a vision face to face.

Newman as a Catholic never ceased to uphold this principle of the absolute primacy of the conscience. The declarations which he made in his answer to Gladstone leave not the slightest doubt on this subject. On the morrow of the Vatican Council that fiery theologian had rashly proclaimed the dangers to which the dogma of infallibility exposed England. What would you do, he asked Catholic officers, with delightful simplicity—what would you do if your infallible Pope ordered you to turn your arms against England? Others, with equal simplicity, awaited the answer and saw Newman already at bay. This was Newman's answer:

> I say, then, in certain (impossible) cases, I should side, not with the Pope, but with the civil power. . . . Again, were I actually a soldier or sailor in her Majesty's service, and sent to take part in a war which I could not in my conscience see to be unjust, and should the Pope suddenly bid all Catholic soldiers and sailors to retire from the service, here again, taking the advice of others, as best I could, I should not obey him . . . and if either the Pope or the Queen demanded of me an absolute obedience, he or she would be transgressing the laws of human society. I give an absolute obedience to neither.[1]

And, taking his cue from these miserable attacks, he chants a magnificent hymn to Conscience:

> I say, then, that the Supreme Being is of a certain character, which, expressed in human language, we call ethical. . . . The Divine law, then, is the rule of ethical truth, the standard of right and wrong, a sovereign, universal,

[1] "Anglican Difficulties," ii. 241–243.

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absolute authority in the presence of men and angels. . . . This law, as apprehended in the minds of individual men, is called "conscience." . . .

Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and, even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church could cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have a sway. . . . Did the Pope speak against conscience in the true sense of the word, he would commit a suicidal act. He would be cutting the ground from under his feet. His very mission is to proclaim the moral law, and to protect and strengthen that "Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." On the law of conscience and its sacredness are founded both his authority in theory and his power in fact . . . it is by the universal sense of right and wrong, the consciousness of transgression, the pangs of guilt, and the dread of retribution, as first principles deeply lodged in the hearts of men, it is thus and only thus, that he has gained his footing in the world and achieved his success. . . .

In saying all this, of course I must not be supposed to be limiting the Revelation of which the Church is the keeper to a mere re-publication of the natural law; but still it is true, that, though Revelation is so distinct from the teaching of nature and beyond it, yet it is not independent of it, nor without relations towards it, but is its complement, reassertion, issue, embodiment, and interpretation. The Pope, who comes of Revelation, has no jurisdiction over nature.[1]

Such is the grand principle upon which rests, in whole and in detail, the philosophy of Newman. All the rest presupposes or leads up to it. That is why, in that part of his work which is most calm and definitive, far from building up universal systems, he contents himself with unfolding, developing, and defending his personal experience of religion—that is to say, still and always the voice of his conscience.[2] That is why

[1] "Anglican Difficulties," ii. 246–254. Newman shows, besides, that all real conflict is impossible.

[2] *Cf.* "Psychologie de la Foi," chaps. i. and iv.

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his apologetic, properly speaking, keeps returning to the proof that natural religion in some way demands, and calls for, a revealed religion.[1] That, in fine, is the ultimate reason for his decided anti-intellectualism, the ruling idea of his psychology of faith. At the end of his chapter on the conscience, in his answer to Gladstone, he says :

> I add one remark. Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which, indeed, does not seem quite the thing), I shall drink—to the Pope, if you please, still, to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards.[2]

Section II.—The Communion of Saints

This bold route, though often forgotten, or, at best, barely marked on the maps of certain apologists, nevertheless leads to Rome. I will say without hesitation that the thousand paths, by which souls find, or find again, the Faith, cross this road sooner or later. Neither the poets nor even the reasoners can always manage to avoid it. But, for the moment, Newman alone interests us. We have seen his point of departure; let us follow him in his pilgrimages in search of the communion of saints.

There is nothing more self-centred, more personal, or more independent than the conscience. We have seen with what energy Newman proclaims and keeps his resolution to take no further interest in any beings, except two—himself and his Creator. It would seem, then, that, logically, this predetermined isolation should induce him to seek here below no other Church than himself. But it is not a question of logic. It is not by the light of a process of reasoning that, passing this vast world through a sieve, he finds no more than two beings of any importance. His first conversion, whence all the rest has its source, is a phenomenon of inmost experience. Everything takes place in the concrete. Neither himself nor his Creator are abstractions. He is born into a Christian society, and his Creator is that same God who became Incarnate to facilitate the entrance of souls into the kingdom of

[1] *Cf.* "Psychologie de la Foi," chap. vi.
[2] "Anglican Difficulties," ii. 261.

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heaven. In the most simple affirmation of his conscience, Newman indirectly discovers, not only the doctrine of the Trinity, as we remarked above, but the existence of the Church. Logically or not, all this is necessarily connected in his thought and in his heart. His very individualism makes him inevitably Christian.

Besides, by one of those strange contrasts which are in him and in us, he, so self-absorbed, so quickly detached from everything, will not resign himself to the moral solitude of those who live outside the Churches. Greedy of human sympathy, he seeks for fellow-travellers. Humble and distrustful of himself, he wishes for a society which guides and carries him along with it; and since the Church of his birth seems to him be-mired in prose, he dreams of finding outside of it a mistress of holiness who answers better to the desires and needs of his conscience.

He seeks this communion of saints with all his soul, as logician, which we shall see presently, but above all and especially as poet. Already his magnificent imagination begins to stir, completing in immortal lines, opposing one to the other, two vast frescoes, the Church of the past and the Anglican Church of the present, while arranging between the two a blank space in which his restless hand conjures up successively powerless sketches which are unlike anything real. Next a new image seems to arise from the wrecks of this vain labour. These sketches have left on the canvas some lines which now join each other, and which Newman dares no more to efface. It is indeed the Church of his dream, and yet it is certainly, at the same time, that Rome which he still obliges himself to curse. Stroke for stroke, line for line, she reproduces, she continues, she completes the holy Church of primitive times. Newman will be a Catholic, since, in spite of all objections, the Roman Church remains more faithful than the other communions to the spirit of the Gospel.

We can follow step by step in Newman's work the development of these three images. The "Parochial Sermons" state remorselessly the case against "respectable" Anglicanism, that worldly, easy, dry—in one word, unreal, religion, which has set up, as its ideals, comfort and external correct-

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ness.[1] Never, perhaps, has Church confessed itself with more clear-sighted or rigorous frankness. Yet, once more, the course of that development does not represent a dogmatic discussion, but a simple experimental inquiry. Starting from a personal experience, Newman observes and criticises the collective experiences which come under his observation. "Converted" himself—I am speaking of his first conversion—he looks about him for other "converted" persons, desirous of joining the ranks of those whose conversion seems to him completer and more perfect. He asks Anglicanism to give its proofs of sanctity and of life, to give him the secret and the example of this continual movement towards higher levels which the grace of his conversion imposes upon him. The same principle animates and fills the three, seemingly more doctrinal, stages of the inquiry he pursues, the lectures on "Justification," the "Via Media," and the "Essay on Development." This "converted" man, in quest of a better conversion, is also a reasoner, a logician, and a dogmatist; we shall study him presently under that aspect. Nevertheless, even these more theoretical works represent, above all, the quest not of a demonstration, but of a life; not of a philosophy, but of a living organism, of a Church whose characteristic is holiness. As Leslie Stephen has observed, Newman substitutes for questions of logical legitimacy the question of the practical vitality of systems.[2] By "practical vitality" understand the living practice of the precepts and counsels of the Gospel. In this particular, which alone matters, Anglicanism offers nothing to Newman which satisfies him, and which allows him to recognise in the Church of his country the spirit of the Church of the Fathers.[3]

For he returns continually to the moral splendours of that

[1] "Parochial Sermons," i. sermon x.; vii. sermon ii.; also "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," sermon xix.

[2] "An Agnostic's Apology," chap. v.

[3] This is not the place to discuss this criticism of Anglicanism. It is for this reason that I do not here mention Newman's long campaign against the "enthusiasts" who endeavoured to react against Anglican coldness by systematically overexciting the religious sentiment. On this very delicate question he does not seem to me to have done justice to Wesley. I am aware, besides, that many things have changed in England since the time of the "Oxford Sermons," and thanks, partly, to those same sermons. It would be a great mistake to apply Newman's criticisms to contemporary Anglicanism.

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glorious past. A poet in his enthusiasms, as sometime in his contempt, he idealises the Church of the Fathers and the Church of the Middle Ages. That which he exalts in one and the other is not the doctrinal splendour, nor, still less, the picturesque romanticism; it is almost exclusively the holiness.

In those ages, everything, and even to exaggeration, bore the mark of the Gospel. If we have to choose between extremes, superstition is a less evil than the confident optimism of modern times. To be so extremely afraid of God is another way of recognising that it profits a man nothing to gain the world if he loses his own soul.[1]

At last, this home-sickness for the Church of the past induces him to put to himself the decisive question. In which of all contemporary communions would the Fathers find themselves most at home? Apart from all dogmatic controversy, what would they do to-day, where would they go directly, if, by a miracle, they came out of their graves? To whom would they give their adhesion—to the Pope of Rome or the Archbishop of Canterbury? Hear what Newman himself answers to those who tried to retrace the doctrinal route of his second conversion. Not so many arguments, he seems to say; the truth is much more simple.

> The truth is, I believe, I was always asking myself what would the Fathers have done, what would those whose works were around my room, whose names were ever meeting my eyes, whose authority was ever influencing my judgment, what would these men have said, how would they have acted in my position? I had made a good case on paper, but what judgment would be passed on it by Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Hilary, and Ambrose? The more I considered the matter, the more I thought that these Fathers, if they examined the antagonist pleas, would give it against me.
>
> I expressed this feeling in my essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine. "Did St. Athanasius or St. Ambrose come suddenly to life, it cannot be doubted," I said ironically, "what communion they would mistake for their

[1] *Cf.*, "University Sermons," sermon vi.—a sort of apotheosis of superstition.

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own. All surely will agree that these Fathers, with whatever differences of opinion, whatever protests, if we will, would find themselves more at home with such men as St. Bernard or St. Ignatius Loyola, or with the lonely priest in his lodgings, or the holy sisterhood of charity, or the unlettered crowd before the altar, than with the rulers or members of any other religious community. And may we not add, that were the two Saints, who once sojourned in exile or on embassage at Treves, to come more northward still, and to travel until they reached another fair city, seated among groves, green meadows, and calm streams, the holy brothers would turn from many a high aisle and solemn cloister which they found there, and ask the way to some small chapel, where Mass was said, in the populous alley or the forlorn suburb? And, on the other hand, can any one who has but heard his name, and cursorily read his history, doubt for one instant how the people of England in turn, 'we, our princes, our priests, and our prophets,' Lords and Commons, Universities, Ecclesiastical courts, marts of commerce, great towns, country parishes, would deal with Athanasius—Athanasius, who spent his long years in fighting against kings for a theological term?"—p. 138.

I recommend this passage to the consideration of those more than friendly critics of mine, who, in their perplexity to find a motive sufficient for my becoming a Catholic, attribute the step in me personally (without any warrant, I think, from anything I have said or written) to a desire for a firmer ground of religious certitude, and a clearer view of revealed truth, than is furnished in the Church of England.[1]

On a point of such importance the reader has the right to a superabundance of proofs. I must be allowed, then, to

[1] "Essays Critical and Historical," ii. essay x. 74, 75. This remark was added by Newman in 1871. It appears to me that its importance has not been sufficiently recognised, which seems to me capital. It is untrue, then, that Newman sought in Catholicism a refuge from scepticism, and that he yielded to the argument of *judex controversiarum*. In "Loss and Gain" Charles Reding yields himself, in the last analysis, to this argument; but Charles Reding is not always Newman himself. The latter desired no "clearer view of revealed truth" than that which had been communicated to him at the moment of his first conversion.

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bring forward, in addition, several decisive passages. Here, to begin with, in his letters, is quite a small sentence, which I cull with pleasure, and which perhaps will induce some one to read over again, or perhaps to read for the first time, one of the masterpieces of modern apologetics, the romance of Manzoni:

> That Capuchin in the "Promessi Sposi" has stuck in my heart like a dart. I have never got over him.[1]

And he adds that, if he were to follow the promptings of his heart, he would become a "Brother of Charity." A little time afterwards he wrote again:

> Were there "sanctity" among the Roman Catholics they would indeed be formidable.[2]

The conclusion of his famous tract on the Catholicity of Anglicanism is still full of this thought—I was going to say of this desire. He says to Rome, in effect: "Well and good, I agree; do not recognise us as a true Church. We are too much wanting in holiness. But promise to recognise us the day when we shall be saints. Ah! if you would finally accept this order of proofs, to judge us, and consent yourselves to be judged, 'by your fruits'! For, in fine, it is that which keeps us away from you. I pass judgment on your doctrinal corruptions. Are you so holy that it is our duty to run after you?"[3]

Let us allow his friends, his Anglican disciples, to have their say on the subject. Thus writes the Dean of Durham:

> I take this devotion to the highest ideal of Christian and Church life in its absolute reality to have been the predominant feature in Cardinal Newman, which must always be his characteristic in the eyes of religious men. I admit that it was influenced, perhaps excessively, by his vivid and sensitive imagination, and that it was this to some extent, though I cannot think unnaturally, considering the treatment he received, which led him to take refuge in the Church of Rome. But surely this high ideal of a living

[1] "Letters," ii. 285. [2] *Id.* ii. 315.
[3] "Essays Critical and Historical," ii. 70–72.

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> Church, in its reality and its power, is among the best memorials that he bequeathed to us. He left us because he could not then find it amongst us. He had tried the Church of England, as it then was, as the Church of "Evangelicalism," the Church of Whately or of Hawkins, the Church of the "Via Media" and the Apostolical succession. All these had failed him. The one thing he craved for, and, alas! could not then find, was that the Church of England was the Church of the highest devotion and self-sacrifice.[1]

Dean Church, of St. Paul's, with Lord Blachford (Rogers) and Father St. John, the most intimate friend of Newman after the death of Hurrell Froude, are altogether of the same mind.

> Form after form was tried by him, the Christianity of Evangelicalism, the Christianity of Whately, the Christianity of Hawkins, the Christianity of Keble and Pusey; it was all very well, but it was not the Christianity of the New Testament and of the first ages. He wrote the "Church of the Fathers" to show they were not merely evidences of religion, but really living men; that they could and did live as they taught, and what was there like the New Testament or even the first ages now? Alas! there was nothing completely like them; but of all unlike things, the Church of England with its "smug parsons," and pony carriages for their wives and daughters, seemed to him the most unlike: more unlike than the great unreformed Roman Church, with its strange, unscriptural doctrines and its undeniable crimes, and its alliance, wherever it could, with the world. But at least the Roman Church had not only preserved, but maintained at full strength through the centuries to our day two things of which the New Testament was full, and which are characteristic of it—devotion and self-sacrifice. The crowds at a pilgrimage, a shrine, or a "pardon" were much more like the multitudes who followed our Lord about the hills of Galilee—like them probably in that imperfect faith which we call

[1] Letters of Dean Lake to the *Guardian*, August 27, 1890 (soon after the death of Newman). This letter was reproduced in the precious volume of the "Memorials."

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superstition—than anything that could be seen in the English Church, even if the Salvation Army were one of its instruments. And the spirit which governed the Roman Church had prevailed on men to make the sacrifice of celibacy a matter of course, as a condition of ministering in a regular and systematic way not only to the souls, but to the bodies of men, not only for the Priesthood, but for educational Brotherhoods, and Sisters of the poor and of hospitals. Devotion and sacrifice, prayer and self-denying charity, in one word sanctity, are at once on the surface of the New Testament and interwoven with its substance. He recoiled from a representation of the religion of the New Testament which to his eyes was without them. He turned to where, in spite of every other disadvantage, he thought he found them. . . . It could not and it did not escape him, that the Roman Church, with all the good things which it had, was, as a whole, as unlike the Church of the New Testament and of the first ages as the English. He recognised it frankly, and built up a great theory to account for the fact. . . . But what won his heart and enthusiasm was one thing; what justified itself to his intellect was another. And it was the reproduction, partial, as it might be, yet real and characteristic, in the Roman Church of the life and ways of the New Testament, which was the irresistible attraction that tore him from the associations and affections of half a lifetime.[1]

This passage is worth twenty volumes, and, in reality, the present book has done nothing else than comment upon it. After having read all that has been written about Newman, I know what is of importance, and I think I am able to affirm that these two lines of Dean Church explain and define Newman: "But what won his heart and enthusiasm was one thing; what justified itself to his intellect was another." All that which is purely intellectual and systematic had never in his eyes more than an accessory value. His true life is entirely moral, and his successive doctrines are always, so to speak, a function of the conscience. "Myself and my Creator": his first conversion is an appeal to holiness; his

[1] Dean Church, "Occasional Papers," ii. 472–475.

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second conversion is the heroical act of a man who thinks he has found a Church which is mistress of holiness, and who asks to be admitted into the communion of saints.

Here, lastly, in a private letter, is the explicit affirmation of Newman himself—here is his ripe and settled opinion on the fundamental point of Catholicism :

> In the time of the early Roman Empire, when Christianity arose, it arose with a certain definite ethical system. . . . Next, I have a clear perception, clearer and clearer as my own experience of existing religions increases, and such as every one will share with me, who carefully examines the matter, that this ethical system (ἦθος we used to call it at Oxford as realised in individuals) is the living principle also of present Catholicism, and not of any form of Protestantism whatever—living, both as to its essential life, and also as being its vigorous motive power; both because without it Catholicism would soon go out, and because through it Catholicism makes itself manifest and is recognised.
>
> Outward circumstances, or conditions of its presence, may change or not, the Pope may be a sovereign one day or a subject another; *primus inter pares* in early times, the *episcopus episcoporum* now; there might be no devotions to the Blessed Virgin formerly, they may be superabundant of late; the Holy Eucharist might be a bare commemoration in the first century, and is a sacrifice in the nineteenth (of course I have my own definite and precise convictions on these points, but they are nothing to the purpose here, when I want to confine myself to patent facts, which no one ought to dispute); but I say, even supposing there have been changes in doctrine and polity, still the *ethos* of the Catholic Church is what it was of old time, and whatever and whoever quarrels with Catholicism now, quarrels virtually, and would have quarrelled, if alive 1800 years ago, with the Christianity of the Apostles and Evangelists.[1]

[1] Mozley, to whom this letter was addressed, published it in the *Contemporary Review* (September 1899). I take leave to remark at the end of this paragraph that here again Newman directs Catholic science into a new road. Contemporary apologists, who try to make religious psychology appreciated amongst us, take their rise from him. In truth, he founded this science at the very time when St. Beuve,

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Section III.—Dogma as a Composite Whole

In the course of these first two stages, no directly dogmatic preoccupation guided Newman. We have seen, nevertheless, that his doctrinal luggage grew necessarily more complex on his journey. His first experience was, we have said, as it were charged with dogmas, since it bound him for ever to the God of Christian dogma; and from another point of view, when he took refuge in the Roman Church to find in it the communion of saints, he accepted that Church as it defines itself—that is to say, as an infallible mistress of truth. The needs of his conscience led him to Rome, and Rome imposes on her children a complete faith, whether as regards the principle of dogma or whether, in particular, as regards every dogma defined by her. He submits himself loyally and without reserve to this necessary consequence. I add that he submits himself without effort. Newman is not one of those who make little of their adhesion to the supernatural, and who seek to restrict the domain of faith as much as possible. Since Bossuet, doctrinal liberalism has, perhaps, not encountered a more avowed enemy, and several even have found it easy to suppose that he became a Catholic precisely because he despaired of finding, outside the Roman Church, a doctrinal authority capable of determining strictly what must be believed in order to be saved.

> Now what [queried the grave *Edinburgh Review*, in reference to Newman] was the πρῶτον ψεῦδος, the vein of mental unsoundness lurking in so fine a brain, which produced such poor and almost ludicrous results? The falsehood with which Dr. Newman started in life, which he never got rid of, and which vitiated his whole subsequent career, was the idolatry of Dogma. If, by God's arrangement of the world, individuals are to be saved, and Churches are to be judged by their possession or non-

with Port-Royal, inaugurated it in France. And let it not be said that religious psychology, as Newman understood it, is no more than a branch of apologetic. That psychology, to have apologetic efficacy, must follow rigorously the methods of scientific observation. It is evident, however, that it is no part of my business to study here the question of how far Newman remained constantly faithful to these methods. I only wanted to point out how here again he is our precursor.

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possession of an absolutely coherent and logically consistent doctrine about unseen things—then, no man, whose mind is haunted (as Dr. Newman's was) by the thought of being lost eternally for want of the requisite pass-word, can resist the desire to "go over" to something. Rome . . . is the nearest at hand.[1]

The alleged scepticism of Newman has furnished others with an easy opportunity of making observations of the same kind. Harassed, they say, with the fear of doubting everything, he throws himself gladly into the arms of the most dogmatic of Churches. They forget that Newman had always at hand, in the remembrance of his first conversion, a decisive weapon against doubt: "I know I know," he says somewhere—I know it because I know it—and the most formidable objections can avail nothing against that invincible assurance.

When, then, he himself presents the Roman Church to us as the sole rampart which can be opposed to contemporary unbelief, he is not speaking for himself, but for the mass of men who need to support their tottering faith on some strong affirmation coming to them from without.

Anglicanism was not daring enough for him. With his ideas of the coming dangers and conflicts, he wanted something bold and thorough-going, wide-reaching in its aims, resolute in its language, claiming and venturing much. Anglicanism was not that. It had given up as impracticable much that the Church had once attempted. It did not pretend to rise so high, to answer such great questions, to lay down such precise definitions. Wisely modest, or timidly uncertain—mindful of the unalterable limits of our human condition, *we* say; forgetful, *he* thought, or doubting, or distrustful, of the gifts and promises of a supernatural dispensation—it certainly gave no such complete and decisive account of the condition and difficulties of religion and the world, as had been done once, and as there were some who did still. There were problems which it did not profess to solve; there were assertions that others boldly risked, and which it shrunk from making; there were

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, 1893, No. 365, p. 253.

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> demands which it ventured not to put forward. . . . What he wanted, what it was the aim of his life to find, was a great and effective engine against Liberalism . . . he left it for a system which had one strong power; which claimed to be able to shut up dangerous thought.[1]

All this is perfectly correct, provided we recollect that Newman, so anxious over the near future of the faith, was never afraid for himself. He tells us himself that he did not quit Anglicanism from "the desire for a firmer ground of religious certitude, and a clearer view of revealed truth."[2]

Thus, then, a Catholic before he formally became such, if I may so say, Newman, while still an Anglican, already accepted dogma as a composite whole. I see no means either of escaping or of minimising that conclusion. Certain minds, that it annoys, have tried hard to persuade us that the word "dogma," as understood by Newman, had not the strict meaning which orthodox theology gives it. What do they mean; is it a question of fact or of right? If they consider that Newman, while keeping intact the old idea of dogma, does not agree with the essential principles of its religious philosophy, their observation is an important one, and we will discuss it at leisure. But they go against all evidence, if they wish to insinuate that, in fact, Newman deliberately smuggled under this old word a new signification. I feel certain, and I will show later on, that Newman wavered a little before his own convictions were settled on this capital point, but a long time before 1845 his decision was taken. Whatever may be the case with the Newman of logic, the Newman of history had the same idea of a dogmatic truth as St. Thomas and Bossuet.

Let us be as brief as possible, since such problems are only of interest to the initiated. Ordinarily, theology represents dogma as a mass of assertions revealed by God once for all, and confided, as a deposit, to the infallible keeping of the Church. Whence it follows that faith is an act of submission, of adhesion to the truth of this teaching, and that theology,

[1] Church, "Occasional Papers," ii. 389–391. It is no part of my plan to quote here the pages which follow and which I point out to theologians as one of the most specious pieces of criticism against the dogma of infallibility. Church's idea is that this "engine of war" is not efficacious.

[2] "Essays Critical and Historical," ii. 75.

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the systematic study of these same doctrines, is, like mathematics, a science of logical and rigorous deductions. Newman formally admits this first principle with all its consequences. Thus, in his addresses at Dublin, he affirms :

> The argumentative method of theology is that of a strict science, such as geometry, or deductive; the method of physics, at least on starting, is that of an empirical pursuit or inductive. This peculiarity on either side arises from the nature of the case. In physics a vast and omnigenous mass of information lies before the inquirer, all in a confused litter, and needing arrangement and analysis. In theology such varied phenomena are wanting, and revelation presents itself instead. What is known in Christianity is just that which is revealed, and nothing more; certain truths, communicated directly from above, are committed to the keeping of the faithful, and to the very last nothing can really be added to those truths. From the time of the Apostles to the end of the world no strictly new truth can be added to the theological information which the Apostles were inspired to deliver. It is possible, of course, to make numberless deductions from the original doctrines; but, as the conclusion is ever in its premisses, such deductions are not, strictly speaking, an addition; and though experience may variously guide and modify those deductions, still, on the whole, theology retains the severe character of a science, advancing syllogistically from premisses to conclusion. . . .

As for the idea of revelation :

> [It] is that of a direct interference from above, for the introduction of truths otherwise unknown.[1]

And doubtless, it is open to us to ask whether Newman does not here assign a technical meaning and office to theology, and, whether by one of those implicit distinctions which are customary with him, he does not isolate it from that living theology to which he has devoted his whole life, but still these differing formulas must be recognised.[2]

[1] "The Idea of a University," pp. 441–445.

[2] It seems, in fact, very much as if, according to him, the logic of science moves on another plane than the real development of life and faith.

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> The Gospel faith is a definite deposit, a treasure, common to all, one and the same in every age, conceived in set words, and such as admits of being received, preserved, transmitted. . . . By the faith is evidently meant . . . some definite doctrine . . . the deposit certainly was a series of truths and rules.[1]
>
> Deduction only is the instrument of theology. There the simple question is, What is revealed? all doctrinal knowledge flows from one fountain-head. If we are able to enlarge our view and multiply our propositions, it must be merely by the comparison and adjustment of the original truths.[2]

The difficulty comes in here, as is easily seen, of showing how Newman, in expressing himself in this fashion, remains faithful to the principle of the primacy of conscience.

"To conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards!" On his lips this toast is inoffensive, because one and the same moral experience make him meet with the God of this eternal "revelation" in that very God who speaks in his conscience. But a scholastic would point out to him that this experience is not universal and necessary, and that minds, otherwise constituted or trained than his own, or directed by less signal graces, could indefinitely analyse the deliverances of their consciousness without ever arriving at the clear knowledge of a supernatural and revealed religion.

Compare, for example, the different definitions of faith which Newman gives us. In one place he speaks of faith as "an active principle apprehending definite doctrines";[3] and in another he says:

> What is meant by faith? it is to feel in good earnest that we are creatures of God; it is a practical perception of the unseen world; it is to understand that this world is not enough for our happiness, to look beyond it on towards God, to realise His presence, to wait upon Him, to endeavour to learn and to do His will. . . . To have faith in God is to surrender oneself to God, humbly to put one's interests,

[1] "Parochial Sermons," ii. sermon xxii. 256–258.
[2] "Idea of a University," p. 223.
[3] "Essays Critical and Historical," i. 35.

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> or to wish to be allowed to put them into His hands. . . . I do not say that faith and obedience do not stand for separate ideas in our minds, but they stand for nothing more; they are not divided one from the other in fact. They are but one thing viewed differently.[1]

For him these two definitions make but one. Will it necessarily be the same for everybody? If we have recourse only to dialectic, evidently not. So as to remain, in effect, on this ground, I will certainly admit again that, in loyally obeying conscience, every well-disposed soul will come to yield itself into the hands of God, to hold itself in readiness to obey Him, and, thus, after a certain fashion, to believe. But is that faith, necessarily and without anything further, "an active principle apprehending definite doctrines"? How could it be, so long as it has not been proved to me that God desires of me an intellectual adhesion to an exact and complete theology?

And further, if I allow the primacy of conscience, if I only submit myself to other authorities as far as my conscience itself shows me the obligation of such a submission, it will come about, logically, that, before giving my adhesion to a "definite doctrine," I would examine, I would discuss this doctrine from the point of view of the conscience. I would hold myself ready to believe or not to believe, according as that doctrine seemed to me suitable to enrich my moral life, to second, to complete the inspirations of my conscience. Newman himself recognised that right in us, he who revolted against the instruction of his Anglican teachers, because that "teaching . . . had from the first failed to find a response in his own religious experience,"[2] he who writes: "Apostolical Order is an ethical principle, or it is not worth much." But has he not also said:

> For instance, for what we know, the episcopal principle, or the practice of infant baptism . . . may be as necessary in the scheme of Christian truth as the doctrine of the Divine Unity.[3]

[1] "Parochial Sermons," iii. sermon vi. 79, 81. [2] *Cf. supra*, p. 334.

[3] Abbott, i. 233. Abbott states the objection with considerable felicity, when he says that the "mischief" of Newman consists in taking the reader "out of the province of morality into that of authority" (ii. 27).

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" For what we know." But that is just what I want, what I have a right, to know, if it is my logic which conducts the inquiry. And supposing by mischance one of those doctrines was immoral, or threatened to transform my religion into an empty or blameworthy superstition! You have made my conscience the supreme judge, from which there is no appeal, you have no more right to limit its jurisdiction than to quash its decrees.

This same antinomy breaks out, it seems to me, in all that Newman has written on the development of Christian dogma. I have no hesitation in saying that he is undertaking a vain task who attempts to take always in the same sense, in a purely intellectual sense, this word " dogma," which recurs on every page of the Oxford sermons and of the Essay. And these two compositions, so rich in magnificent suggestions, seem always from this same point of view, to strike against insoluble contradictions.[1]

Father Tyrrell has shown it elsewhere, and I will not try to improve upon that luminous demonstration.[2] The antinomy to which I draw attention, exercises the wits, at this very time, of the elect of Catholic thinkers. It is for them to find in Newman's thought the secret principles which inspired it, to synthesise the primacy of conscience with the equally necessary integrity of dogma.

And perhaps, if, in his life, he resolved that difficulty without even noticing it in express terms, it was because, in his view, faith is not bound to the detail of facts or of proofs, it is a life synthetic and complete in itself; and so he forbids himself to choose between the revealed truths in the single unity of the faith.

[1] In the French rendering which I have given of these two productions I have pointed out, with discretion, some of these contradictions. Among other remarks, I have underlined in the Oxford sermons the passages which imply a conception of the faith quite different from that which animates the " Essay " of 1845. It may be said that the Oxford sermons come within the logic of the first two principles of Newman (The Primacy of the conscience and the Communion of Saints); the " Essay " within the logic of the third principle (Dogma in its integrity). Is it necessary that I should repeat that, in the concrete, that is to say in the mind of Newman, these two logics are but one.

[2] G. Tyrrell, " Semper Eadem," in *The Month* of January 1904. The second part of this study appeared in the *Catholic World*, August 1905.

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> Surely it is conceivable that reasons may exist in the vast scheme of the Dispensation (of the bearings of which we know nothing perfectly), for doctrines being revealed, which do not directly and naturally tend to influence the formation of our characters, or at least which we cannot see to do so. . . .
>
> Now, I would ask,—do we never hear it asked,—have we never been tempted ourselves to ask,—" What is the *harm* of being, for instance, a Sabellian ? " . . . as if we might unthankfully throw back again into the infinite abyss, any of the jewels which God has vouchsafed to bring us thence.[1]

The invaluable service, which Newman did for us, was to formulate from time to time, and always to realise in his own life, the hierarchy of the three religious principles which are the sum of his doctrine. There is no fear that the order of these essential factors will ever be inverted, or that the attempt will ever be made to subordinate the conscience to a dogma which it has not sanctioned itself and to which it will not command us to submit ourselves. The difficulties which I have just summarised do not touch these evidences. Like Newman, believers will not hesitate to drink " to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards," certain as they are that in concrete reality, the infallible vicar of God on earth will always be the mouthpiece of the conscience.

But why do we talk of antinomies ? We can never tire of repeating that this philosophy is a history, an enterprise much more than a theory. The book in which it is expressed in fullest detail recalls not the " Summa " of St. Thomas, but the " Confessions " of St. Augustine. In these two works, in fact, dogmatic preoccupations are subordinated to the anxieties of the conscience. Only, while St. Augustine interests us with the story of a struggle between good and evil, Newman makes us follow the development of a conscience, early turned in the direction opposed to the " vanities of vanities," anxious only to know the most delicate distinctions, the most sure conditions of virtue.

How am I to find again the fulness of zeal which was shown

[1] " Essays Critical and Historical," i. 53, 55, " On the Introduction of Rationalistic Principles into Revealed Religion."

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to the world during the short years of the preaching of Jesus, and the period, so soon over, of the primitive Church? Newmanism is the answer to that question. What more simple! A young student of Oxford bethinks himself one day that the little flame, trembling, smoky, but unquenchable, which illuminates his own moral life, is no more than a reflection of the great light which came to illumine the darkness of the ancient world. He looks around him to see where is hidden that divine torch which he knows to be immortal. Imprisoned in tottering walls of dogma and in cramping formulæ, the member of a Church which seems to him timorous and commonplace, he gropes about in search of a dogma, a system, and a Church which have guarded more carefully the impress of evangelical perfection. While thus engaged, he meets on the way with scouts, friends or enemies, logicians, theorisers, theologians, controversialists who offer to put him in the right road or who try to make him go back. He parleys with them, without this discussion ever so engaging him as to distract him from the object of his journey. They are accidents, mere episodes of the interior drama which absorbs everything. Often he turns his thoughts inwards, he observes, he analyses that voice of God which guides him, that force which drives him forward.

Whether due to the doubt of a scrupulous soul which fears to know itself ill, the instinct of a self-centred mind, the feeling of responsibility in a director of souls who seeks to show his disciples that the way in which he is leading them is not contrary to sound reason, this study of a living faith, though wholly experimental, never the more yields to any afterthought of scientific curiosity. As for the rest, faith, with Newman, is yet another name for conscience, and thus, from whatever angle we approach this philosophy, we always find either a conscience which unfolds its tale—that is Newman's theory of faith—or a conscience which makes itself objective, explicit, and developed—that is the theory of the Church. But we shall not succeed in extracting from his books a theology in the proper sense of the word, I mean a philosophy of dogmas, of grace, and of the sacraments. And we must also give up the idea of finding in Newman's writings anything like a scientific study of the "proofs" of religion. He is an

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apologist, certainly, but in an original fashion, which I may be pardoned for describing once more, for the last time.

From the day when the Christian apologist had to measure himself with Rationalism, there arose in our midst a special class of literature devoted to demonstrating the divine character of Christianity. These books claim to address themselves to the pure reason alone, doubtless to a reason which is honest, sound, and sincere, but still one which approaches the study of the religious problem as a discussion of metaphysics or of history. In these lists, where meet the apologist and the unbeliever, the ground has been swept quite clear of all the prejudices of the intelligence and of the affections. It is a simple and fair duel between two lines of argument, directed by one and the same logic, armed by one and the same reason. Strong in his cause, the apologist feels assured of victory as long, at least, as his adversary shall not have substituted for the appointed weapon some other one poisoned by the passions. If everything is done according to the rules, the struggle can have but one end, and the unbeliever, quickly disarmed, if he is in good faith, will have nothing to do but ask for baptism. It is a short encounter, and it will be shorter still if the adversary already agrees to recognise the existence of a personal God. In that case, it only remains to demonstrate the abstract possibility, the extreme probability of a divine revelation, then the fact itself of this revelation, the sending of a divine messenger who has given miraculous proofs of his mandate, and has authorised a society on earth, also divine, which represents him and continues his life.

Absolute rationalism not being much older than the "Discourse on Method," it would be premature to call this sort of apologetics "traditional." Let us simply say that it is the apologetics of the schools, and that, sanctioned by the authority of the most commendable theologians, it has a title to the respect of every Catholic, and especially of those very people who would be inclined to question the complete efficacy of the method, such as it is.

Newman's books have not enriched by one single page the literature which I have just described. The author of the "Grammar of Assent" never addresses himself to man considered abstractly as a reasoning animal, he never relies

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on the demonstrative cogency of his arguments, and supposes always in the case of the reader, as a preliminary and necessary disposition, a certain something which resembles the beginning of faith.

There is more, there is much more, and the difference I am about to emphasise between the classical apologists and Newman is, to my mind, deeper still. If they wish their reasoning to be consequent, they must, in fact, I do not say suspend their adhesion to truths which they intend to prove, but at least must carefully abstain from reckoning on their own faith.

They are disputing as philosophers, not as believers. By a sort of fiction they seem to have been provisionally detached from their belief, and to allow nothing to appear in them beyond an exacting curiosity and a remorseless logic.

You wish to make me as certain as you are of the fact of revelation. It is clear that, except you were already yourself strongly convinced, you would not trouble yourself with this task, but, in order to convince me, it is clear enough also that you cannot appeal to your personal conviction. The latter only interests and enlightens me, so far as those objective and impersonal reasons enlighten me which made you yourself believe it to begin with, and to which, if you know how to use your weapons, I shall be obliged soon to yield in my turn. No personal feelings pass current here, whether the experience of a religious soul or the rapture of a saint. I remain deaf to any consideration of which the first mind I meet cannot check the correctness. St. Thomas himself would not be welcomed by me if he said: "I am sure of my doctrine because my master told me from the height of Heaven that he was pleased with my books." Let him come out of his ecstasy and weigh the *videtur quod nons* with the detached coldness of a mere philosopher.

Well, that attitude is repugnant to Newman. He explains, he describes his faith, he never attempts to demonstrate it. He refuses to play the double part which is necessitated by the classical apologetic. With him it is always the believer who speaks. Ah! you will say, that is a fine scruple, to be unwilling to adopt temporarily the innocent fiction which alone can render rational argument possible! Take care! It is, in

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fact, quite possible that the real philosophy of Newman is already contained entirely in what seems to you a scruple. There is no question here of moral loyalty, but very much of intellectual sincerity. If Newman does not consent, even by fiction, to play the part of a philosopher, of a reasoner, it is that his own faith does not rest on arguments. It is open to him who has convinced himself of the truths of the Faith, or who, a Christian by inheritance, imagines himself to have found objective and impersonal reasons which justify that conviction—it is open to him to accept, without reserve, the conditions of an argumentative tournament. Newman did not wish to run this risk. He did not ask his reason to verify, or, if necessary, to consolidate, the successive layers of his faith. Why should he? A man who has seen Venice disdains to discuss with sceptics the possibility of there being a town all of whose streets are canals. Where could he find a sounder argument than the testimony of his own eyes? Thus was it with the faith of Newman. A memorable experience in his youth made him as certain of the existence of God, of the One God in Three Persons, as of his own. The remembrance of this experience animates, sustains, legitimates the whole of his philosophy of faith. "I believe, I am certain"—that is the initial fact which he constantly assumes as a first and irreducible principle, thus resembling, not a logician who wishes to establish a conclusion, but rather a literary critic who analyses, explains, and develops his impressions. And as this critic only addresses himself to those of his readers who have experienced, or are capable of experiencing, impressions analogous to his own; as, moreover, he is resigned to the idea that his book may appear Syriac or Chinese to every one else; so Newman, starting from the fact of his conversion and ever returning to it, makes no claim whatever to make himself understood by any one who cannot discover in his own life some trace at least of an analogous religious experience. And that is why I have insisted so strongly on the inward life of Newman, even so far as to become importunate about it; that is why, before defining his doctrine, I have wished, I have been obliged, to describe his devotion.

If an apologist of the other school were in question, such a preamble would have no meaning. Whether I be a Court

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preacher or an ecstatic monk, I have no right to ask of the orthodox apologist what this faith, which he demonstrates, does for him. At need, even an evil-doer, an anonymous book, or a phonograph would be sufficient for this discussion, which must remain, by definition, impersonal. Newman's apologetic, on the contrary, supposes, in the case of him who speaks, as well as in the case of him who hears, a beginning of holiness, a certain intimate realisation of the truths of the faith, a first experience of God. Such is its greatness, such its limitations. In whatever way we judge it, we cannot accuse it of imposing upon any one. From the first it loyally repels those who mistake the door, and expect from it what it can by no means give them. He, who desires to be only a logician, has nothing in common with a bad reasoner, who has decided with great alacrity to hold in advance, as infallibly certain, the proposition which, in good logic, is the question to be decided. Let him, who rebels against this initial vicious circle, betake himself to the apologists of the other school; Newman's philosophy is not for him.

But those who do not wish to risk their destiny on the chances of a syllogism, those who know from experience that there is nothing which the mechanical reason does not seem able, at its pleasure, to build up or destroy, those who, eagerly desirous, and at the same time incapable, of experiencing clearly in themselves the supersensuous realities, require to see with their eyes some man of sense who has had that experience—these, I say, may take Newman as their teacher. The theories which he has propounded to explain and defend his experiences will not always convince them; but they will hesitate to believe that this great man, so upright, so firm, so wonderfully well balanced, was, for the whole of his life, the puppet of a dream. Let those, who wish to find, not among fanatics, nor even among saints or mystics, but in everyday humanity, a witness of the invisible, come to Newman. *Dum* vobis *eligitis*, omnibus *judicatis;* vestra *fides* nostra *victoria est.*[1]

[1] Avit. Pl., lix. 257.

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LIST OF NEWMAN'S WORKS

I GIVE here a list of those works of Newman to which reference has been made, noting (where necessary) the editions which have been used, in making this translation.

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I omit a somewhat considerable number of pamphlets.

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